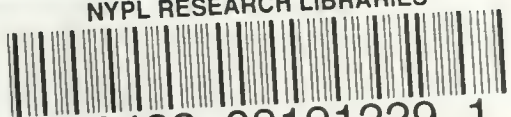


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READING IN PUBLIC AND
PRIVATE SCHOOLS

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SOME OF THE
MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING,
SCULPTURE, AND
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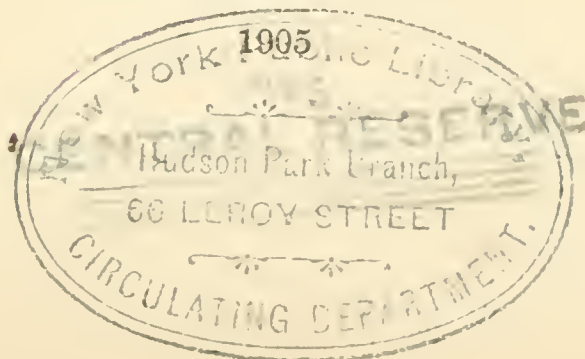
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

No attempt has been made in this "Art Reader" to present a text-book on the History of Art, nor does there seem to be at the present time any desire on the part of the public schools to make the methodical study of art a part of the curriculum.

There exists, however, in the schools an interest, which is constantly increasing, in the subject of art, and an earnest desire to become familiar with the great works in painting, sculpture, and architecture.

This interest has shown itself in an effort on the part of the schools to acquire artistic reproductions of these masterpieces for the walls of the rooms, both for use as decorations and for study as objects of instruction.

To aid in this study some art literature, explanatory and historical, seems necessary, and this book is published to supply in a measure this need.

The profuse illustration of the book will be appreciated by all who have not ready access to larger and finer reproductions.

The history of the world is written in its works of art as well as in its works of literature. No education, therefore, can be called complete which teaches one and ignores the other.

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Where a crowded curriculum forbids adding new courses, no means seems so practical to open the mind of the scholar to the world of art as the presence of the reproductions of the masterpieces on the school wall and an Art Reader close at hand.

By the courtesy of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., brief extracts from Radcliffe's "Schools and Masters of Painting" and "Schools and Masters of Sculpture" have been used in this book.

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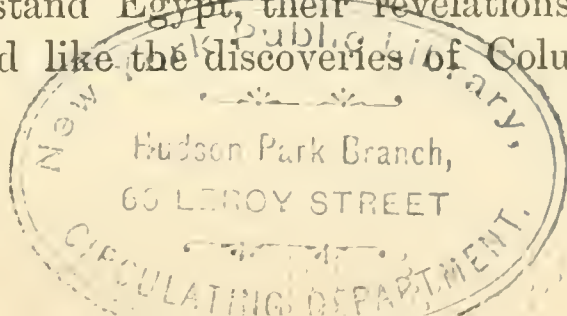
SOME MONUMENTS OF EGYPT

I

“You Greeks,” said a priest of Sais to Solon, “you are but children.” When Abraham went down into Egypt he gazed upon the mighty pyramids of Gizeh, which, even in that remote time, were regarded as monuments of high antiquity. We may visit Egypt to-day and contemplate the same immutable fabrics, solid in the clear Egyptian air, just as they were in the days of Abraham.

We who live now are nearer in point of time to the age of Pericles than the Greeks of the Periclean age were to the dawn of Egyptian civilization. Students of Egyptian records and history entirely fail to agree as to the date at which Menes, the first king of Egypt, reigned. Mr. Flinders Petrie, however, places it about 4777 years B. C. At whatever date Menes flourished, there is every reason to believe that, even in his reign, ancient Egypt was civilized; and the Egyptian empire was in its old age when the Greeks were struggling from primitive barbarism.

It was in the Nile Delta that the arts began, architecture, sculpture and painting, pottery and metal work, textile manufacture and allied arts. When European savants began to understand Egypt, their revelations shook the intellectual world like the discoveries of Columbus. “It



seemed as though a curtain were drawn up, and behind the rich and brilliant scenery of Græco-Roman civilization, the real ancient world, the world of the East, the father of religions and of useful inventions, of the alphabet, and of the plastic arts, were suddenly revealed to us."

At the remote period when the Egyptians first occupied the Nile Delta they found it surpassingly fertile. It was known long after to the ancient world as "the black land," from the deep colored alluvium spread by the flooding of the great river. Herodotus tersely described it as "the gift of the Nile." The lavish fertility of the soil produced national wealth, easily won. This favored spot was protected on all sides, partly by desert and partly by a sea, impassable to the rude navigation of barbarian foes. Their material needs thus secured by the generous soil, their national safety rendered inviolable by the sea and desert, the genius of the Egyptians found the conditions ideal for the development of a great state; and the enchanted Delta of the Nile became the cradle of civilization. In the fine phrase of Renan, Egypt was "a lighthouse in the profound darkness of remote antiquity" — a citadel of learning and of art in a rude and savage world.

The ancient Egyptian monuments are the most impressive examples of human skill known to the world. The survival of these majestic ruins through so many centuries after the destruction of the civilization of which they were the product, and which long preserved them, is due chiefly to their stability in material and design, and to the marvelously dry and clear air in which the ordinary processes of disintegration are almost entirely suspended. Great as are the triumphs of modern science, the engineer and mechanic of to-day do not yet entirely grasp the methods which enabled the ancient Egyptians

to achieve such astounding feats as the erection of the so-called statues of Memnon, some hundreds of miles from the quarry in which they were cut. Each statue was hewn from a single block of sandstone, and is estimated to have weighed more than a thousand tons. Their height at the present day is nearly sixty-one feet, but originally was about seventy feet. The sculptor who made them left a record which has been deciphered by modern scholars, in which he declares, "I caused to be built eight ships, whereon the statues were carried up the river; they were emplaced in their sublime building; they will last as long as heaven."

The quarries used by the Egyptians were on the banks of the river, and an ancient papyrus contains an illustration of the transportation of a giant obelisk upon a raft drawn by numerous boats. Obelisks and statues were transported in this way for hundreds of miles along the river highway to their destination, ordinarily a palace or temple by the riverside. It is surmised that canals were then cut in the soft soil, and the giant stones towed to their site from the river. The method by which they finally placed the monuments in position remains entirely unknown. If unaided human labor could accomplish such feats, it was available in unlimited quantities. The king of Egypt was a despot of the widest power. His dominating influence is described as follows in Perrot and Chipiez's "History of Art in Ancient Egypt:" —

"The absolute and dreaded master whose gesture, whose single word, was sufficient to depopulate a province and to fill quarries and workshops with thousands of men, the sovereign who, in spite of his mortality, was looked up to by his people as one so near akin to the gods as to be hardly distinguishable from them, the high priest and

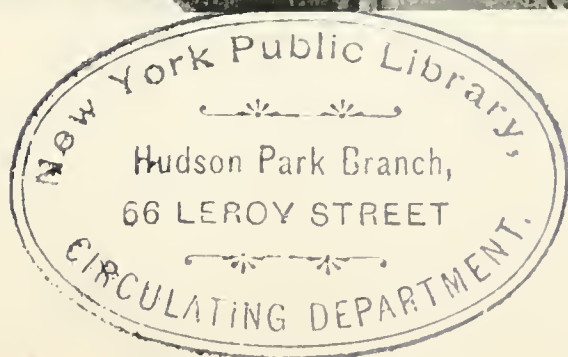
father of his people, the king before whom all heads were bent to the earth, filled with his own glory and majesty the buildings which he caused to spring as if by magic from the earth. His effigy was everywhere. Seated in the form of colossal statues in front of the temples, in bas-reliefs upon pylons, upon the walls of porticoes and pillared halls, he was represented sometimes offering homage to the gods, sometimes leading his troops to battle or bringing them home victorious. The supreme efforts of architects and sculptors were directed to constructing for their princes a tomb which should excel all others in magnificence and durability; or to immortalizing him by a statue which should raise its head as much above its rivals as the royal power surpassed the power and dignity of ordinary men."

The ambition of these monarchs to escape oblivion explains the massive scale upon which their monuments were planned. They possessed wealth beyond measure—the genius of a highly intellectual people was at their service, and they could command labor without stint. Their religion taught immortality and resurrection. When the king erected a temple, his statue stood before it in imperishable granite. When he died, his mummy, elaborately preserved from decay, was inclosed in a sarcophagus beneath a monument so stupendous that five thousand years have left it almost unchanged, a noble challenge to time and ruin.

It was in this spirit that the Great Pyramid was built by Cheops, the second king of the fourth dynasty, which Flinders Petrie dates back to about 4000 B. C. The pyramids are a form of building peculiar to Egypt. Pyramidal structures are found elsewhere, as in Mexico, but the Mexican buildings have flat tops, and the sides form steps.



PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX (DISTANT VIEW).





The true pyramid is found only in Egypt. There are seventy-five pyramids in Egypt, of which the best known are the famous pyramids of Gizeh. The Great Pyramid was originally 482 feet high, but is now 451 feet, the apex having disappeared. It contains 3,057,000 cubic yards of stone, and the weight of the mass of material is 6,848,000 tons. The stones employed in building the Pyramid number 2,300,000, in blocks of 40 cubic feet. The stones were cut in the granite quarries at Assuan, and after being quarried, were rafted some six hundred miles down the Nile. It is at Assuan that the great Nile dam has been built by British engineers, on a granite bar crossing the river, just above the first cataract; and, curiously enough, the quarries which furnished the stone for the dam were those used by the Egyptian kings to provide material for their pyramids and temples through thousands of years. Stones cut and squared by the masons of some old Egyptian king were left in the quarries, and may have been built into the Assuan dam, which, although it is one of the greatest of modern undertakings, is not comparable to the work of Cheops. The dam is one mile and a quarter long, and 126 feet high in the deepest part of the river, and it contains 780,000 cubic yards of masonry. The Great Pyramid contains nearly four times this measurement; and while the dam is built by the side of the quarry, the Great Pyramid is hundreds of miles away from Assuan.

The Pyramid of Cheops was formerly faced with blocks of fine cut stone, carefully formed, but these have disappeared. The area covered by the base of the Pyramid is thirteen acres. The entrance is in the north face, and sloping passages conduct to a set of chambers ingeniously constructed in the interior of the Pyramid. In one of these

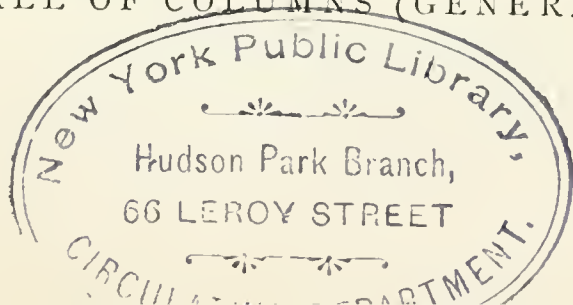
was the sarcophagus of the king. Around the Pyramid was a cemetery containing the tombs of the nobles and high functionaries of his reign ; and here, surrounded by his court, the dead king lay in his tent of stone in silent state, apparently amply assured against oblivion. Nevertheless his kingdom passed away, and the ancient glory of Egypt decayed. The royal mummy was taken from its sarcophagus in the giant tomb, and its atoms were scattered to the desert dust. The very name of King Cheops was forgotten until modern scholars rediscovered it. The Second Pyramid was erected by Chephren, who succeeded Cheops. In its sepulchral chambers was found a sarcophagus filled with rubbish. The Third Pyramid was erected by Mycerinus, Chephren's successor, and it contained an empty sarcophagus, which afterwards was lost at sea while on its way to England. In an upper chamber was found some of the king's coffin and a fragment of his mummy. Although violence and the vicissitudes of time defeated the intention of these old kings regarding their bodies, the giant tombs they reared have indeed preserved their names from the oblivion so deeply dreaded by the Pharaohs.

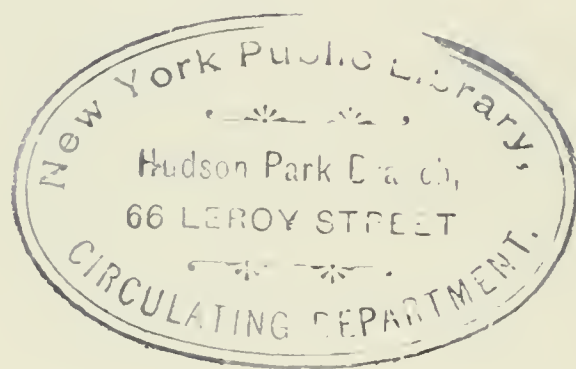
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The Great Sphinx of Gizeh stands some three hundred feet distant from the Second Pyramid. This immense image is cut from native rock, which is supplemented by masonry, built in when required to fill the lines of the form. The height is 66 feet, the length 172.6 feet ; the giant head is 30 feet long by 14 feet broad, and the fore legs are nearly 50 feet long. Though the body is roughly hewn, the immense head is sculptured with great care. The face



GREAT HALL OF COLUMNS (GENERAL VIEW).



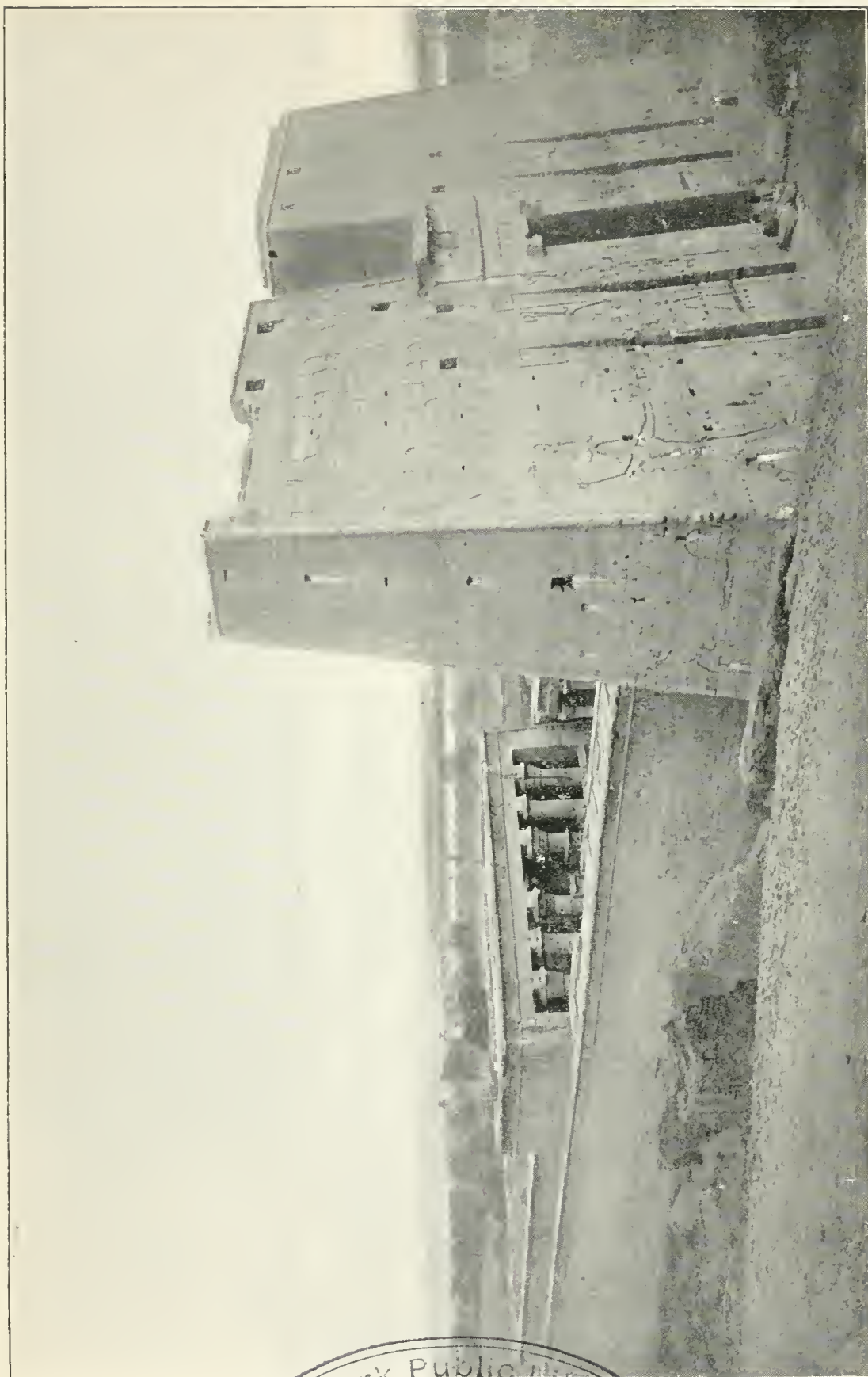


was once colored red, but the pigment has now almost entirely vanished. The Egyptians were in the habit of painting their statues, a custom afterwards adopted by the Greeks. The age of the colossal statue is unknown, but it is admittedly a product of the earliest days of the Egyptian empire. The drifting desert sands have deeply submerged its base. Time and iconoclasm have, indeed, much mutilated this wonderful work; nevertheless, to-day it is one of the marvels of ancient Egypt, and many visitors have written in eloquent language of the sensations of awe and profound interest inspired by the sight of this majestic stone image staring out across the desert, charged with the power and melancholy characteristic of the ancient Egyptian face — wherever it may be found, grandly chiseled on a colossus, or delicately cut in a cameo.

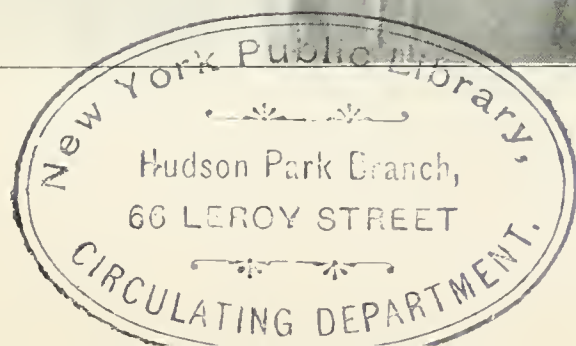
The Egyptian beliefs figured the Sphinx as the guardian of the sacred places, and the mission of the Great Sphinx of Gizeh was, apparently, to watch the necropolis surrounding the pyramids. This imaginary animal was supposed to live in the desert, and had the body of a lion, but the head was sometimes human, sometimes that of a ram or a hawk. Great avenues of these sphinxes led up to the gateway of the temples.

A magnificent example is the Avenue of Sphinxes at Karnak, a village on the Nile, and part of the site of ancient Thebes, on the east bank of the river. This Avenue ran from a stone wharf on the Nile bank to the great pylon gate of the Temple of Karnak, and formed a magnificent road for the triumphal religious processions to and from that temple and the river. In the illustration is depicted the Great Hall of Columns, or "Hypostyle" hall, at Karnak. The Avenue of Sphinxes ended at a huge pylon, or gateway with flanking towers. This pylon is 370 feet wide

and 142 feet high. It opened into a great court, and beyond this stood the Great Hall of Columns, 171 feet long and 338 feet wide. This hall was planned by Rameses I, about 1355 B. C., and erected by Seti I, his successor, and Rameses II, his grandson. As Thebes was for long the capital of ancient Egypt, the sanctuaries of the gods and the palaces whose ruins still remain were of uncommon magnitude and glory; but the Hall of Columns in the Great Temple of Ammon easily surpasses all other evidences of the scope and grandeur of the conceptions of the Egyptian architects. The roof of the Great Hall was supported by one hundred and sixty-four columns. Two rows of pillars in the centre were seventy-eight feet in height. The columns have lotus capitals; some open, representing the flower, some closed, representing the bud. The columns, as well as the walls, were richly decorated with reliefs and inscriptions, and the brilliant coloring still remains in some instances; so that the spectator of to-day can picture without much difficulty what the columns and the whole beautiful temple must have looked like with its glorious proportions intact, all its walls a picture gallery and every mighty column ablaze with color, and deeply charged with inspiring and devotional meaning; for on wall and column, with chisel and brush, the sculptor and painter wrote the history of the gods and the story of life and death. Canon Rawlinson, in "Ancient Egypt," says that this Hall of Columns "is a masterpiece of the highest class, so vast as to overwhelm the mind of the spectator, so lavishly ornamented as to excite his astonishment and admiration, so beautifully proportioned as to satisfy the requirements of the most refined taste, so entirely in harmony with its surroundings as to please even the most ignorant.



TEMPLE AT EDFU (GENERAL VIEW).





“ Egyptian architectural power culminated in this wonderful edifice — its supreme effort ; its crown and pride ; its greatest and grandest achievement ; and it only remained for later ages to reproduce feeble copies of the marvelous work of Seti, or to escape comparison by accomplishing works of an entirely different description. The Hall of Columns at Karnak is not only the most sublime and beautiful of all the edifices there grouped together in such sort as to form one vast, unrivaled temple, but it is the highest effort of Egyptian architectural genius, and is among the eight or ten most splendid of all known architectural constructions.”

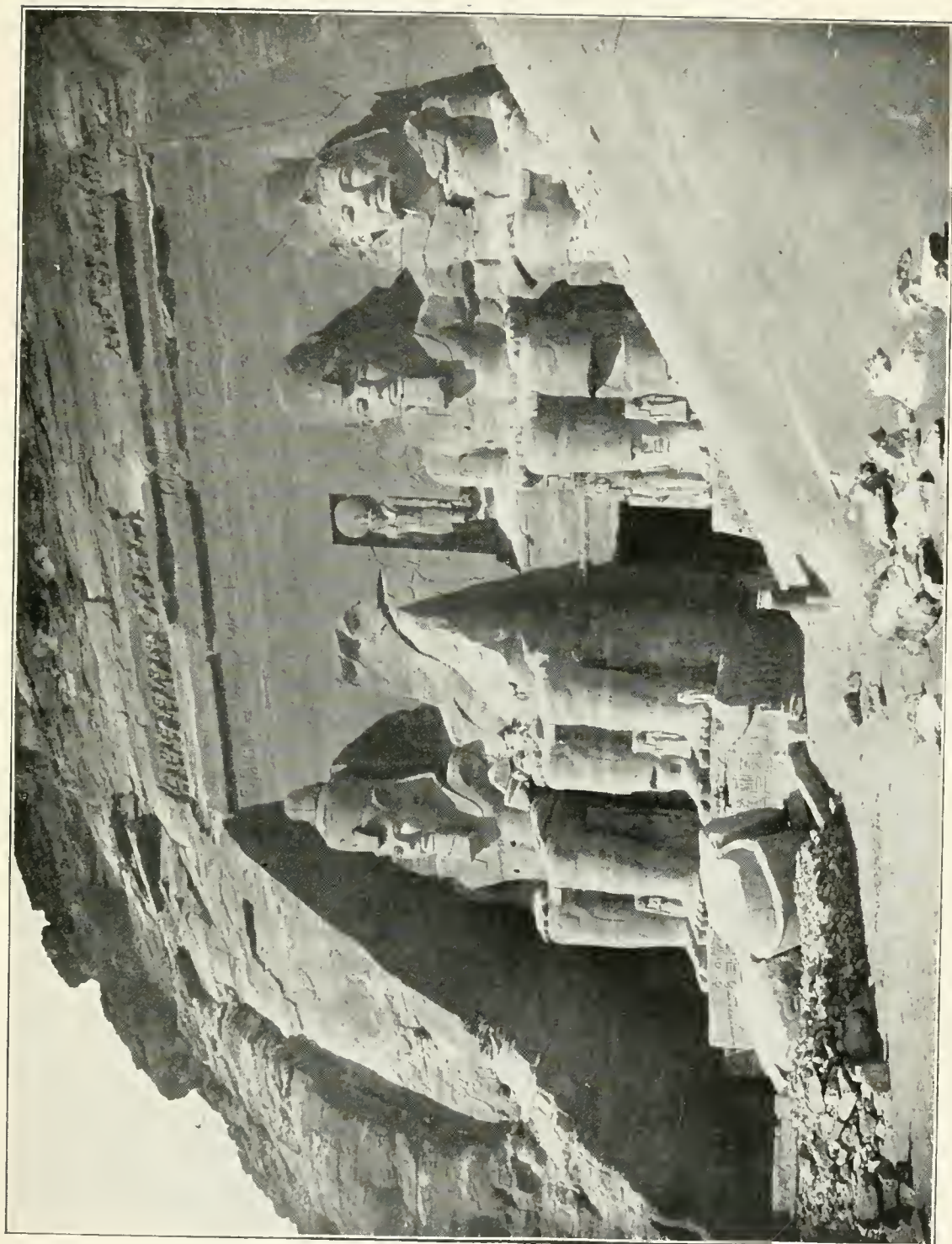
It is interesting to know that some of the fallen columns are now being restored. The scheme of Egyptian architecture provided that all the weight should be vertical. There was no outward thrust on the walls, but the roof lay direct on the supporting pillars. These were massive enough to carry their burden were it not that the foundations had been laid in treacherous soil, the deposit of inundations. This soil has slipped in places and let the pillars fall. The work of restoration provides for a concrete foundation, and when the magnificent fallen columns are replaced the impressiveness of the ruins will be greatly enhanced. A curious feature of the Egyptian buildings is the inclination of the walls towards each other, so that, in the case of a square building, if the walls were carried high enough, the building would terminate in an apex, while in the case of an oblong building it would end in a ridge.

The Temple at Edfu, also a town of Upper Egypt, is almost intact, and is the best preserved of the temple ruins of Egypt. It is of later date than the Temple of Karnak, and occupies the site of an older structure. Begun in the year 287 B. C., it was finished in one hundred years. In-

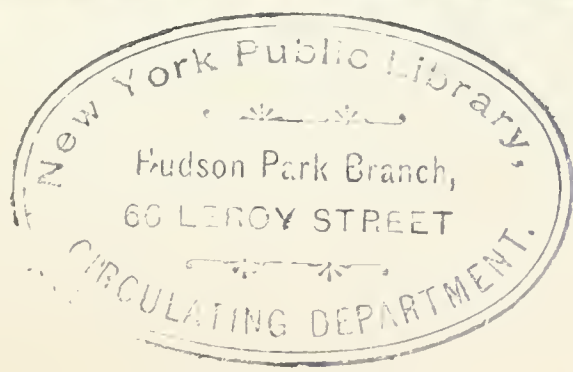
cluding the court, the building is 451 feet long. The façade is 250 feet wide. The magnificent gateway gives access to a splendid court inclosed by a double colonnade of thirty-two pillars, each pillar a different design, giving an impression of variety and novelty. The Hypostyle hall at Edfu is supported by twelve columns, and is rich and sumptuous with sculptures and paintings.

The rock-cut temples at Abu Simbel were constructed by Rameses II, and are very remarkable structures. The outer hall of one is supported by two rows of square pillars, four in each row. These columns are thirty feet high, and to each is attached a standing figure of the king, reaching to the roof. This feature of Egyptian architecture no doubt developed in Greece the design of the "caryatid" columns. The Greeks were numerous enough in Egypt at that time, for the inscriptions on the colossal statues shown in the illustration commemorate the visit of certain Greek and Phœnician mercenaries in the service of one of the kings who reigned about 660 B. C. The huge statues represent King Rameses II, the builder of the temple. They are among the largest known images, having a height of sixty-five feet. In front of the second temple are six statues of the king and queen, each thirty-three feet high, and the size and number of these royal portrait statues again bring home to us the overpowering ambition of the kings of Egypt to guard themselves from the forgetfulness of posterity.

The Temple of Isis is placed on the Island of Philæ, a granite rock in the Nile, about one thousand feet long by five hundred broad. It is situated just above the first cataract on the Nile, and near the famous granite quarry of Assuan, which for thousands of years furnished the Egyptians with stone for their great undertakings.



FAÇADE OF LARGER ROCK TEMPLE, ABU SIMBEL.





The Island of Philæ was consecrated to the worship of Isis, and is covered with ruins of great beauty and historic interest.

The immense Nile dam threatened Philæ and its temples and other ruins with submersion, and a great outcry arose when the danger to these historic monuments became apparent. In deference to the lovers of the historic Isle, the plan of the dam was modified, and it is now thirty-three feet lower than the original design provided. The ruins have been saved from complete submersion, but the Nile water covers the feet of the columns in the Temple of Isis, and it is feared by archæologists that when more water is needed to irrigate the land of Egypt the dam will be raised to the height originally designed, and that in the end its ruins will be entirely drowned beneath the waters of the throttled river. So "the old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

The great Temple of Isis was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus some three centuries before our era. It is thus not properly a monument of ancient Egypt. Other Ptolemies made additions to the Temple, and some of the Roman emperors contributed to its embellishment. The worship of Isis penetrated to Greece and Rome, and pilgrims from those countries came to Philæ as a shrine, and on this sacred island Isis worship continued a considerable time after the worship of heathen deities had died out elsewhere in Egypt.

The Temple is built in different sections, and displays great irregularity in plan. The hall is supported by ten columns, and it seems almost incredible that the colors — red, blue, and green — upon the capitals of these columns were applied two thousand years ago, so vivid are they to-day. Astronomical figures, to be found in the ornamen-

tation of all Egyptian temples, are painted on the ceiling of the Temple of Isis.

There are numerous Roman ruins on the Island, and a fine stone quay, now submerged, dating back to ancient days — a quay from which Cleopatra may have embarked in such state and splendor as Shakespeare pictures for us in these shining lines: —

“ The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumèd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person
 It beggar'd all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
 O'er picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

.
 at the helm

A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs.”

Surely this glittering vision not inadequately represents the glory of that ancient Egypt over which the curtain has fallen forever.



TEMPLE OF ISIS, PHIŁÆ (GENERAL VIEW).





THE ACROPOLIS

I

“ The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.”

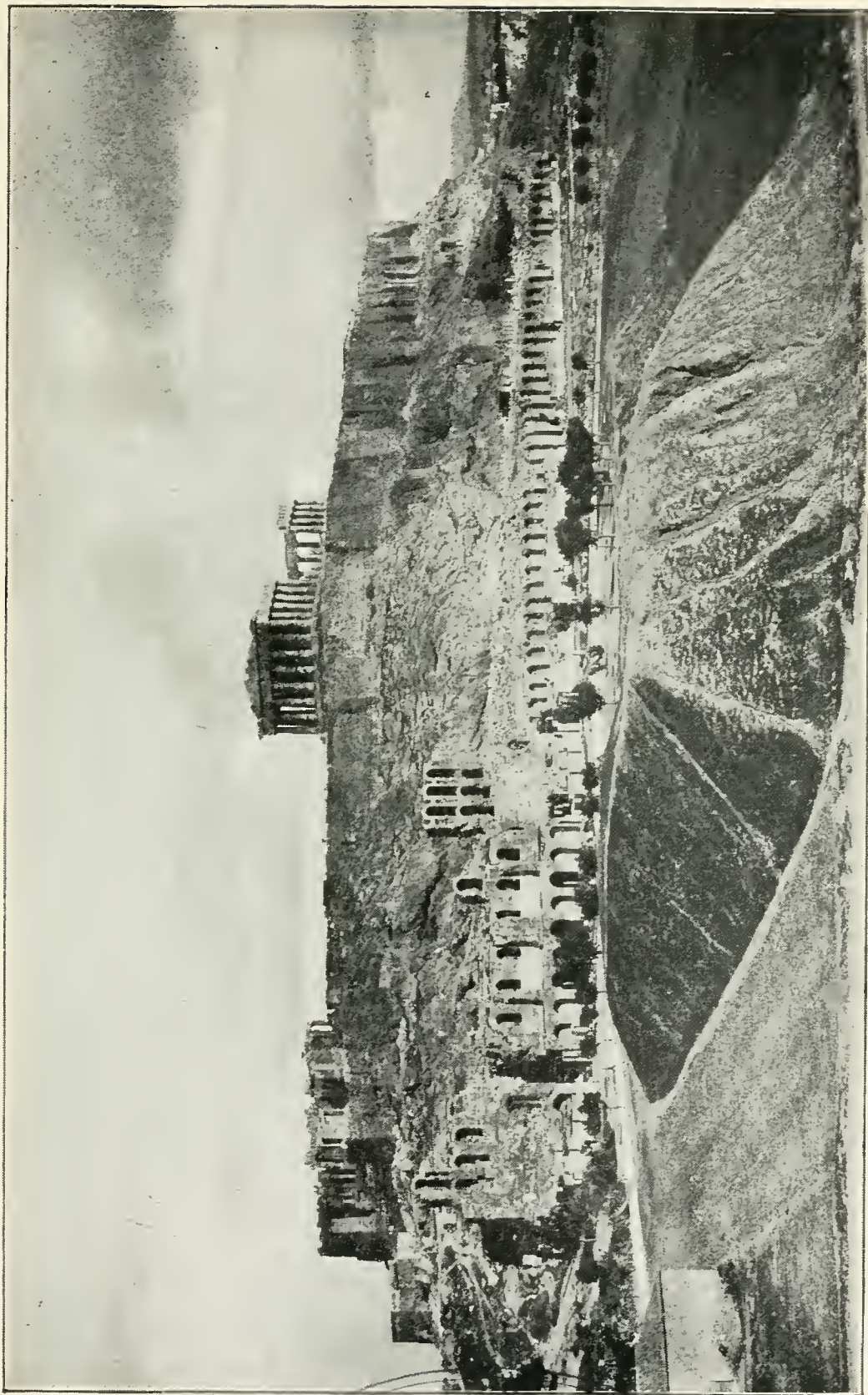
BYRON.

IN former days the citadel crowned the loftiest eminence in the city. It was the most commanding height, the last stronghold of the city to which a foe or a rebel could penetrate, and it bristled with fortifications. The name Acropolis was a general one for such eminences in the Greek cities, but is now generally understood to refer to the storied hill of Athens. The Acropolis at Athens, through years of golden peace and brilliant intellectual progress, became sacred ground, where clustered the chief temples of the Athenians, the ruins of which remain to-day as a priceless heritage from the most accomplished period of ancient Grecian civilization.

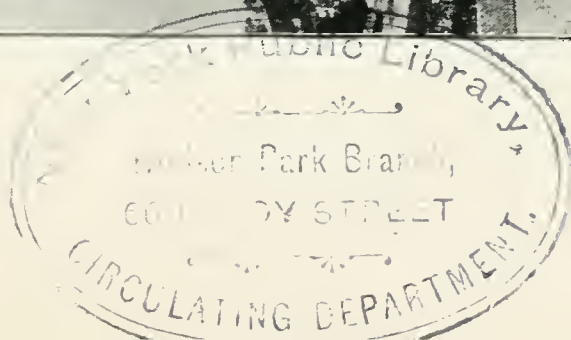
“ Who lingers long in the streets of Athens,” writes Justin McCarthy, “ before he has climbed the Acropolis and seen the Parthenon ? We soon left the houses and made for the sacred hill. We went the long way, past the street which bears the name of Byron, and past the amphitheatre on some of whose marble benches you may still read the names of their once lucky possessors ; and we mounted up by dusty roads made picturesque with the frequent cactus and thyme and even still some stray

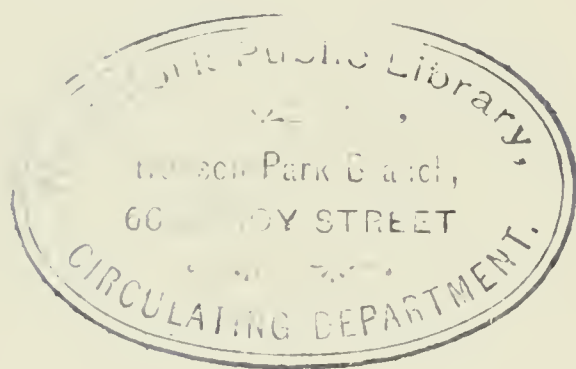
flowers, until we reached the hill of Mars, on which Paul preached, and we stopped every now and then to gaze upon the exquisite outlines of the Parnes range of mountains, or of Hymettus, much nearer to us. . . . Every now and then we caught a glimpse of the sea, and of rocky Sunium, and the shores of Salamis. Always as we ascend we have rising above us the Acropolis, with its sublimely ordered confusion of pillars that change color every moment as we change our point of view. Now they are of a rich glowing orange, and now turn to purple, and again gleam white and sparkling, and yet with another winding of the hill stand out like ebony against some mass of light clouds floating lazily along the sky. . . .

“The Parthenon is perfection. Every pile that human hands have raised is for beauty and symmetry an anticlimax after the Parthenon. Who could describe the divine shapeliness and dignity of those colonnades of ineffable design? Vaster, and in a sense grander, are the awful ruins at Karnak, but they oppress the very soul of the gazer by their stupendous vastness; they do not fill and satisfy him with a sense of perfect form and beauty as the Parthenon does. Those Doric columns, whose successive colorings have now settled down to a softened orange hue, do they not seem the very embodiment of strength and grace, each one a poet's thought turned into marble? For hours one wanders lost in wonder through this wilderness of ruined temples and rows of stately erect columns and fallen statues, and slender broken shafts, and marble steps, and thrones and fonts. I have called it a wilderness, but the word will not suit; for the very divineness of order and harmony is in these ruins. Every prostrate column seems to have fallen with the dignity of the dying Cæsar. Then look around, turn your eyes a moment from



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.



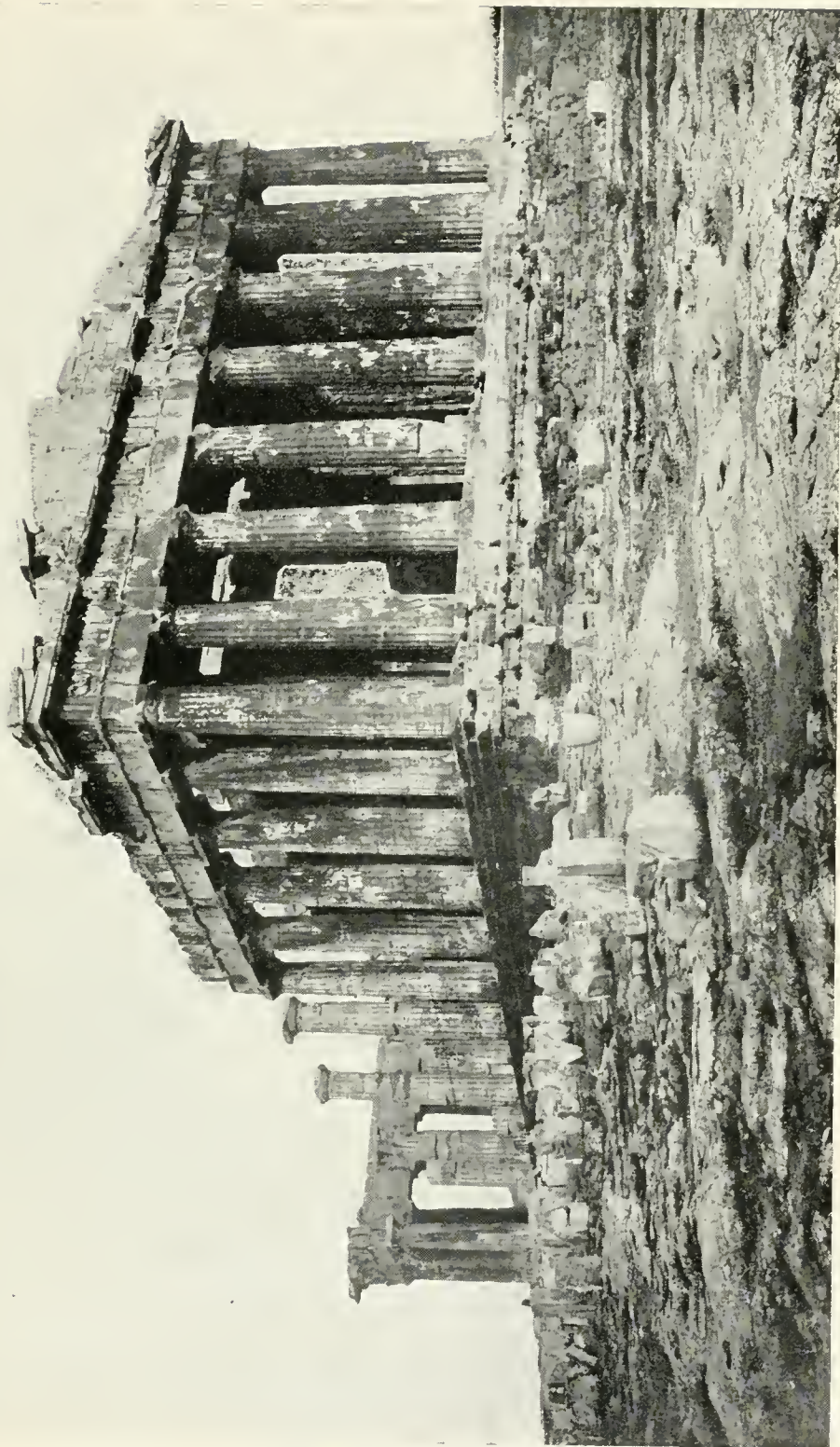


the temples and the columns to the scene beyond, and say whether earth would have anything to show more fair even though there had never been a Parthenon and the Acropolis were a naked rock?"

"There is no ruin all the world over," writes Professor Mahaffy, in his delightful "Rambles and Studies in Greece," "which combines so much striking beauty, so distinct a type, so vast a volume of history, so great a pageant of immortal memories. There is, in fact, no building on earth which can sustain the burden of such greatness, and so the first visit to the Acropolis is and must be disappointing. When the traveler reflects how all the Old World's culture culminated in Greece, — all Greece in Athens, all Athens in its Acropolis, all the Acropolis in the Parthenon, — so much crowds upon the mind confusedly that we look for some enduring monument whereupon we can fasten our thoughts, and from which we can pass as from a visible starting-point into all this history and all this greatness. And at first we look in vain. The shattered pillars and the torn pediments will not bear so great a strain; and the traveler feels forced to admit a sense of disappointment, sore against his will. . . . But to those who have not given way to these feelings — who have gone again and again and sat upon the rock, and watched the ruins at every hour of the day, and in the brightness of a moonlight night, — to those who have dwelt among them, and meditated upon them with love and awe — there first come back the remembered glories of Athens' greatness, when Olympian Pericles stood upon the rock with careworn Phidias, and reckless Alcibiades with pious Nicias, and fervent Demosthenes with caustic Phocion — when such men peopled the temples in their worship, and all the fluted pillars and sculptured friezes were bright with scar-

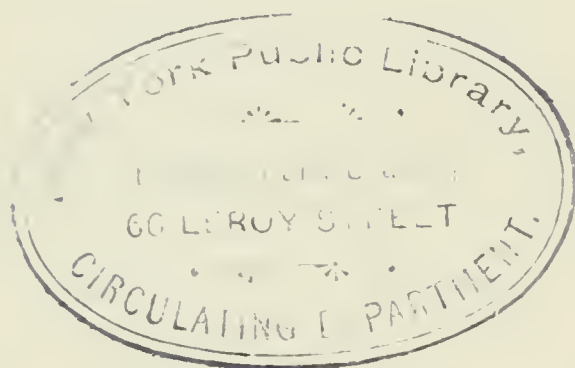
let, and blue, and gold. And then the glory of remembered history casts its hue over the war-stained remnants. Every touch of human hand, every fluting, and drop, and triglyph, and cornice recalls the master minds which produced this splendor ; and so at last we tear ourselves from it as from a thing of beauty, which even now we can never know, and love, and meditate upon to our hearts' content."

Pericles ordered the construction of the famous building on the Acropolis, and the architects were Ictinus and Callicrates. The adornment of the temple, the sculpture and carving, were executed under the direction of Phidias, and were probably in part the work of his own hand. The temple was completed in the year 438 B. C., when the artistic genius of Athens had reached its prime, so that the Parthenon represents Ancient Greek taste and skill in architecture and decorative work at their highest. The building of the Parthenon occupied about five years, and it was constructed of carefully chosen Pentelic marble. The columns stand upon a platform, or *Stylobate*, 228 feet long by 101 feet in breadth. The temple is 65 feet high. The walls are completely surrounded by a colonnade of forty-six Doric columns, seventeen on each side, eight at each end. The columns are nearly 35 feet high. The *metopes* were sculptured in high relief, the subjects being chosen from Greek mythology. The sculptures on the famous frieze, 524 feet in length, running all round the building, are in low relief. Within the building the main hall was 100 feet in length, divided into three parts by two rows of nine columns, and above these was a second row of columns, forming an upper story. In this chamber, under a canopy, stood the famous work of Phidias, the statue of Athene, fashioned in gold and ivory. This statue, with its pediment, was nearly 40 feet high, and is understood to



THE PARTHENON FROM THE NORTHWEST.





have been the masterpiece of the great sculptor. Phidias executed numerous statues of Athene, but on the Athene of the Parthenon he lavished the best of his genius, and the people of Athens coöperated with the sculptor by providing the means for the accomplishment of his plan without regard to expense. The best that the perfected taste of the Greeks could plan and execute had been put into the construction of the temple and its adornment. The gem within was to be worthy of such a peerless casket. Marble lavished on wall and colonnade and pavement was too cold for the statue of Athene; bronze had been used by the sculptor for another great statue standing in the open air, and nothing but gold and ivory was deemed fitting for the goddess of the Parthenon.

In spite of its immense proportions, the grace and beauty of the statue precluded any impression of ungraceful size or clumsiness. We quote Mr. Radcliffe's eloquent description: —

“Over the substantial foundation of the figure the ivory was laid on in thick pieces so exquisitely joined that face and hands appeared as if carved from solid blocks; for the form, where nude, was everywhere of ivory, almost imperceptibly tinted with the hues of life. The eyes, treated in gems or enamels, were neither glaring nor staring, but limpid and lustrous, with softened eyelids and full harmony of setting. The color of the ivory blended rather than contrasted with the rich gleam of the golden draperies and accessories, giving rare effects of light and shade; and when the hand of true genius had fashioned it, the sculptor's finished statue was indeed a unique creation of art — majestic as a revelation from some supernatural source. . . . She stood peaceful but triumphant, between thirty and forty feet erect from her base. Face, hands,

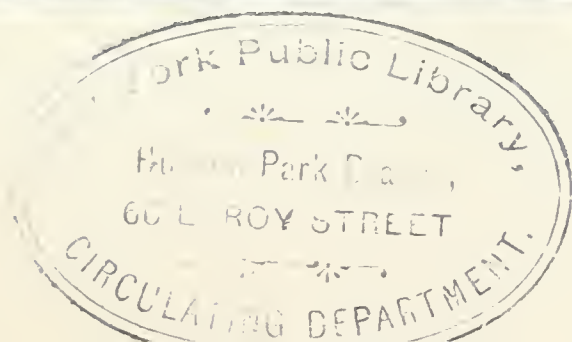
and shapely arms were of ivory; the eyes of ivory and chalcedony, looking straight forward, with calm brilliancy, into space. On the ægis which shone upon her breast a Gorgon's head was cut. A sleeveless robe of gold, sweeping in line and ample in folds, fell to her feet. This golden robe was removable, and was counted as part of the national treasure. Her caplike golden helmet was crested with a sphinx, as symbol of wisdom, between two griffins, emblems of foresight and watchfulness. Even her golden sandals were engraved with legendary reliefs. Her extended right hand held a 'little' ivory winged figure of 'Victory,' only six feet high, looking up to her, and offering a golden wreath. It is considered that this hand may have been supported by a pillar, or by the trunk of an olive-tree. Her left hand, in whose hollow leaned a spear, lay upon the edge of her golden shield, which rested on the ground and partially concealed the sacred serpent that lifted its head behind it. Splendid reliefs of battle scenes covered both the inside and outside of the shield."

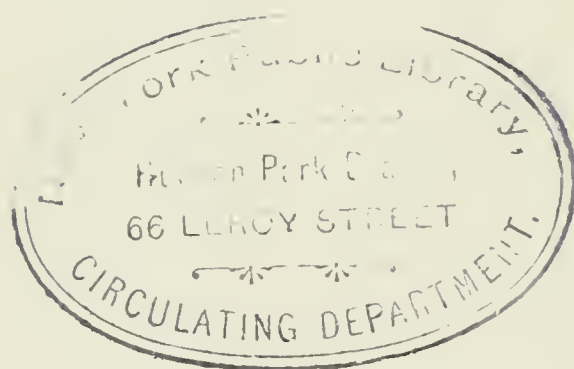
This glorious work of art was consecrated at the Parthenon, 438 B. C. It was still perfect when the Greek traveler and geographer, Pausanias, saw it in the latter half of the second century, A. D., but it was removed from its site about 430 A. D. Nothing more is known of its history. Plunder and avarice probably accounted for the demolition of this superb statue, the intrinsic worth of which, great as it must have been, was trifling compared with the value of the work as the fairest flower of the genius of the greatest sculptor the world has seen. The fate of the lost Athene might have inspired Keble's fine verse: —

"Quenched is the golden statue's ray,
The breath of heaven has blown away



THE "THREE FATES" FROM THE EAST PEDIMENT OF THE
PARTHENON.





What toiling earth had piled,
Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
As breezes strew on océan sand
The fabrics of a child."

The Parthenon itself escaped the utter ruin of its gold and ivory deity. For many centuries it was the chief glory of the Athenian hill, which Pericles and Phidias between them made immortal. The design of the Parthenon was exquisitely simple. "For intellectual beauty," an authority on architecture writes, "for perfection of proportion and detail, and for the exquisite perception of the highest and most recondite principles of art, it stands utterly and entirely unrivaled — the glory of Greece."

II

Over the two entrances to the Parthenon, one east and one west, the figures sculptured in the triangular spaces of the pediments were larger than life. A number are now lost, and those yet remaining are very much mutilated.

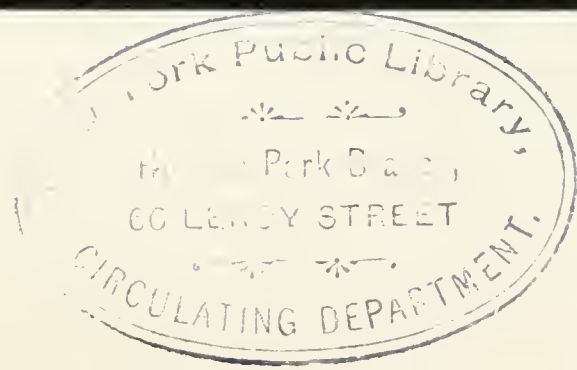
The Theseus and The Three Fates are some of the sculptures from the east pediment of the Parthenon, and are now among the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. It is not certain that these sculptures have been properly named. The subject of the group on the east pediment of the Parthenon was the birth of Athene, but no description has been left of the group in its completeness. The central figures, which furnished the key to the meaning of the sculptures, vanished centuries ago. The figure known as the Theseus is a magnificent fragment, and may have been cut by the chisel of Phidias himself. Avowedly to preserve these remnants of the art of Phidias from entire destruction, Lord Elgin, English

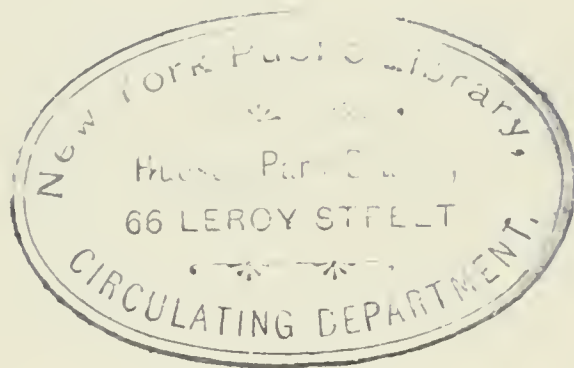
ambassador to Turkey in the year 1800, obtained permission to remove the statues to Great Britain, where, under the name of the Elgin Marbles, they now remain. Much hostile criticism was evoked by the action of the English ambassador, and from time to time proposals have been made to send the sculptures to the Acropolis Museum at Athens. If Lord Elgin was a depredator, his apology was the love of art; but other hands were more violent. "Nothing is more vexatious," warmly writes Mahaffy, "than the reflection, how lately these splendid remains have been reduced to the present state. The Parthenon, being used as a Greek church, remained untouched and perfect all through the Middle Ages. Then it became a mosque, and the Erechtheum a seraglio, and in this way survived with little damage till 1687, when, in the bombardment by the Venetians under Morosini, a shell dropped into the Parthenon, where the Turks had their powder stored, and blew out the whole centre of the building. Eight or nine pillars at each side have been thrown down, and have left a large gap, which so severs the front and rear of the temple that from the city below they look like the remains of two different buildings. The great drums of these pillars are yet lying there, in their order, just as they fell. . . . But the Venetians were not content with their exploit. . . . Morosini wished to take down the sculptures of Phidias from the eastern pediment, but his workmen attempted it so clumsily that the figures fell from their place and were dashed to pieces on the ground."

The Greeks were accustomed to paint their temples and even their statues, a practice common in ancient Egypt. Restorations of Egyptian architecture show the columns and walls a blaze of color, and even to this day traces of



"THESEUS" FROM THE EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON.



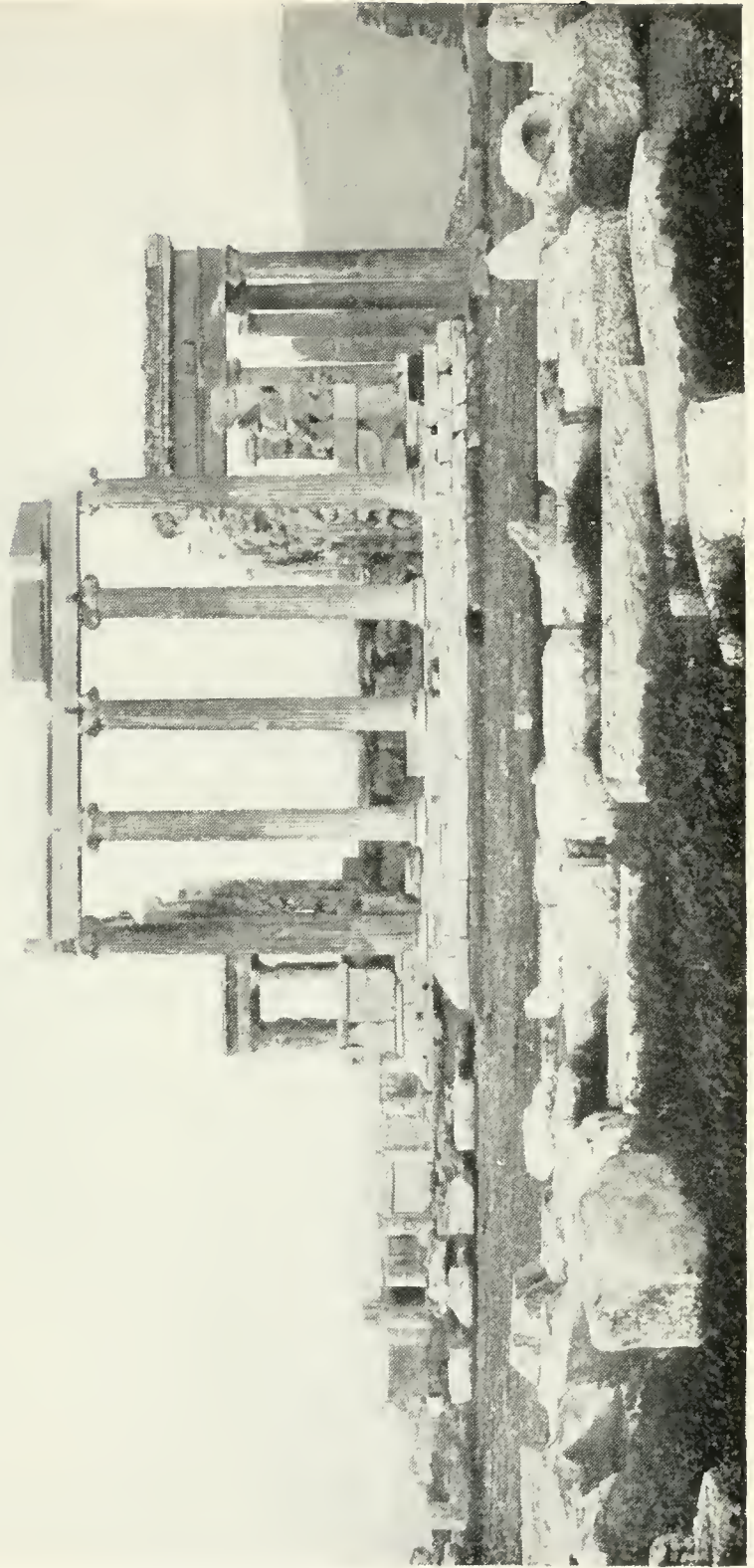


the colors used remain on pillars and statues. The custom of using colors in conjunction with architecture, and even sculpture, may have been borrowed by the Greeks from Egypt. We are to think of the Parthenon never as a building glancing in the sunlight, white as salt, but as one of creamy yellow marble, richly decked with blue, gold, and scarlet, standing proudly in the wonderfully clear air, and cut clean against the cloudless sky of Greece.

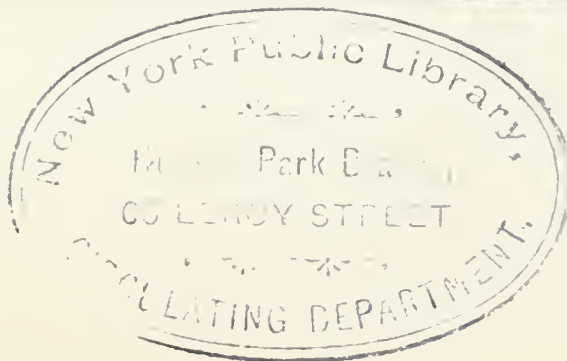
With reference to the practice of painting buildings and statues, which seems to modern taste to savor of the barbaric, Professor Mahaffy writes : —

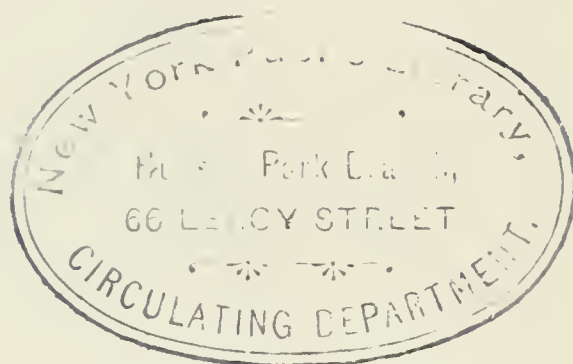
“ When we first come to realize these things, we are likely to exclaim against such a jumble, as we should call it, of painting and architecture — still worse, of painting and sculpture. . . . But if blind obedience to these our great masters in the laws of beauty is not to be commended, so neither is an absolute resistance to all argument on the question to be respected ; nor do I acknowledge the good sense or the good taste of that critic who insists that nothing can possibly equal the color and texture of white marble, and that all coloring of such a substance is the mere remains of barbarism. For, say what we will, the Greeks were certainly, as a nation, the best judges of beauty the world has yet seen. And this is not all. The beauty of which they were evidently most fond was beauty of form — harmony of proportions, symmetry of design. They always hated the tawdry and the extravagant. . . . We cannot but feel that, had the effect of painted temples and statues been tawdry, there is no people on earth who would have felt it so keenly and disliked it so much. There must, then, have been strong reasons why this bright coloring did not strike their eye as it would the eye of sober moderns. To any one who has seen the country, and thought

about the question there, many such reasons present themselves. In the first place, all through southern Europe, and more especially in Greece, there is an amount of bright color in nature which prevents almost any artificial coloring from producing a startling effect. Where all the landscape, the sea, and the air are exceedingly bright, we find the inhabitants increasing the brightness of their dress and houses, as it were to correspond with nature. . . . We must, therefore, imagine the old Greek crowd before their temples, or in their market-places, a very white crowd, with patches of scarlet and various blue ; perhaps altogether white in processions, if we except scarlet shoe-straps and other such slight relief. One cannot but feel that a richly colored temple, that pillars of blue and red, that friezes of gilding, and other ornament, upon a white marble ground, and in white marble framing, must have been a splendid and appropriate background, a genial feature in such a sky and with such costume. . . . No doubt, the painting of statues and the use of gold and ivory upon them were derived from a rude age, when no images existed but rude wooden work — at first a mere block, then roughly altered and reduced to shape, probably requiring some coloring to produce any effect whatever. To a public accustomed from childhood to such painted, and often richly dressed images, a pure white marble statue must appear utterly cold and lifeless. So it does to us, when we have become accustomed to the mellow tints of old and even weather-stained Greek statues ; and it should here be noticed that this mellow skin-surface on antique statues is not the mere result of age, but of an artificial process, whereby they burnt into the surface a composition of wax and oil, which gave a yellowish tint to the marble, as well as also that peculiar



V I E W O F T H E E R E C H T H E U M F R O M T H E E A S T .





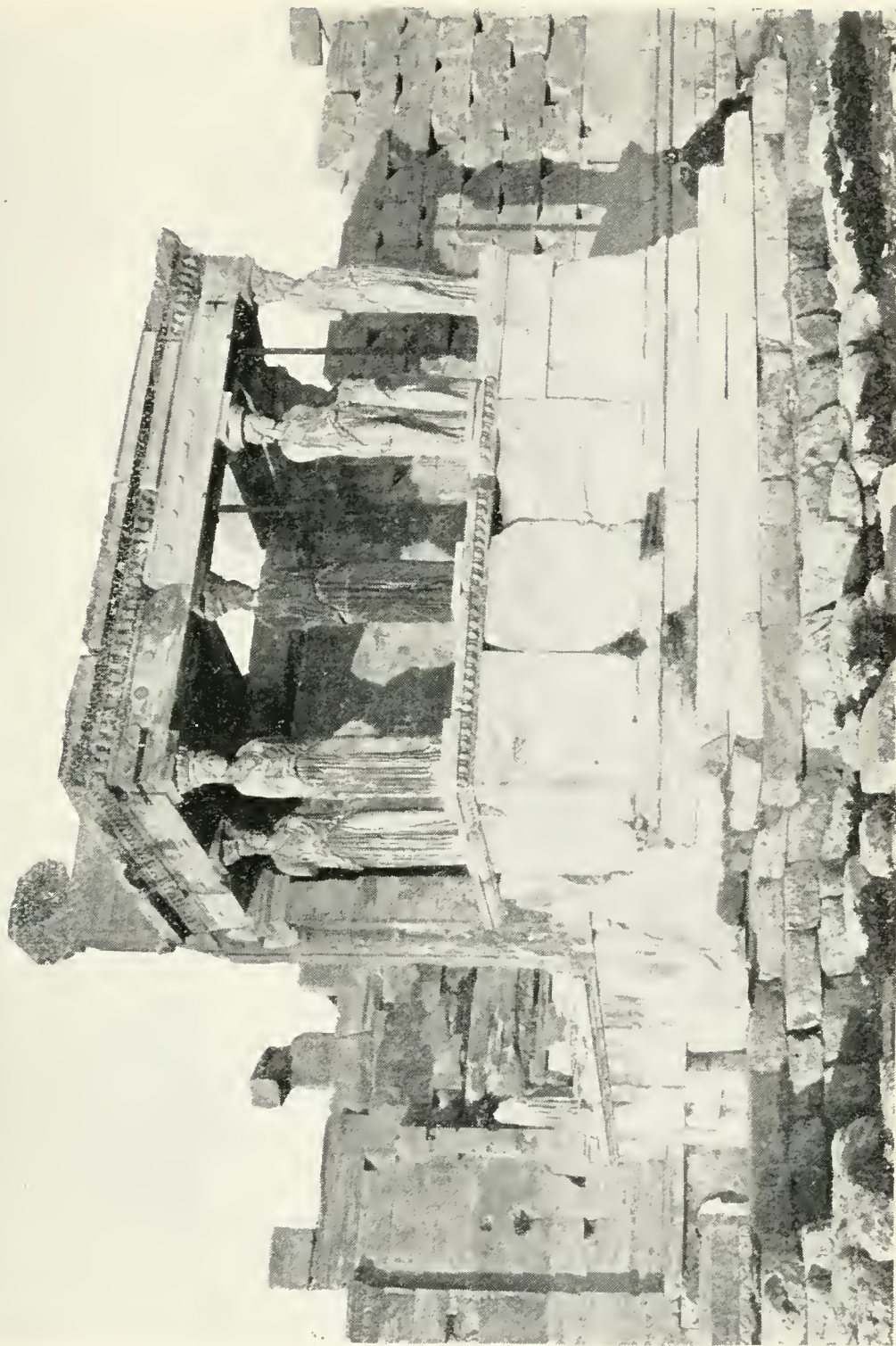
surface which so accurately represents the texture of the human skin. But if we imagine all the marble surfaces and reliefs in the temple colored for architectural richness' sake, we can feel even more strongly how cold and out of place would be a perfectly colorless statue in the centre of all this pattern."

In his "Sketch Book," Thackeray thus records the impression made upon him by the ruins of Athens:—

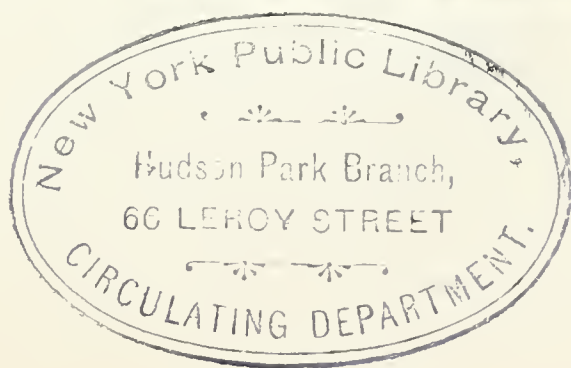
"I thought I could recognize the towering beauty of the prodigious columns of the Temple of Jupiter, and admire the astonishing grace, severity, elegance, completeness of the Parthenon. The little Temple of Victory, with its fluted Corinthian shafts, blazed under the sun almost as fresh as it must have appeared to the eyes of its founders; I saw nothing more charming and brilliant, more graceful, festive, and aristocratic than this sumptuous little building. The Roman remains which lie in the town below look like the works of barbarians beside these perfect structures. They jar strangely on the eye after it has been accustoming itself to perfect harmony and proportions. If, as the schoolmaster tells us, the Greek writing is as complete as the Greek art; if an ode of Pindar is as glittering and pure as the Temple of Victory; or a discourse of Plato as polished and calm as yonder mystical portico of the Erechtheum; what treasures of the senses and delights of the imagination have those lost to whom the Greek books are as good as sealed."

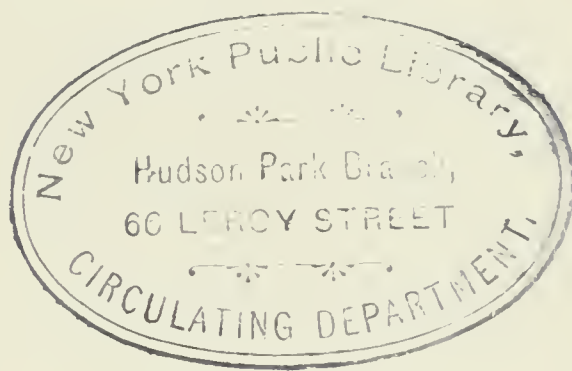
Close to the Parthenon is the Erechtheum, a beautiful ornate cluster of temples dedicated to the worship of Erechtheus, a mythical king of Athens, and other deities. To the majesty and austere beauty of the Doric order of architecture, the grace and lightness and profuse ornamentation of this small Ionic temple present a marked

contrast, which, it is claimed, was due to the conviction of the Athenians that the elegance and richness of Ionic architecture were better fitted for a small building, such as the Erechtheum, while the Doric simplicity was more appropriate to the large and august Parthenon. Here, within a limited area, the Athenians brought the two great Greek orders of architecture into contrast, by specimens, in each case, the most perfect known to the Ancient World. An older temple of Erechtheus was burnt by the Persians, B. C. 480, and the more modern temple, which flings the shadow of its ruin across the enchanted Acropolis, was begun in the time of Pericles, and was not quite completed in the year 409 B. C. When it was finished in its astonishing loveliness, it was regarded by the Greeks themselves as one of the most perfect examples of the Ionic style. Compared with the Parthenon its dimensions are modest. It is 65 feet long by 37 feet broad. Its slender Ionic columns are adorned on the upper part with a rich and exquisitely wrought band of floral ornament, a feature met with only in the Ionic columns of the Erechtheum. A frieze ran round the temple, but few fragments of this frieze remain. Of the ruins of the Erechtheum the most interesting are those of the Caryatid Porch, or Porch of the Maidens. Six graceful maiden figures are used as architectural supports, taking the place of the Ionic pillars employed elsewhere in the structure. In Egyptian architecture there are many examples of human figures sculptured against temple columns, but in the Erechtheum the figures are themselves supporting the architrave. The forms and drapery are very graceful. Although there is a general uniformity in grace and pose of figure, no two of the maidens are precisely alike, and these slight but easily perceptible differences are among



CARYATID PORCH OF THE ERECHTHEUM.





the chief charms of the Caryatid Porch. The best of the six maidens was taken away by Lord Elgin, and is now in the British Museum. The traces still remaining indicate that the gilding, coloring, and adornment of the temple were luxurious. During the Turkish occupation it was preserved intact, and its precincts were rendered inviolable by the fact that it was used as a seraglio. It is curious that Christian piety and Mohammedan jealousy preserved, in the one case the Parthenon, and in the other the Erechtheum, down to the end of the seventeenth century, until the bombardment of the Venetians shattered both faultless temples with "villainous saltpetre;" and it is over a mournful wreck of all that was once so lovely that the battered but still stately maidens of the Porch gaze, when the Attic sunlight floods the crowned Acropolis, or the moonlight fills with magic this place of broken column and shattered wall.

The Propylæa was the gateway at the west end of the Acropolis, and is admittedly amongst the noblest remnants of classic Greek architecture. It consists of a transverse wall between side walls, with a portico on each front supported by columns. The transverse wall is pierced by five doorways. The columns of the Propylæa are mixed in style, the exterior rows being Doric, the interior Ionic. Upon these columns rest the architraves of the Propylæa, mighty beams of white marble more than twenty-two feet long, spanning the gateway through which the ruins of the Parthenon are approached. The Propylæa resembles a temple more than a gateway. It is built of the famous Pentelic marble, and is one of the great group of buildings decreed by Pericles. The building is estimated to have cost a sum equivalent to something more than \$5,000,000. The ceiling was beautiful in gold and blue,

and this august gateway formed an imposing approach to the glorious Parthenon, flashing like the golden hemlet of Athene on the crest of the hill.

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone.”

EMERSON.

GREEK SCULPTURES

I

ARCHAIC FEMALE FIGURE

THE Archaic period of Greek sculpture shows the art struggling from rude methods towards that understanding of nature which, when it matured, gave Greek sculpture all its freedom and all its glory. In the Archaic period the anatomy of the human form was understood very imperfectly. In the statues of this period the eyeballs, cheeks, and chin were very prominent, and the mouth wore a simpering smile; the arrangement of the hair was generally very elaborate, and highly artificial. "The garments fell in formal folds, sometimes with great elaboration. They look as if they were intended to represent garments of irregular cut, carefully starched and ironed; but the work of this period is full of the indefinable fascination of promise."

Concerning the periods into which critics have divided the growth of Greek art, the oldest and rudest sculptures carry us back to about the year 625 B. C. From this year down to the year 480 B. C. has been called the Archaic period of Greek sculpture. The Archaic female figure, which is shown in the illustration, was sculptured towards the end of this period, and its execution shows that the art had at that time advanced very considerably from its rude beginnings. The transitional period of Greek sculpture was from 480 B. C. to 450 B. C. Then

came the Great Age of Greek Sculpture. From 450 to 400 B. C. was the age of Pericles and of Phidias. The Great Age was continued in the second period down to about the beginning of the fourth century. Then came the Hellenistic or imitative period, when originality had spent itself and the tide of decadence had set in.

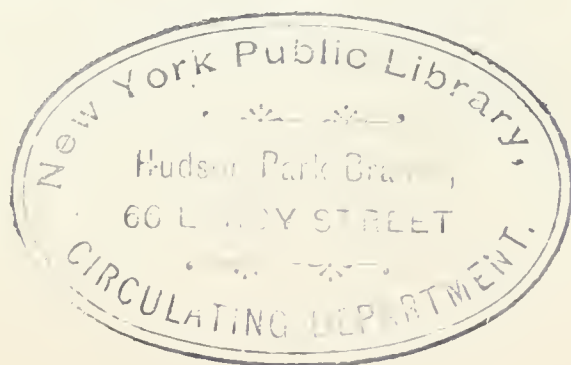
The Archaic figure here illustrated was found in 1882, and is one of a number of similar figures discovered on the Acropolis. The elaborate arrangement of the hair is remarkable, and the protruding eyeballs are somewhat unpleasant; but the modeling of the face is held to be very beautiful. This statue was executed shortly before the Persians occupied Athens, in the year 480 B. C. The head shows traces of fire, in witness of the violence and devastation of the Persian invaders, who practically destroyed the Athenian citadel and its older temples and statues. Antique as this statue is, traces of color are still visible on the eyes and diadem, proving that it was the practice of the Greeks, even in the early days of their artistic history, to endeavor to add to the effect of the cold marble by the use of pigments.

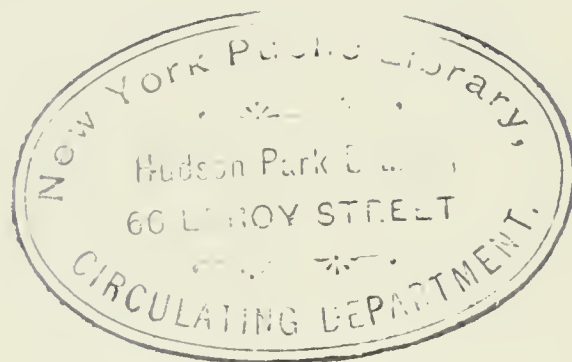
THE WOUNDED AMAZON

The Wounded Amazon is in the English collection at Lansdowne House, London. It was discovered in 1771, and is probably a copy of a work by Polyclitus, the Argive sculptor and architect who was, next to Phidias, the most admired master of ancient times. He was contemporary with Phidias and studied under the same master. Polyclitus worked in bronze alone, and one of his favorite subjects was the Amazon. Polyclitus and Phidias, it is related, once competed in executing an Amazon's statue for the great temple of Diana at Ephesus, and the



ARCHAIC FEMALE FIGURE.





statue made by the former won the favor of the judges. While Amazon statues were a favorite subject with the Greek masters, the Amazon legends proved equally attractive to the poets, and they figure conspicuously in Greek literature. According to tradition, the Amazons were a mythical nation of women warriors, located on the shores of the Euxine. From their own country they made long marches into Asia, bent on conquest. Hercules made war against them to win the girdle of their queen, and Theseus, the friend of Hercules, carried off the queen's sister. In art the Amazons are represented as martial maids, generally on horseback, and heavily armed. It was a fancied resemblance of Indian warriors to these mythical women that caused the Spanish Conquistadores to call the great South American river the Amazon.

The Amazon represented in this statue has been wounded, and is leaning upon a support at her left side ; the right hand is raised to her head in a manner which seems to indicate exhaustion. The pose of the feet was a favorite one with Polyclitus, and is said, indeed, to have been introduced by that sculptor. Instead of allowing the weight of the figure to be equally distributed between the two feet, as other sculptors had done, it was his custom to execute statues with the weight poised upon one foot, the other foot being lightly raised. This graceful pose gave his figures an air of lightness and repose not to be found where the statue has both its feet solidly planted on the pedestal.

II

HERMES OF PRAXITELES

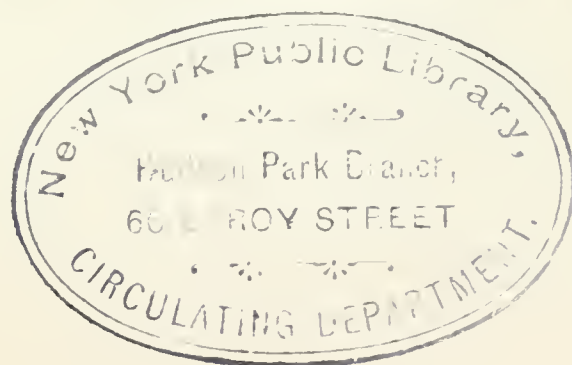
Pausanias makes mention of a statue which he saw in a temple at Olympia, the scene of the famous gymnastic contests of the Greeks. This renowned place in the golden age of Greece was a treasury of art only second to Athens. The famous temple of Zeus at Olympia was decorated with sculpture by Phidias, Alkamenes, and Pæonius, all famous masters. Within the temple was a magnificent and titanic statue of Zeus, made by Phidias in gold and ivory on the same splendid plan as that sculptor's Athene of the Parthenon. This statue of Zeus was taken as plunder to Constantinople, and so vanished. Its richness was its ruin. Earthquake demolished the temple and other buildings, and an overflow of the river Alpheus covered the ruins on the plain of Olympia with a fine alluvial deposit; and there, under the shroud thrown over the broken classic ruins by the kindly river, rare relics of Greek taste and skill remained hidden until modern research brought them again to light.

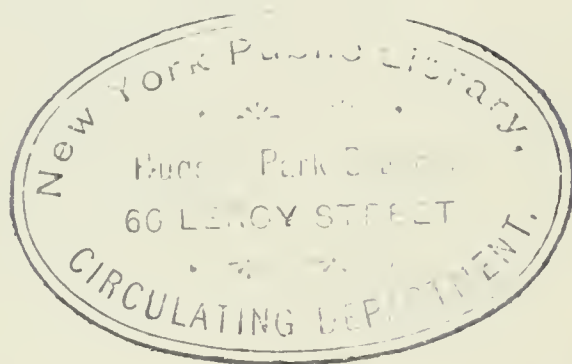
The chief of the artistic treasures found at Olympia is the statue by Praxiteles which Pausanias mentioned. It was found in 1877, amid the ruins of the very temple in which the old Greek traveler saw it standing in its glory.

Praxiteles flourished about the middle of the fourth century B. C., and was one of the greatest masters of his art in Greece. His favorite subject was Aphrodite, but he did not confine himself to statues of the goddess. Other works executed by him show that his genius was equal to reproductions of power and dignity as well as grace and beauty. The Hermes recovered at Olympia is an exquisite



THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES.





statue, in which the god is shown holding the infant Bacchus on one arm ; in the other hand, now lost, was held some object for the child's amusement. The legs from below the knee are missing. So is the right arm. The infant is carelessly sculptured ; but the figure of Hermes is admittedly the most faultless specimen of classic art. The form is the perfection of youthful manly grace. The small shapely head, rich with clustering curls, is of uncommon beauty. Traces of color on the hair indicate that the statue was painted. This belief is strengthened by the fact that the right foot, which was found with its sandal, shows traces of red and gold ornamentation.

Hermes, or Mercury, was the herald of Jupiter. It is fabled that he invented the lyre, "drawing fine chords through the opposite edges of a tortoise-shell, and striking them into music." In most representations he is shown with a rod entwined with serpents, having received this from Apollo in exchange for his lyre. Hermes is the representation of swiftness, and is figured with wings on his sandals, and sometimes on his cap, setting forth those attributes of speed which became the messenger of imperious Jove.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

This statue, it is believed, was discovered in the ruins of Antium, and in the year 1503 was placed in the Belvedere Gallery of the Vatican. The date assigned to it is the fourth century B. C., or later. It has excited much discussion, but the statue in the Vatican is now admitted to be a Roman copy of a much finer supposed Greek work in bronze which was lost, with so many other glorious masterpieces of the Greeks in art and literature. An Apollo head found in Rome, and now in the museum at Basle, and a

bronze statuette in a St. Petersburg gallery, are apparently copies of the same lost original. The Apollo Belvedere is the best known of the ancient statues. Replicas are to be found in nearly every national collection of works of art.

The uncommon beauty of the face, the graceful arrangement of the curling hair, and the springing grace of the slender figure of the bright young god made this work generally admired among former generations, but modern criticism does not consider it by any means representative of the best period of Grecian art.

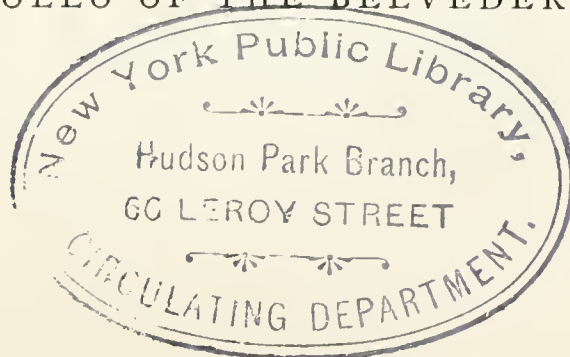
Apollo, the sun-god — the Master of song and Lord of light — sometimes represented with a lyre, is supposed in this statue to hold the bow of the archer in his extended hand. The quiver strap crosses his breast, and he has just shot an arrow, the flight of which he watches in serene confidence. The incident in the career of Apollo, thus fixed by the nameless Greek sculptor, is the slaying of the Python, a monstrous dragon which haunted the caves of Parnassus. In joy at his conquest Apollo raised the song of victory known as the Pæan, an imitation of which is not unfamiliar to us on occasions of national triumph, blessing, or laudation.

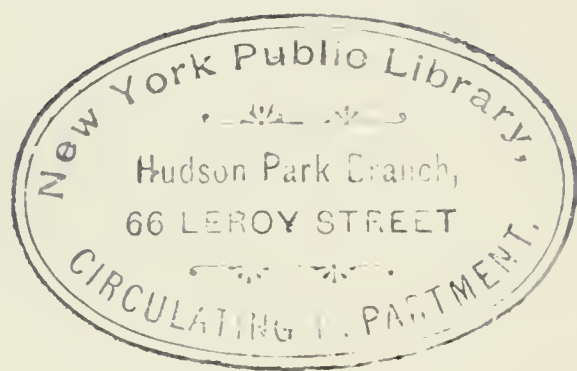
Lord of light and song, Apollo of the Silver Bow was the inspiration of genius among poets as well as sculptors, and his golden arrows, lightly wafted to earth, returned in many a song and hymn in praise of his beauty and glory. With the Greeks he was the favorite deity among the Olympians, and either alone or with his sister, the goddess Artemis, is the subject of a thousand graceful and poetic legends.

The beauty of this shining deity as represented in the Apollo Belvedere finely illustrates the Greek conception



APOLLO OF THE BELVEDERE.





of a god in mortal form, and it has elicited some noble verse from the English poets.

Dean Milman is the author of these lines : —

“ Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky ?
 Heard ye the dragon monster’s deathful cry ?
 In settled majesty of calm disdain,
 Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
 The heav’nly archer stands — no human birth,
 No perishable denizen of earth;
 Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
 A god in strength, with more than godlike grace.
 All, all divine — no struggling muscle glows,
 Through heaving veins no mantling life-blood flows,
 But animate with deity alone,
 In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.”

Lord Byron, whose passionate love for Greece leaps out in so many of his poems, tells us to

“ View the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The God of life, and poesy and light,
 The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
 The shaft hath just been shot — the arrow bright
 With an immortal’s vengeance ; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing, in that one glance, the Deity.”

III

APHRODITE OF MELOS

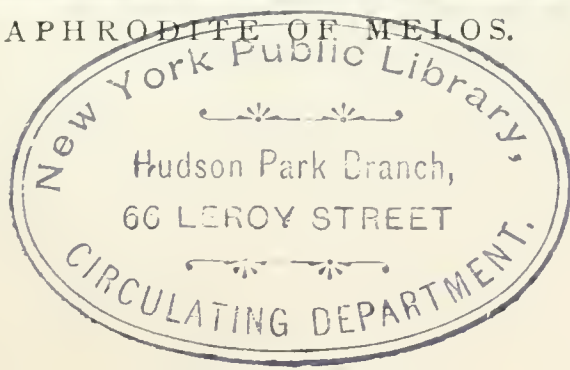
The Aphrodite of Melos, sometimes called the Venus of Milo, is widely known by reproductions and casts scattered through the gardens and galleries of the world. This statue is universally regarded as the finest conception of Aphrodite, who, as Queen of Beauty and Love,

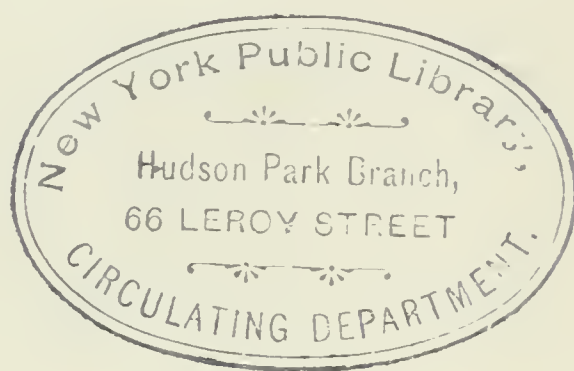
was a subject highly popular with the Greek sculptors. Various types of feminine loveliness were selected as models for the shy ideal lurking in the white blocks of Parian or Pentelic marble. The conception of Venus, with her roses and myrtles, her doves and swans, as a goddess glowing with transcendent loveliness, intoxicated the beauty-loving Greeks; and her statue shone in the temples, gardens, and sacred groves, while city vied with city for the privilege of possessing a figure of the goddess by a sculptor like Praxiteles, whose favorite occupation was the production of images of Venus.

The Aphrodite of Melos was found in 1820, on Melos, an island of the Grecian Archipelago. It was discovered by a peasant who was digging among some buried walls. The event created universal delight in the artistic world, which instantly saluted the statue as a glorious addition to the treasures of classic sculpture. Close to the statue was found the fragment of a plinth, with an inscription by Agesandros of Antioch. This fragment is alleged to have belonged to the statue. It has since disappeared; but if it belonged to the figure it would fix the period of the execution of the statue in the second or third century B. C., or considerably later than the great age of Greek sculpture. Critics are unwilling to accept this conclusion; for the execution is perfect, and the conception the purest of any known image of Venus, showing no sign of decay in skill or of grossness of taste. "She is not," writes the author of "Schools and Masters of Sculpture," "the slender coquettish figure affected by late Greek sculptors, but a calm, splendid woman who compels, but never asks, our homage, — amply self-sufficient in the majesty of her loveliness. Drapery enswathes the lower limbs of the figure, but it is nude above the hips, and the whole form is



APHRODITE OF MELOS.





thrown into indescribable harmony of line. Its weight rests upon the right foot. The proud, small head is poised on a long neck, and the hair waves down from the forehead, partly hiding the ears, to be gathered into a knot at the back. Both the arms are wanting. All technical details are exquisite. The yellowish marble renders every fold of the soft skin without having its texture refined into cold polish."

Various suggestions have been offered as to the proper attitude of the missing arms, but not one has found general acceptance. On the whole no statue of ancient times is so generally admired as this work of the unknown Greek sculptor. In the old story concerning the beginning of the tragedy of Troy, Venus gave to Paris the most lovely woman in the world; and the modern Paris is favored in the same supreme way, although the woman is a marble Venus instead of a living Helen. The Venus of Milo is now the chief glory of the French national collection in the Louvre.

THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

This famous winged statue of Victory was discovered in the year 1863, on the island of Samothrace. Some excavations were being carried out under the supervision of the French consul, M. Champoiseau. The consul one day strolled away from the scene of the excavations, and in the course of his walk discovered a piece of marble protruding from the earth. In such a place, where Greek civilization of old held sway, every piece of chiseled marble is charged with exciting possibilities. The consul, on examination, found that the fragment of marble was part of the statue of a woman. The workmen were summoned immediately, and a few feet under the surface they found

more than one hundred pieces of wrought marble, fragments of the shattered Victory.

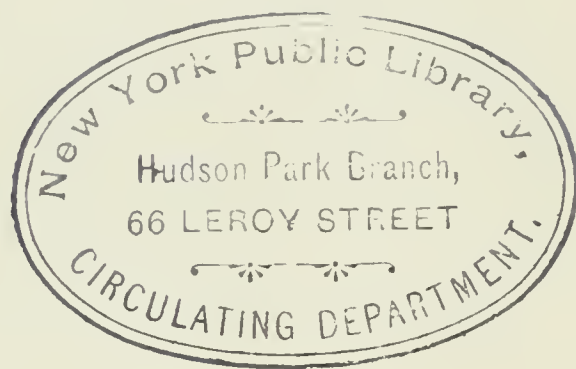
“The various fragments were carefully adjusted, the wings were fitted together over a supporting iron frame, and at last the magnificent figure was placed on its pedestal at the head of the staircase in the Louvre, where it now stands, headless and armless, but still of dazzling splendor of form, and vibrating with the eternal life of Art.”

Associated with the fragments of the statue were found other strange blocks of worked marble, which were at first disregarded. The significance of these curiously shaped pieces remained a mystery for some years until it was ascertained that they were fragments of the prow of a Greek trireme, the ancient galley with three tiers of oars. This prow formed the unique pedestal for the statue of the Victory. The head and the arms have vanished. These were sculptured separately, and fastened to the figure, probably with iron braces. M. Olivier Rayet, a learned French archæologist, and the author of a monograph on the subject, declares that the uplifted breast indicates that the head was erect and the gaze fixed on the distance. The movement portrayed in the shoulders tells us that the right arm was raised and extended in front, and a trumpet was probably held in the hand. The left arm, hanging down, carried one of the wooden crosses which formed a frame for trophies. In the clothing near the right knee three holes may be seen, which it is supposed were made to receive the points by which this cross was attached to the statue. The admiration of critics is always excited by the bold and spirited outlines of the figure. The draperies are freely carved, clinging to the form and outlining the shape of the limbs and body. They are wildly blown



VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.





by the wind, against which the galley, on whose prow the Victory stands, is being forced by the three tiers of oarsmen. Her mission is to urge them on to victory with furious speed, as if the boat too had wings ; and, when perfect, the statue on the prow must have been a magnificent triumph of the representation of motion in marble. Greek coins struck to commemorate a great naval victory gained by the fleet of Antigonus over the ships of Ptolemy, off the island of Cyprus, B. C. 306, present on one face a figure which is supposed to be a copy of the winged Victory of Samothrace. If this be correct, it fixes the date of the execution of the sculpture in the year 306 B. C., or the following year. The sculptor, it is supposed, was Skopas, who is known to have worked in Samothrace. This island, on the northwest of the entrance to the Dardanelles, was celebrated among the ancients as the site of the sanctuary of certain strange deities, into the mysteries of whose cult many pilgrims desiring to be initiated came from all parts. Like nearly all the sacred places of antiquity, this island was touched with splendor by the genius of the votaries at its shrines. Critics find in the works of Skopas and his school a departure from the beautiful tranquillity of the gods of Phidias, and an endeavor to render more of human passion and suffering than we find in the beauty and majesty of that great master. In an eloquent passage, Theodore Child writes : —

“The winged Victory of Samothrace is a masterpiece born of the new ideal ; it is the image of a woman resplendent with vigor, and exquisite in the vibrating rhythm of her movement — a figure in which the form and the function are in perfect harmony, a magnificent realization in marble of a vision of beauty rendered by a great and skillful artist with all the force and all the distinction of

a temperament of the rarest refinement and the most delicate sensitiveness to the charms of feminine eurythmy. In no other monument of antique sculpture do we find combined such strength, and at the same time such delicacy and subtlety of touch. It has the severe and grand charm of the age of Phidias, and at the same time it has a more modern grace."

IV

THE OTRICOLI ZEUS

Many statues of Zeus, king of the divinities of Olympus, were executed by the greatest Greek sculptors, but, unfortunately, these marvelous creations have one and all perished. The colossal and splendid statue of Zeus in the temple at Olympia, the work of Phidias, invited plunder and destruction because of the richness of the materials in which it was wrought. Like the Athene of the Parthenon by the same sculptor, it was richly decked with the fatal beauty of gold and ivory; and from the fact that it was built of several different materials, it was more liable to destruction than a statue carved from a solid block of marble or moulded in tenacious bronze. The last of the great Greek sculptors, Lysippus, who flourished in the reign of Alexander, is renowned for his devotion to the execution of statues of Zeus. It is known that he made at least four statues of the "Father of the Gods," one being almost sixty feet high. The great size which marked the statues of Zeus probably arose from the endeavor to fitly mark the overpowering majesty of the god; but these prodigious proportions, and the value of the material used, conduced to their destruction. A gigantic gold and ivory Zeus, like that at Olympia, was a valuable treasure; in-

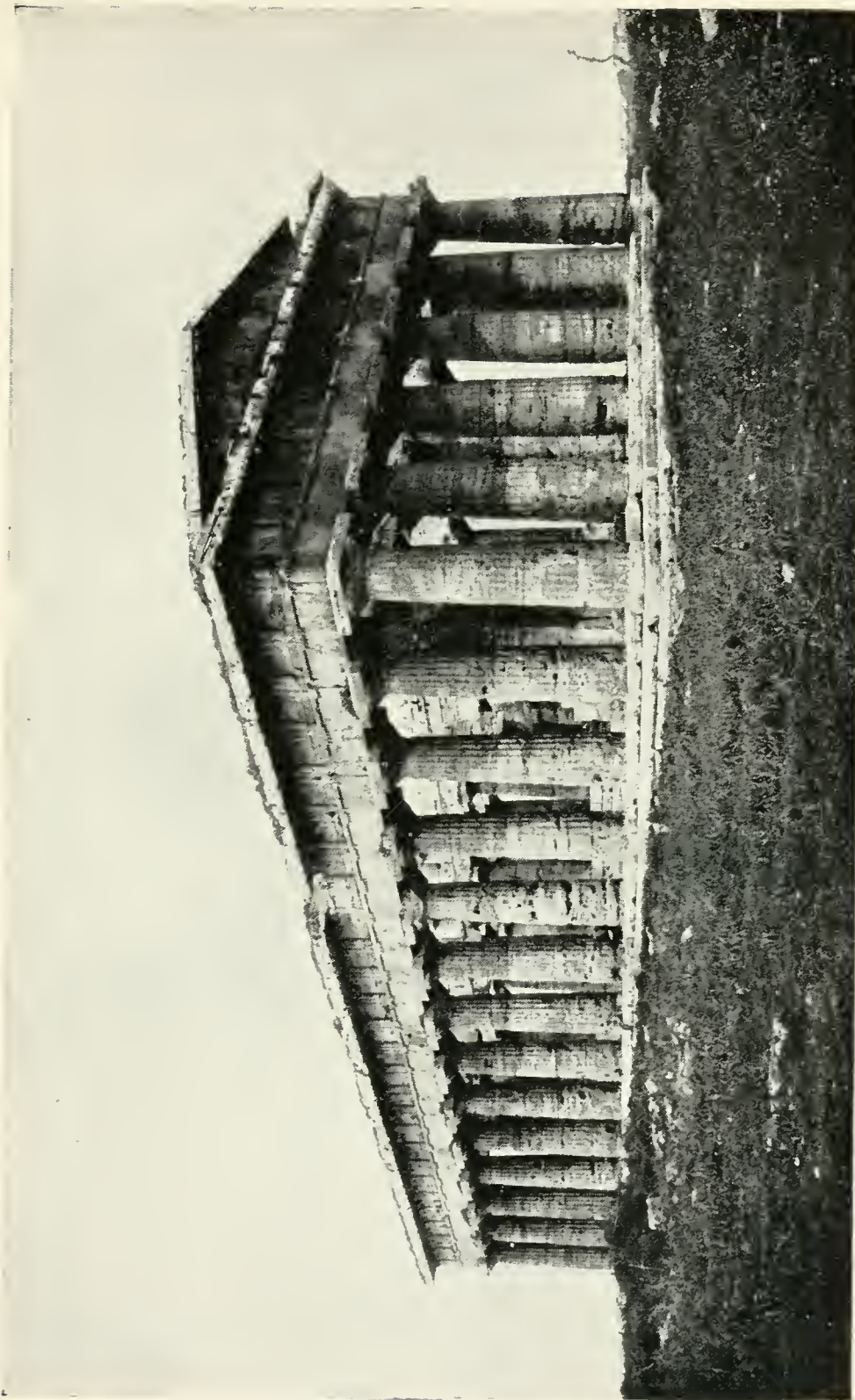
deed, it is recorded that the golden robe of the Athene of the Parthenon was counted as part of the national treasure. A titanic statue of the god, even in bronze, such as that made by Lysippus, would contain a mass of metal highly valuable for utilitarian purposes in an age when the sanctity of Olympus had departed.

Zeus, or Jupiter, was always represented in sculpture by a front of profound majesty, with a leonine face, full of power and calm, the forehead furrowed with thought, the great head covered with massive curls, and the pondering face clothed in a luxuriantly curling beard. The Zeus found at Otricoli, a village in Italy, is fashioned in Carrara marble; it is, consequently, the work of a Roman sculptor, and is ascribed to the age of Augustus. It is, however, believed to be a copy of a Greek original. As found at Otricoli, the Zeus was merely a mask; the back of the head and the bust are modern additions. This superb face is in the Vatican gallery, but a copy of it is to be found in nearly every national collection.

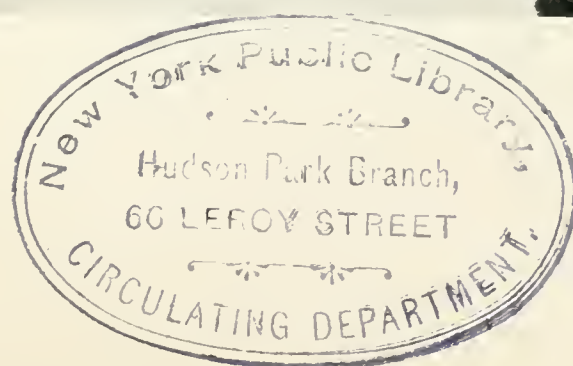
THE VELLETRI ATHENA

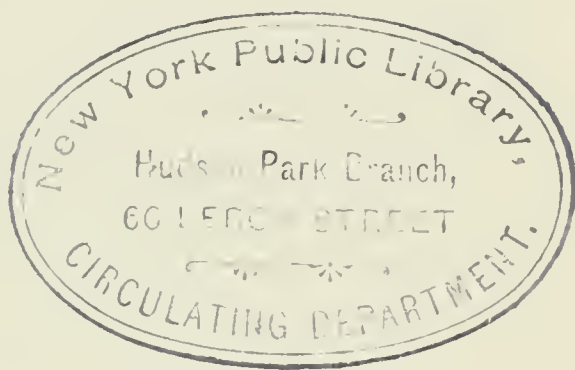
The Louvre collection contains the colossal statue of Athena, known as the Velletri Athena, from the circumstance of its discovery at Velletri, some twenty-six miles from Rome, in the year 1797. It is an imposing image, ten feet in height, wrought in very coarse-grained marble. It is stated to be a copy of an original bronze Athena, executed in Athens about the time of Phidias. Most of the Greek sculptors worked in bronze, and sometimes in more precious material, as gold and ivory; but they preferred marble. The Velletri Athena displays that air of austerity and majesty which the example of Phidias introduced into the conceptions wrought in sculpture by the artists of his

own day. Where inscriptions or description fail to fix the date of a work of art, critics are guided by its resemblance to the works of some school of sculpture whose date is known. The conception of the Velletri Athena fixes it as belonging to the age of Phidias. Its execution, as well as the quality of the marble used, stamps it as a copy made at a later date. Copies of renowned works of art were freely produced in the ancient world. Roman sculptors were deeply attracted by the matchless Greek originals, which they endeavored to reproduce ; just as, in more modern times, many of the incomparable paintings of the old masters have been copied by later artists. The conception of Athena by Phidias, or of Venus by Praxiteles, was accepted in the ancient world as a type which lesser artists, hopeless of surpassing, submissively copied. The modern world has reason to be grateful for this practice ; for, in many instances, it is by these copies alone that we can guess at the glory of original sculptures lost beyond recovery.



THE GREAT TEMPLE AT PÆSTUM.





TWO GREEK TEMPLES

THE THESEUM

THE Theseum, or Temple of Theseus at Athens, is an exceptionally well-preserved building. Like the Parthenon it was taken over by the Greek church as a place of worship, and to this circumstance it owes its good preservation. It is surrounded by thirty-four very beautiful Doric columns. There is some doubt in the minds of scholars whether the temple was dedicated to Theseus, king of Athens and the hero of many marvelous adventures, or to Hercules, his friend and companion, who was worshiped as a god, or to some other deity. Although the temple is not a large building, the architecture belongs to the Doric order instead of the Ionic, which the Greeks generally adopted in small temples. The Theseum is considered one of the best examples of Doric architecture.

“Such is the integrity of its structure, and the distinctness of its detail,” writes Bishop Wordsworth, “that it requires no description beyond that which a few glances might supply. Its beauty defies all; its solid yet graceful form is, indeed, admirable; and the loveliness of its coloring is such that, from the rich yellow hue which the marble has now assumed, it looks as if it had been quarried, not from the bed of a rocky mountain, but from the golden light of an Athenian sunset.”

The simplicity of design, mentioned by Bishop Wordsworth, is a mark of all the columnar buildings of the Greeks. The form is invariably that of an oblong right-angled block, capped by a triangular roof. Every line appears to the eye either horizontal or perpendicular, with the exception of the

lines of the roof, which are sloping. A single or double row of columns, or colonnade, incloses a chamber called the *cella*. Sometimes there are two chambers, as in the Parthenon. In the best types of Greek temples the *cella* was surrounded by a highly ornate frieze, picked out in bright colors. The pediment of a temple is the triangular space between the sloping roof and the horizontal entablature, which rests on the end row of the columns. These pediments were, in general, occupied by groups of highly finished sculpture. The Theseum was lavishly ornamented with metal work and color, so that, according to Mahaffy, "the whole temple must have been a mass of rich, variegated hues, of which the blue, green, and red are still distinguishable, . . . and in which bronze and gilding played an important part." Although the temple of Theseus itself is in a good state of preservation, the sculptures upon it are badly mutilated. Its date is fixed in the vicinity of the year 460 B. C.

THE TEMPLE AT PÆSTUM

The great Temple of Poseidon, at Pæstum, is also a Doric structure. It is situated in the marshy country on the shores of the Gulf of Salerno, to the southeast of Naples. It is not built of marble, but of a coarse limestone, originally coated with fine stucco. This coating has, however, long since scaled off. The building belongs to the sixth century B. C., and its columns are more massive than those chiseled in the age of Pericles. There are no sculptures in the pediment of this temple, which belongs altogether to a ruder period than the architecture on the Acropolis. The deity worshiped at Pæstum was Poseidon, the Greek god of the sea, identified by the Romans with Neptunus. Hence the temples erected to his worship are generally found on the seacoast.

THE FORUM

"Thine, Roman, is the pilum :
 Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
 The legion's ordered line ;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
 Which with their laureled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
 To Jove's eternal fane.

Blest and thrice blest the Roman
 Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees the long victorious pomp
 Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
 And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
 Of Capitolian Jove."

MACAULAY.

"Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 sound forever of Imperial Rome."

TENNYSON, *To Virgil*.

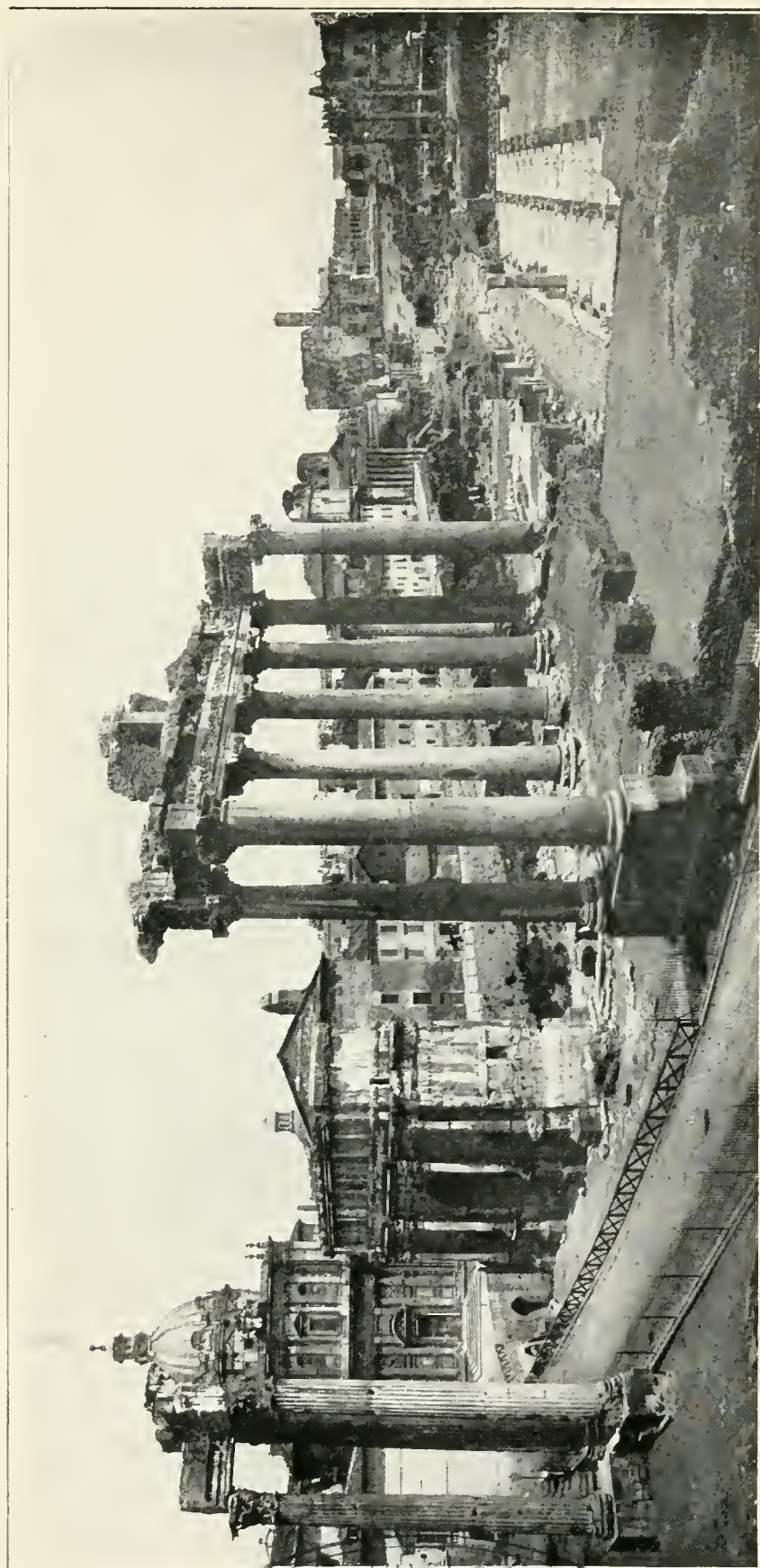
THE Forum was the centre of Roman life. To attempt even a brief description of the Roman Forum would be to traverse much of the history of the Eternal City and the vast empire which it dominated. All this great empire in successive centuries contributed to the pomp and magnificence of Rome, and all Roman life came to be focused in the Forum. There is no spot of all the classic ground of antiquity which is more replete with memories and associations of impressive and immortal events. Beautiful and stately as are the memories clinging, like some

rare perfume, to the polished pillars on the Acropolis, there is something about the Roman Forum charged with associations of greater power and grandeur; for of all the names of ancient empire in Asia and in Europe, none thunders down the centuries with such noise of shouting and of triumph as the name of Immortal Rome.

The death of Cæsar was perhaps the most dramatic event connected with the Senate House; but that which strikes the imagination most is the incident which marked the invasion of Rome by the Gauls, B. C. 390. The people took refuge on the Capitol, but eighty chiefs remained seated in the Forum, awaiting the invaders. The scene is thus described in Niebuhr's "History of Rome:" —

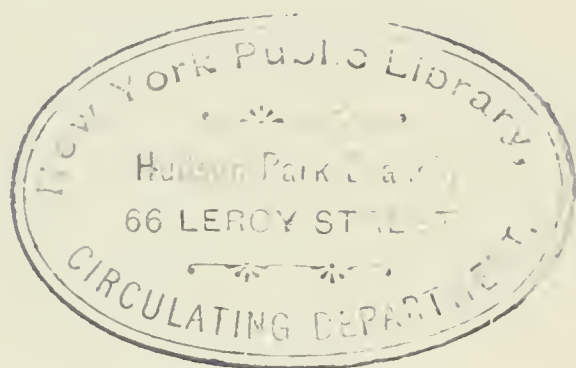
"The desolate and death-like stillness of the city struck the Gauls with awe as they marched onward from the Colline gate to the Forum. Here they saw the armed men above in the citadel; and, in the Comitium, the aged chiefs, looking like beings of another world. In doubt as to whether the gods had not come down to save Rome or to avenge it, a Gaul proceeded to stroke the beard of one of the priests, M. Papirius, who indignantly struck him with his sceptre; the barbarian cut him down, and a general massacre ensued. Hereupon a scene of plunder and conflagration commenced through the whole city; the buildings of the Palatine, where the chiefs had fixed their residence, were alone spared."

The Forum in its narrow area concentrated all that signified the great power of Rome. Here stood some of the great fanes raised to the worship of the Roman deities; here the Roman Senate held its meetings; here were erected triumphal arches, and the glorious sculptured columns, lifted to the triumphs of mighty emperors, and testifying to great events which still loom colossal in the history of the world.



THE FORUM, ROME.





In early times the Forum was a large open space in the centre of a city, to which the people came in pursuit of commerce or pleasure. It was, in fact, a market-place, but it was also a political convincing ground, where the magistrates and the people met and where the elections were held. Around it grew in time the various public buildings, museums, temples, treasuries, Senate House, and law courts ; and very often theatrical exhibitions, combats of gladiators, races, and other sports took place in the Forum.

The original Roman Forum occupied low-lying ground bounded by the Palatine, Quirinal, and Capitoline mounts. Under the later Republic the Temple of Saturn and various other temples and basilicas gave a majestic and beautiful effect of continuous colonnades to the Forum ; and as the Romans continued to erect monuments and buildings to commemorate events in their crowded history, the impressiveness of this centre of national life continually increased. To the Roman Forum were added others by various rulers — Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, Domitian and Nerva, and Trajan — which were all connected with the Forum Romanum. These new Fora were thronged with magnificent monuments, temples, arches, and statues, and “ provided space for the transaction of business and the administration of justice.” The illustration shows the remains of the Temple of Saturn on the right, and the columns of the Temple of Vespasian on the left ; in the middle is the arch of Severus ; in the background a modern church. The ruins still remaining convey but a poor impression of the place where the heart of Rome formerly beat. It is believed that the Forum remained fairly intact up to the seventh century, but at some subsequent date the crowded monuments were over-

thrown and buried beneath a vast accumulation of soil, until the level of the ancient floor was lost twenty-four feet below the surface of to-day. The grand cut stones and fine sculpture of the buildings of classic times offered irresistible temptations to the architects of a later date, and the buildings in the Forum were freely plundered from time to time. When the ruin of the buildings had been accomplished, the site became a receptacle for rubbish. "The accumulation of soil began, so far as we can judge, after the visit of Charlemagne (800)." "In 946 there was already five feet of rubbish upon the old pavement." "It was turned into a vegetable garden by 1500." In the foregoing pithy chronicles is vividly told the story of the degradation of ancient Rome's most famous centre.

The poet Rogers thus describes the grave mound beneath which the Forum lay before the ruins had been excavated : —

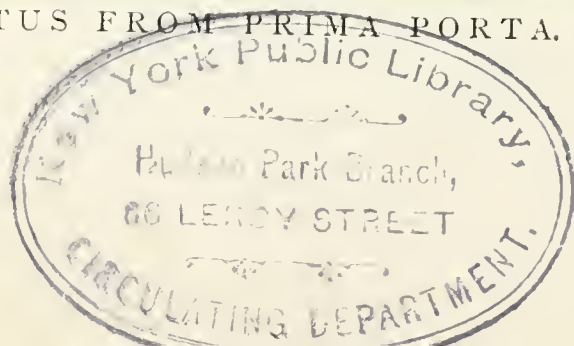
" In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done its utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handiwork, not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple. It was once,
And long, the centre of their Universe,
The Forum — whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth.

.
The very dust we tread stirs as with life :
And not a breath but from the ground sends up
Something of human grandeur."

It is a curious fate which befell this interesting centre of old Roman life, haunted with its great names, — Cicero, Cæsar, Brutus, Augustus, Trajan, Severus, and countless others, — consecrated to amours, to solemn religious rites, to oratory, statesmanship, arts, intrigue, and red revolu-



AUGUSTUS FROM PRIMA PORTA.





tion, that it should have been made, in actual fact, the dust heap of a later and a lesser age. Only violence and deliberate vandalism could overpower the mighty Roman ruins, for the air of Italy preserves them, and they were built as if meant for all time. Where the Roman aqueducts and roads and monuments have met with fair treatment they remain almost as solid to-day as long ago, when they were fresh from their builders' hands. The Romans themselves believed that their monuments would endure. Certain Anglo-Saxon pilgrims in the seventh century brought back from Rome the old prophecy : —

“ While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall ;
And when Rome falls, the world.”

Even more severely than time, the ravages of barbarism and neglect, and positive enmity towards the ruins of a pagan civilization, made sad sport of the buildings of ancient Rome. With the passage of the centuries the earth has become a vast grave, the cemetery of dead empires ; and without doubt the contemplation of the ruin which mortal things cannot hope to escape inspired Shakespeare to what are, perhaps, his most impressive lines : —

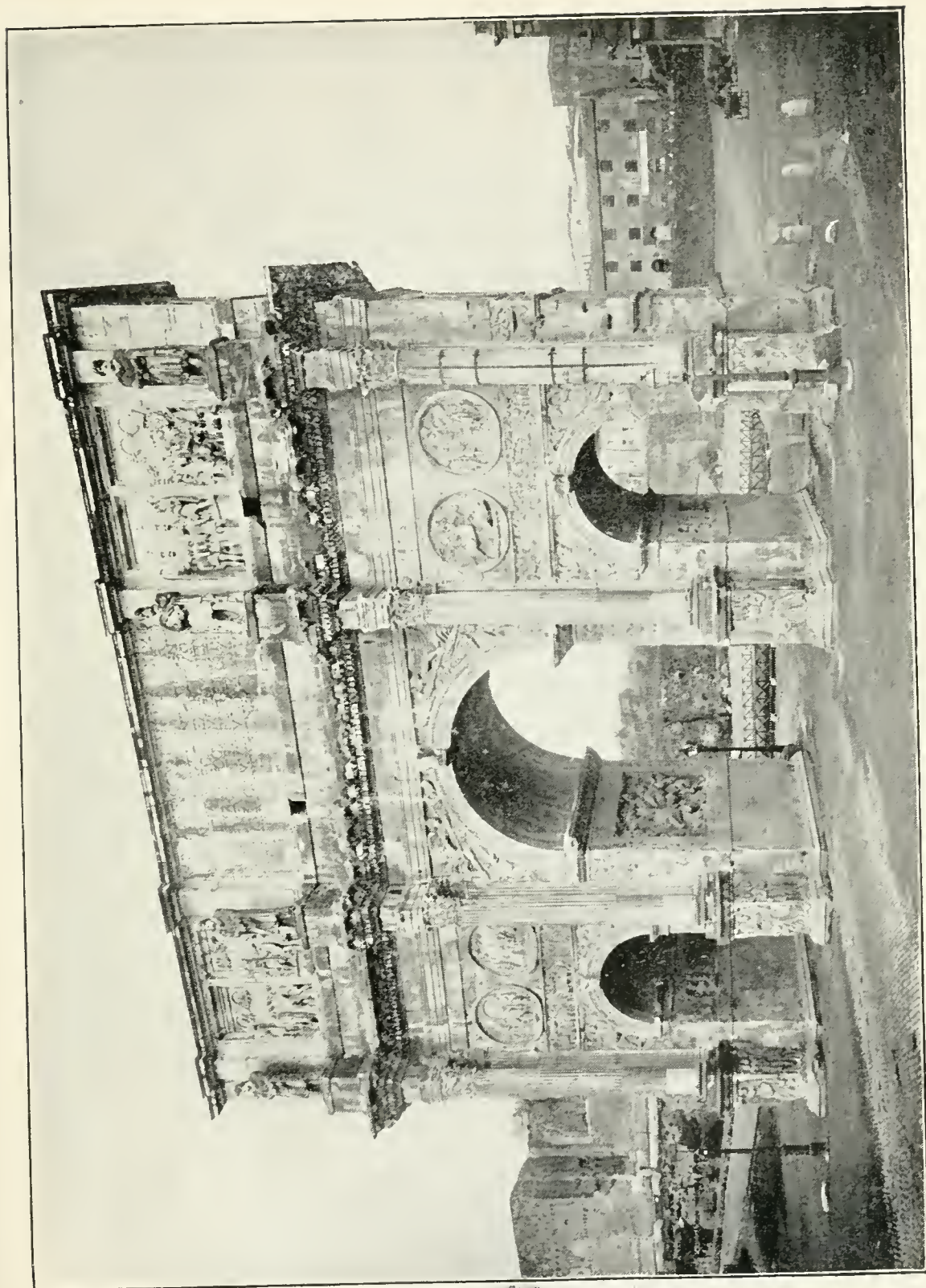
“ The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

Before parting from the Forum reference may be properly made to the Roman Emperor who chiefly added to its glory, as he did to the glory of the whole city of Rome, of which he boasted that he had found it of brick and left it of marble. In his day Rome was crowded with sculptors who thronged from all cities to participate in the adorn-

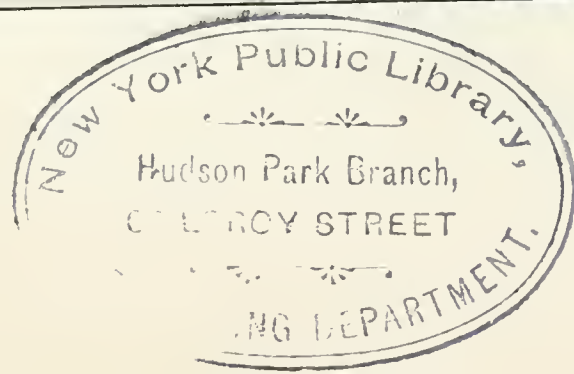
ment of New Rome by means of sculptures and statues, and one of these sculptors made the splendid statue of Augustus which was found at Prima Porta, about eight miles from Rome, in the year 1863. The statue shows the Emperor, as he appeared in the prime of life, addressing his army. He holds in one hand the imperial sceptre, the other is extended in an attitude of majestic command, but this, the right arm, is a restoration. The clothes of the statue were formerly vividly colored, but the color is now much faded; the tunic was scarlet, the mantle purple, the wings of the cuirass yellow. A marble statue colored so brightly would look strange to modern eyes. The whole forms a striking portrait statue, the firmly poised head and powerful face being sculptured from life. This impressive work is indeed the figure of an emperor and a master of Rome.

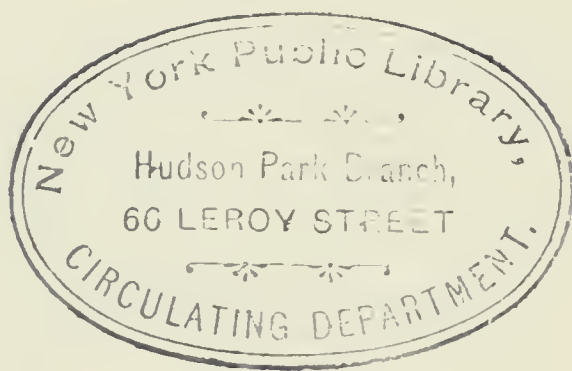
THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH

The earliest mention of arches concerns those built in 196 B. C., in the Circus Maximus and the Ox Market, spanning the route along which the triumphal procession marched to the Capitol, where the victor, returned to Rome with his captives and trophies, went to render thanks for the victory to Jupiter in his great Temple. The earlier arches had very little architectural merit and were almost devoid of carving. They were intended to serve mainly as a stand for groups of statuary, and a place for inscriptions; but later, when the artistic tastes of Rome developed, the arch took on a beauty of its own, and was built of marble and covered with sculpture and decorations. The sculptures on the arches were in memory of events occurring in the reigns of the emperors who erected them. The most perfectly preserved of these old arches is the



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.





Arch of Constantine, which was raised in 315 A. D. This arch, which stands by the Colosseum, is, artistically considered, of mixed merit. When Constantine reigned, Roman Art was in its decadence, and the lower sculptures upon the arch, referring to the achievements of this Emperor, are of inferior design and execution ; but Constantine enriched his arch with the plunder of a superior age. He sent his workmen to despoil the magnificent Arch of Trajan, and built the plundered sculptures into his own monument. These plundered stones are of very superior workmanship, and, moreover, they illustrate the deeds of Trajan himself, an inconsistency apparently disregarded by Constantine ; but, despite its inconsistency, architectural and historical, it is the most beautiful of the Roman arches. The authorities of Rome ordered a general restoration of this historic Arch in the year 1731. The missing column was replaced, although with one of different marble, and the heads of nine Dacian kings and one of the statues were also replaced. The idea of erecting these gateways of Triumph for victorious generals was a graceful one. It spread from Rome to other cities, and down through the centuries, and to-day such arches are a marked feature of street decoration on occasions of national triumph or rejoicing ; but, with us, the Triumphal Arch more often celebrates the victories of peace than those of war.

THE LAOCOÖN.

WHEN the Greeks, after the ten years' Siege of Troy, almost despaired of taking the city by force, the wise Ulysses came forward with a notable stratagem. On his advice a huge wooden horse was constructed, ostensibly as an offering to the Goddess Minerva. As a matter of fact, it was filled with armed men. Having built the horse, the Greeks struck their tents, took to their boats, and sailed away as if they had abandoned the siege. When out of sight of the Trojans they concealed their ships behind an isle. The Trojans, in delight at their departure, flocked from the city, and the huge horse at once became an object of interest. Some wished it to be taken as a trophy, but others suspected it. Laocoön, a Trojan priest, declared it dangerous, and stated that he feared the Greeks, even when they offered gifts. He cast his lance at the horse's side, and the sound which followed the blow showed that it was hollow. A Greek captive, just then brought to King Priam, reassured the Trojans by stating that the horse was an offering to Minerva, and that it had been made so large in order to prevent the Trojans taking it through the city gates, as a prophet had informed the Greeks that if the Trojans obtained the horse they would also obtain victory. Elated at this news, the Trojans proceeded to seize the horse. At this juncture, as if to confirm the statements that it was an offering to the gods, two immense serpents were seen advancing over the sea. The crowd fled in dismay as the serpents advanced. Laocoön and his two sons were attacked. The serpents first fast-

ened on the boys, the father attempted to rescue them, and was also seized; and the terrible struggle which followed has been fixed forever in the great marble group of struggling snakes and agonized human beings which we know as the Laocoön. This great group is said to be the work of three sculptors who came to Rome from Rhodes in the beginning of the first century B. C.

The group was discovered in 1506 A. D., in the ruins of the house of Titus, where Pliny, in his "Natural History," records that he saw it standing. It is now one of the glories of the Vatican gallery, and plaster copies may be seen in nearly every national collection. This mighty expression of more than mortal agony has been widely discussed. Lessing, a great German writer, has written on the Laocoön a lengthy essay, the gist of which is eloquently rendered in English by Thomas de Quincey, the great essayist. There would seem to be no doubt that the sculptors attempted to portray desperate efforts enacted in great agony. This is the accepted view; it, indeed, strikes all who contemplate the writhing group. Ernest Gardner, the most recent authority, says that the Laocoön "strives after exaggerated pathos by an actual representation of pain and agony and refuses no device that may add to the dramatic, almost theatrical effect, because such a device does not readily harmonize with the principles of sculpture. . . . The technical excellence of the group, no less in composition than in execution, must be acknowledged." In his Notes on Italy, Hawthorne says: "I felt the Laocoön very powerfully, very quietly but very powerfully; an immortal agony, with a strange calmness diffused through it so that it resembles the vast rage of the sea, calm on account of its immensity; or the tumult of Niagara which does not seem to be tumult, because it

keeps pouring on for ever and ever. It is a type of human beings struggling with an inexplicable trouble and entangled in a complication which they cannot free themselves from by their own efforts, and out of which heaven alone can help them."

The literature of art is very full of descriptions and criticisms of the Laocoön, which is one of the most famous of all the sculptures of antiquity. The story runs that the unregarded premonition of the ill-fated Trojan priest concerning the wooden horse was correct. In the night the hidden armed men came out of the horse and opened the gates to the Greeks. So Troy, according to the famous legend, fell by craft rather than by force.

THE COLOSSEUM

“ Here, where a hero fell, a column falls !
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat !
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle !
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.”

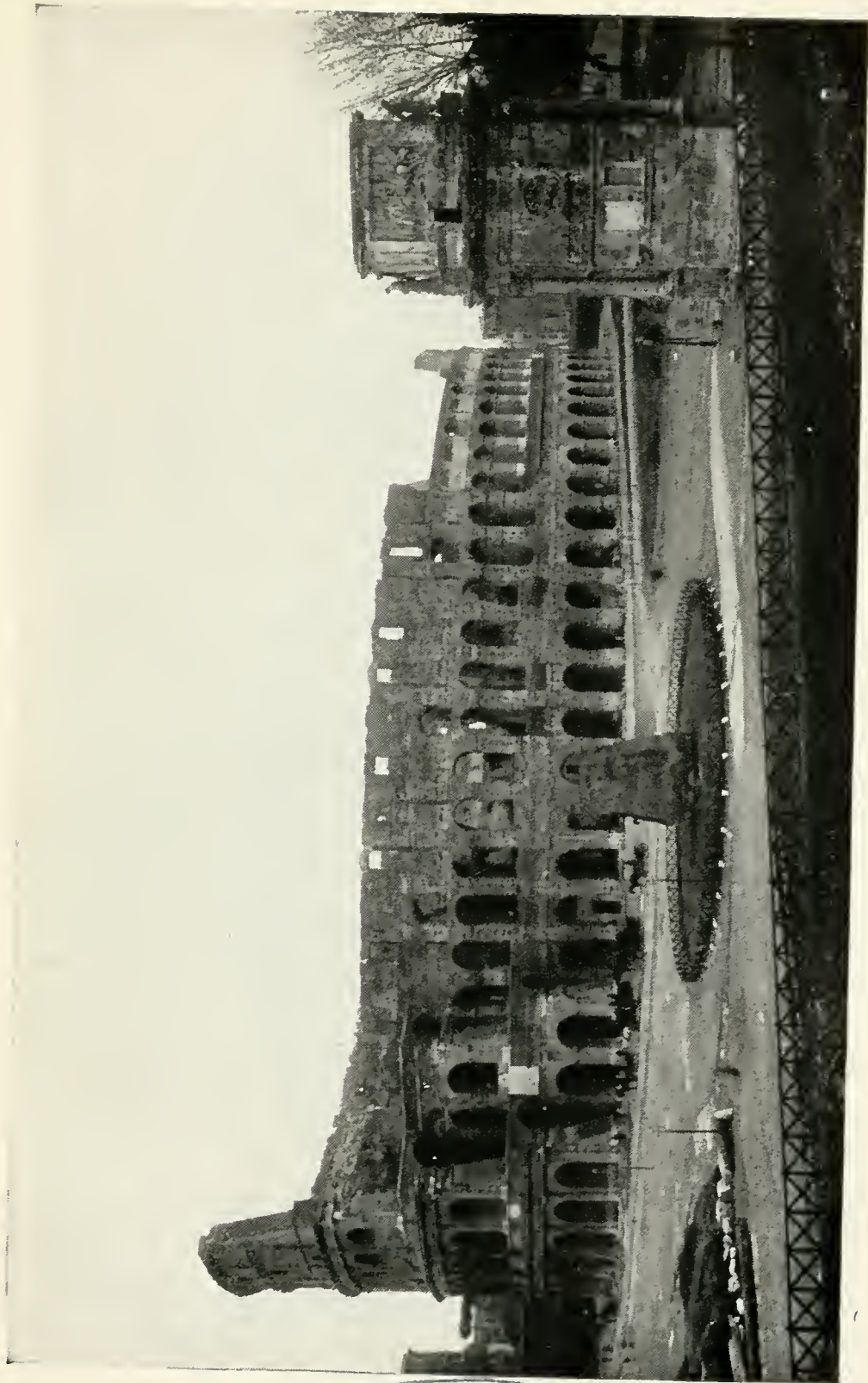
E. A. POE.

THE remains of the Flavian Amphitheatre, generally known as the Colosseum, or Coliseum, are the most renowned of the ruins of ancient Rome. The vast dimensions of the amphitheatre fill the spectator with awe, although the hand of time and the hand of plunder have sadly diminished the massive structure. The building is in the shape of an ellipse, 612 feet long by 515 feet in its shorter axis. Its height originally was 160 or 180 feet. There was seating accommodation for 87,000 spectators, with room for an additional 15,000, according to the official almanac of 354 ; but Lanciani, the great antiquarian, maintains that there was accommodation for only 50,000 people. A great concourse of people could at one time view the fierce games of the arena below. In the theatre the audience sit before the stage and the actors, because they have to hear as well as see ; but the drama of the arena was a spectacle, and the circular form of the structure enabled a vast crowd to participate in the pleasures derived from witnessing the gladiatorial and wild beast shows. These entertainments were highly

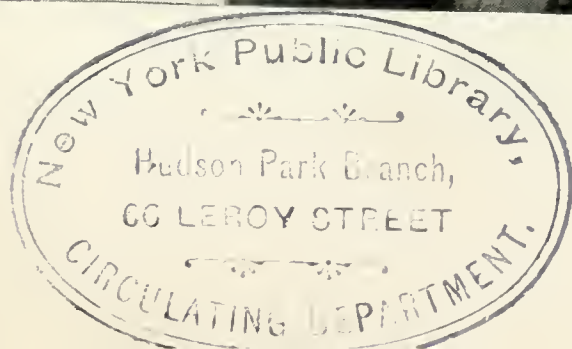
popular among the people of imperial Rome, the ruins of nearly one hundred amphitheatres having been identified, mostly scattered over western Europe; but the great Roman amphitheatre dwarfed all others, covering nearly six acres of ground.

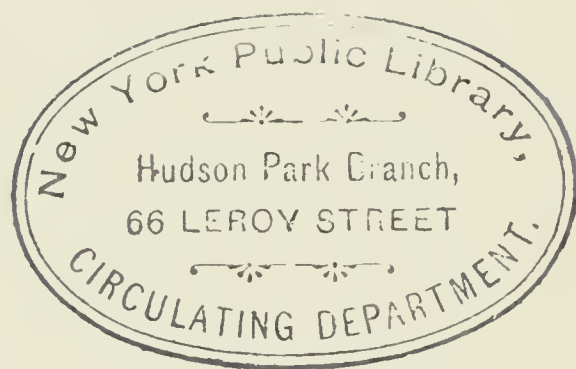
The external face of the Colosseum showed several arcades, one above the other. The first arcade is adorned with Doric columns, the second and third, respectively, with Ionic and Corinthian columns. The fourth is a closed arcade, or wall, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and pierced with small square windows. From the parapet rose numerous tall masts, designed to support an awning to protect the spectators from the burning rays of the Roman sun or from the rains. The arena itself was surrounded by a wall faced inside with polished marble — a necessary device to protect the onlookers from the wild beasts engaged in the displays.

The basement arcade admitted to a corridor from which the people ascended staircases reaching to the different tiers of seats, which were separated according to the senatorial, equestrian, and plebeian orders. Behind the imperial seat, in the first row of marble chairs, reclined the more august personages of the court. Beyond, in three tiers, rose the seats of the knights and common people, the latter being strictly separated from their superiors. Around the great building extended a portico supported by gilded columns. The awnings overhead were gayly colored, and from hidden fountains rare perfume sprayed over the spectators, while fragrant incense arose from multitudinous tripods. Beneath the arena were the chambers and vaults containing the wild beasts, and the other requisites for the spectacles. Here also were great conduits through which the arena was flooded with water. On the



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.





lake thus created Roman galleys engaged in mimic naval warfare.

The Colosseum was begun by the Emperor Vespasian and finished by Titus, A. D. 80, and continued to be the scene of gladiatorial combats until 404. Since then the vicissitudes of the Colosseum have been numerous. It is said to have remained entire up to the eighth century. Once in its history it was used for a fortress, and suffered some damage, and later it was turned into a quarry — the fall of the western half of the shell giving rise to a hill, or chain of hills, which supplied Rome with building material for five centuries. In some cases the standing walls were broached, their mine of worked stones presenting many attractions to Italian architects. It is said that even the great Michael Angelo plundered the walls to obtain stone for the building of a villa for one of his patrons. To-day quite two thirds of the structure have disappeared, and, doubtless, it would have been plundered to its foundations were it not that, after much irreparable damage had been wrought, the ruin was consecrated to the memory of the many Christian martyrs whose blood in olden times dyed the sands of its arena. This “glorious monument,” which once in its varied history had been transformed “into a deposit of manure for the production of saltpetre,” is now carefully safeguarded as the most majestic relic of “the grandeur that was Rome,” and is almost the first object sought by the thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the Eternal City from lands undreamt of by the Cæsars, where “Rome’s eagle never flew.”

As a rule the gladiators who fought in the arena were slaves, purchased by speculators who made this their business. They were trained in schools under noted masters. At first gladiators fought at funerals, this practice appar-

ently springing from the old custom of making human sacrifices on the occasion of the burial of the dead. The contests soon lost their ceremonial character, and were transferred to the arena, where they formed the chief entertainment of the Romans. The first recorded gladiatorial show was in the year 264 B. C. Towards the end of the third century B. C., at New Carthage, Scipio Africanus entertained his army with contests of trained gladiators. Politicians, magistrates, and other public personages pleased and sometimes placated the populace by these exhibitions. The shows given by the rulers naturally excelled all others in magnificence. The great Julius Cæsar gave an exhibition in which three hundred and twenty pairs of gladiators took part. Titus gave a spectacle covering 100 days of gladiatorial combats, wild beast shows, and sea fights. One given by Trajan covered 123 days, during which five thousand gladiators fought amongst themselves, or with wild beasts, while every day enormous crowds of Roman spectators looked on with delight. The widespread passion for these exciting exhibitions led to so great a multiplication of the number of gladiators kept in Rome that, at the time of the conspiracy of Catiline, they became a menace to the public safety. Without having the responsibility or civic pride of citizens, being slaves or ex-slaves, or criminals, this formidable mass of trained fighters formed a handy instrument for the purpose of conspiracy; and efforts were consequently made to diminish the number of spectacles. Augustus forbade more than two public shows in the year; but wealthy men gave exhibitions for the amusement of their guests, and these were announced by bills and pictures publicly displayed much in the same way as a play at a modern theatre is advertised.

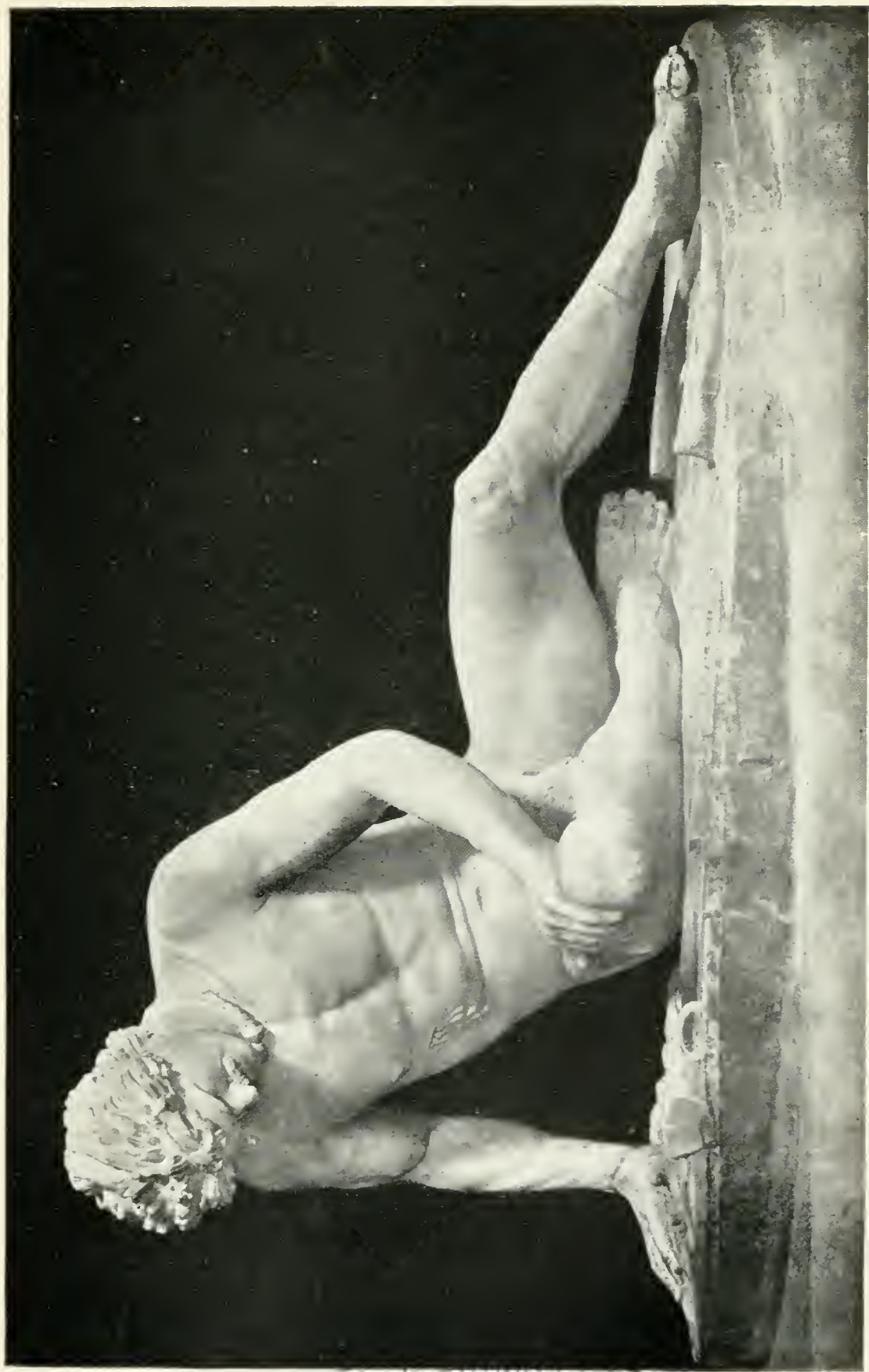
Gladiators were sworn to fight to the death. Any exhibition of cowardice was punished by death under cruel torture. The timid were stimulated with whips and red-hot iron. Gladiators were variously armed. The *retiarius* was armed with a net, a trident, and a dagger. His antagonist, the *secutor*, was armed with helmet, sword, and shield, and his aim, while endeavoring to fend off the cast of the deadly net in which the *retiarius* sought to entangle him, was to strike the latter with his sword. There were numerous other methods of arming the gladiators, who fought in chariots and on horseback as well as on foot. When one was disarmed or wounded he lifted a finger of the left hand to implore mercy. The victor looked at the emperor, if present, or to the people for further direction. The desire for mercy was shown by the waving of handkerchiefs. If the spectators turned down their thumbs, the act signified that death was to finish the combat. Gladiators mortally wounded in a general fight were carried out on biers and callously put to death. A combatant who had conquered was usually awarded a palm branch, and sometimes a present of money; occasionally one who had won his way into popular favor received his freedom. Gladiators at first were all slaves; but free men, and even knights, afterwards joined the profession. Senators and knights fought in the shows of Nero, and women in the spectacles of Domitian. Gladiatorial contests were prohibited by the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, but did not at once cease. During the reign of Honorius, a monk named Telemachus went into the arena to stop the fight, and the enraged people stoned him; but his heroic action led Honorius to end the brutalizing spectacles in 404.

In Theodoret's "Ecclesiastical History" we find the story of Telemachus thus briefly set down:—

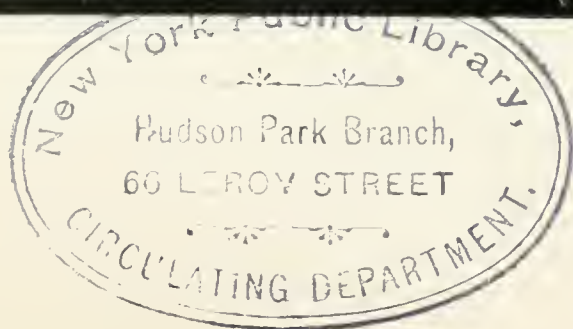
“There was one Telemachus, embracing the ascetic mode of life, who, setting out from the East and arriving at Rome for this very purpose, while that accursed spectacle was being performed, entered himself the circus, and descending into the arena attempted to hold back those who wielded deadly weapons against each other. The spectators of the murderous fray, possessed with the drunken glee of the demon who delights in such bloodshed, stoned to death the preacher of peace. The admirable Emperor, learning this, put a stop to that evil exhibition.” The amphitheatre was used for wild beast shows and other exhibitions until the year 523, when the last recorded spectacle took place.

The statue of the Dying Gaul was formerly known as the Dying Gladiator, and was long supposed to represent one of the unlucky fighters in the arena. It is now generally believed to represent a Gaul wounded in battle, or who, on defeat, has done himself a mortal injury. On this point, Gardner, one of the latest authorities, writes: “It has been suggested that he had killed himself . . . but the wound is *from a spear*, not from a sword, and is on the right side of the chest, where it might well come in combat, but could hardly be self-inflicted. The sword on the basis is a restoration.” The warrior has thrown himself on his shield to die, and the blood from the fatal thrust may be seen falling drop by drop. The statue depicts the tragedy of violent death, and is full of pathos, without the display of painful or repulsive features. It inspired Byron to the beautiful and mournful lines in “Childe Harold:” —

“I see before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,



THE DYING GAUL.





And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

“He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday —
All this rushed with his blood — Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise! Ye Goths, and glut your ire!”

THE OLD MASTERS

I

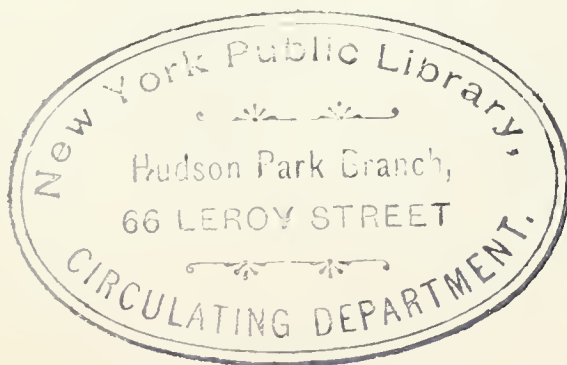
MICHAEL ANGELO

THE statue of Moses was chiseled by the famous Michael Angelo. It was the ambition of Pope Julius II to have a mausoleum more splendid than any then in existence, and he summoned Michael Angelo to Rome to plan and execute the work. Among four large statues intended for the cornice was the statue of Moses, a work to which the adjective "tremendous" has been appropriately applied. The great Hebrew leader is shown with horns, as in the Vulgate version of the Pentateuch, and holding in his hands the Tables of the Law. The proportions are colossal, and the amplitude of the figure, the sweep of beard and flowing garment, the strong, stern face, with its sense of majesty, translate for us in marble a grand conception of the physical appearance of the Jewish law-giver. The statue is now in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, born 1475, died 1564, was eminent in many ways—a sculptor, painter, architect, and poet. He and his renowned contemporaries, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, were the chief figures at the height of that great revival of art called the Renaissance. Michael Angelo was born in Florence, and in his youth was a protégé of the great patron of art, Lorenzo de Medici, called "The Magnificent;" he studied in the famous Medicean garden of San Marco, the unique collection of



MOSES, MICHAEL ANGELO.





classic art gathered there for the education of young sculptors. In this garden, Lorenzo one day found Michael Angelo modeling the mask of an aged Satyr, and paused to inquire if the old Satyr should have all his teeth; a question which Michael Angelo answered by striking out a tooth with a single blow, cleverly harmonizing the teeth with the wrinkled mouth of age. A cardinal, who prided himself upon his critical judgment in matters of statuary, was so deceived by a Cupid modeled by the young sculptor that he purchased it as a genuine antique.

In Florence, at that time, there was an immense block of marble which was long considered useless. The City governors offered it to Michael Angelo, who accepted it; and out of the block, in less than three years, he fashioned a giant statue of David defying the Philistine. This statue of the young hero is full of beauty and energy, and so delighted the art-loving Florentines that Michael Angelo was at once overwhelmed with commissions for other works by the public authorities.

Through his long life of eighty-nine years he worked unceasingly, constantly furnishing the world, and perhaps surprising himself, with new evidences of the extraordinary versatility of his genius. Julius II required him to paint the fresco on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo demurred, alleging that he was unaccustomed to painting, which was not his vocation. Julius, however, insisted, and Michael Angelo executed the glorious series of paintings, illustrating sacred and Biblical subjects, which adorn the Sistine Chapel. "This magnificent work," a modern writer on Art declared, "exhibits every quality of Michael Angelo's genius. We see his perfect mastery of human form, his sublimity of design, his profound imagination and boldness of execution, his astonishing skill in

perspective and foreshortening, and his feeling for the beautiful, so seldom visible in his colossal and muscular sculpture." No other hand was allowed to touch the frescoes. He himself designed the scaffolding and the other preparations necessary to his plans, working vigorously at intervals from 1508 during the next four years. It is said that he constructed a cardboard helmet, on the top of which he fixed a candle, so that he might work through the hours of darkness, sometimes lying on his back the better to paint the ceiling.

Once more, and in his old age, was his Herculean genius summoned to execute unaccustomed labors. He was required to become the architect of St. Peter's. Again he protested that architecture was not his calling; and, again, under pressure, he yielded. The result was the splendid dome which still commands the admiration of the world.

His work was evidently done under a stern sense of duty. He considered himself the trustee of his genius. The keynote of that genius was Power. In answer to the criticism that his paintings in subject and conception are "sombre," an eloquent champion of the inspired Florentine writes:—

"Michael Angelo was no colorist, men of his Miltonic cast never are. . . . Sombre! why, by the sombreness of the thing—of the Last Judgment—or as the matter might be more fairly and more boldly put, the dark apocalyptic grandeur of it, the shadowing out of doom, would the supreme Michael himself be content to stand."

Emerson tells us that "The Iliad of Homer, the Songs of David, the Odes of Pindar, the Tragedies of Æschylus, the Dome Temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakespeare, all and each were made not for sport, but

in grave earnest, in tears and smiles of suffering and living men."

Michael Angelo's life must have been full enough of the rewards given to the authors of great works; in other respects it was empty and not without sadness. Some one once said to him, "It is a pity you have never married, for you might have had many children, and left them the profit and honor of your labors." Michael Angelo replied: "I have only too much of a wife in this art of mine. My children will be the works I leave behind me."

The following appreciation of the great statue of Moses was written by Gregorovius, the German poet:—

"The eye does not know where to rest in this the masterpiece of sculpture since the time of the Greeks. . . . The figure is seated in the central niche, with long flowing beard descending to the waist, with horned head, and deep-sunk eyes, which blaze, as it were, with the light of the burning bush, with a majesty of anger which makes one tremble, as of a passionate being, drunken with fire. All that is positive and all that is negative in him is equally dreadful. If he were to rise up, it seems as if he would shout forth laws which no human intellect could fathom, and which, instead of improving the world, would drive it back into chaos. His voice, like that of the gods of Homer, would thunder forth in tones too awful for the ear of man to support. Yes! there is something infinite which lies in the Moses of Michael Angelo. Nor is his countenance softened by the twilight of sadness which is stealing from his forehead over his eyes. It is the same deep sadness which clouded the countenance of Michael Angelo himself. But here it is less touching than terrible. The Greeks could not have endured a glance from such

as Moses, and the artist would certainly have been blamed, because he had thrown no softening touch over his gigantic picture. That which we have is the archetype of a terrible and quite unapproachable sublimity."

II

TITIAN

In the country of Cadore, in the Alps, Titian, "The Divine," was born in 1477. Tiziano Vecelli, to use the Italian form of his name, came of a family which belonged to the minor nobility. He was born in the midst of wild and romantic scenery, thick, brooding forests, towering and majestic mountains, and rushing river. The impression left by these surroundings upon the plastic spirit of childhood never faded away. At the age of nine Titian went to Venice, then in the height of its prosperity as Queen of the Adriatic. In Venice he had as fellow-students in the same studio, the renowned artists, Palma il Vecchio and Giorgione. In conjunction with the latter, Titian worked on the frescoes of several notable Venetian buildings, and at this stage of his career he was greatly influenced by the brilliant manner of his fellow-student. But Titian was too great to be long dominated by another. The grandeur and poetry of his conceptions were matched by the skill of his bold and free brush. He is the great master of color among the artists of the world, and the rich golden light in which his pictures swim provides a marvelously mellow atmosphere for his superb color schemes. He was the greatest landscape painter of the Renaissance. His trees and rivers and misty mountains, although they are used as the background for his figure subjects, are steeped in the poetry of nature.

His pictures illustrating sacred and classical subjects, and the great series of portraits which he painted, all reached the same exalted plane of genius. Unlike Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, he did not attempt sculpture or architecture, but confined himself to painting.

Titian lived in a great age. Caxton printed his first book in England in the year of Titian's birth ; when the artist was fifteen years of age Columbus made his first discoveries. When Titian was forty-two Magellan began his circumnavigation of the world ; and the Diet of Worms, and the Council of Trent, the Battle of Pavia, and the Battle of Lepanto — epoch-making events of the stirring, striving sixteenth century — were events of his time. The clank of the mailed soldiers of the Emperor Charles V was then shaking all western Europe, and the great Venetian painter left the service of the Doge of Venice, to whom he was official painter, to become artist to the shifting courts of the renowned Emperor. At the hands of Charles V he received high honor. Wherever he went, at Augsburg, Bologna, Milan, or Rome, where he met Michael Angelo, he was courted and honored. He became the great painter of kings and nobles. The Emperor made him a Knight of the Golden Spur and Count Palatine, and created his children nobles of the Spanish realm. It is related that Charles V once picked up a fallen brush and handed it to the artist with the kingly compliment, " Titian is worthy to be served by Cæsar."

Titian painted several portraits of his Imperial patron, and one of his subjects was the chivalric Francis I of France. At the request of Charles he painted a knightly portrait of the prince who afterwards left his mark on history as Philip II of Spain. We are told that Philip was not an inspiring subject for an artist. " He was weak

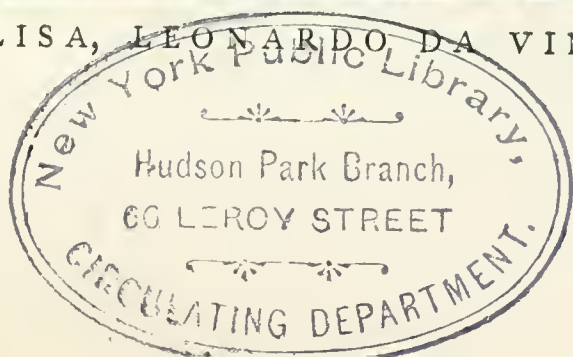
and feeble in chest and legs, but conspicuous for his ungainly feet. His complexion was bilious, his jaw underhung, his lips thick and sensual." But Titian was a typical courtier, and under the magic of his hand Philip was portrayed so attractively that Queen Mary of England, seeing the picture, straightway fell in love with the Spanish prince; and so, indirectly, from Titian's flattering brush grew a royal marriage and its fateful consequence, the Invincible Armada; and it was brought about that storm and the hardy sea dogs of Elizabeth of England tore the silken standard of Spain from its proud lordship of the seas, and flew in its stead the "meteor flag of England."

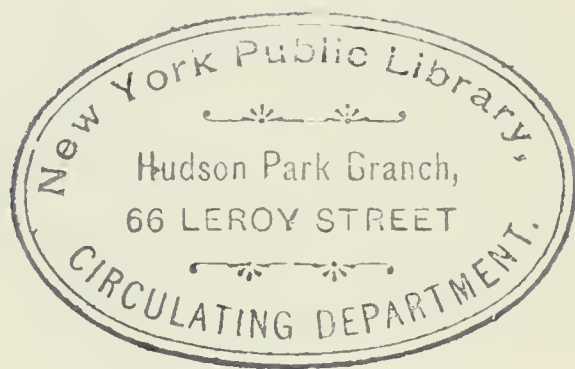
One of the finest of Titian's masterpieces is *The Tribute Money*. This painting is, indeed, considered his most perfect production. The Pharisee, endeavoring to ensnare Christ, put the question, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not?" The picture covers the question and the answer; and this dramatic incident is vividly told in Titian's marvelous painting by the expression on the faces and hardly less by the expression of the hands. The tints on the face of our Saviour and the wonderful painting of the hair and hands are remarkable for exquisite detail; but the triumph of the picture is the majesty and grace of the face of Christ compared with the look of low craft on that of the designing Pharisee who has set his fruitless snare. A contemporary critic described the head of Christ as "stupendous and miraculous." *The Tribute Money* is in the Royal Gallery, Dresden.

Titian's paintings are numerous, and are widely scattered among the galleries of Europe. He lived to the great age of ninety-nine years, and was ever an industrious worker. He has been described as "the most fortu-



MONA LISA, LEONARDO DA VINCI.





nate and healthy of his species ; Heaven having awarded nothing but favors and felicity." The latter half of his long life was spent in Venice under conditions of wealth and splendor, and even kings did not disdain to visit the luxurious home of the kingly painter. Henry III, king of France, was once his guest, with his retinue of princes and lords. The king, having asked the price of some pictures which took his royal fancy, Titian presented them to Henry as a gift. He painted to the very last. "His hand never grew weary and never learned to tremble." In the year 1576 the plague visited Venice and killed fifty thousand victims. Among those fatally stricken were Titian and his artist son, Orazia. The body of the son was buried in the common cemetery reserved for those who died of the plague, but that of the great painter was sepulchred with solemn obsequies in the resting-place he had selected in life. There, with the Golden Spur and his other knightly insignia, under a magnificent monument executed by the sculptor Canova, sleeps the great Venetian.

III

LEONARDO DA VINCI

Among the few evidences remaining to convince posterity of Leonardo da Vinci's superb skill as an artist is the portrait of Mona Lisa. Purchased by Francis I, it hangs in the gallery of the Louvre, where it attracts extraordinary interest, although sadly altered and deteriorated by time.

The portrait depicts the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a friend of Leonardo's, and is hence sometimes called La Gioconda. It is stated that the artist spent four years over the portrait, and even then was dissatisfied with the

result. This cannot be true of the execution, for the painting is admittedly perfect. The lovely long hands are exquisite in shape and pose. The face, with its haunting strange smile, is probably the most enigmatic ever painted. It impresses some onlookers pleasantly, some unpleasantly; it is the mysterious smile which baffles interpretation, and has excited so much animated discussion. Eyes and mouth are both wonderfully expressive, and by some master stroke of the artist the attitude of the beautiful crossed hands supplements the witchery of the face. Perhaps this supreme artist intended to paint a problem as well as a portrait.

Leonardo da Vinci was born in Florence in 1452 and died in 1519, and so was a contemporary of Michael Angelo. He was gifted with genius in many directions. Besides being a painter, he was a sculptor, architect, scientist, musician, author, and mechanical engineer. "He designed mills and hydraulic machinery, guns, cannons, war vessels and paddle-wheel boats, civic and religious buildings, and musical instruments. He studied fossils, and all but reached — quite by himself — the idea of their being remnants of prehistoric life. He studied botany, chemistry, and physics, making endless laboratory experiments, and inventing ingenious scientific apparatus; he practically anticipated the invention of the telescope, and almost grasped the principle of the pendulum." His own letter to the Duke of Milan, after enumerating the destructive engines of war he was prepared to make for the Duke's army, contains incidentally the following information: "In time of peace I believe I can equal any one in architecture, in constructing buildings, and in carrying water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture, whether in bronze, marble, or terra cotta; also in painting I



ANGEL WITH TAMBOURINE, FRA ANGELICO.





can do as much as another, be he who he may." The Duke gave Leonardo an appointment, but valued him chiefly as a musician. The artist took with him to Milan a beautiful lute of his own invention, wrought in silver, and shaped like a horse's head. For the entertainment of Francis I of France he constructed an automaton lion, "which walked into the king's presence, opening its breast and disclosing bouquets of lilies."

His reputation as a sculptor depends upon surviving sketches of a great equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan. Leonardo spent sixteen years in modeling this statue in clay. It was never cast in bronze, and the clay model was destroyed, how, it is not known. As a painter the chief work of Leonardo da Vinci is the world famous Last Supper, at Milan, one of the most glorious masterpieces ever painted.

His great personal charms, with his overpowering genius and numerous notable accomplishments, profoundly impressed his own generation, and to subsequent generations make him one of the most interesting figures in all history.

IV

FRA ANGELICO

The artist who is known to the world as Fra Angelico, was born in 1387 and died in 1455. He has been called the "St. John of Art," and he employed his great talents in depicting personages and incidents of the Christian faith. His life was placid and uneventful, but uncommonly rich in the production of lovely pictures. It is agreed he knew little or nothing of anatomy, but as his figures are invariably draped, his shortcomings in this respect are not very manifest. He is chiefly renowned

for his pictures of angels, and it was his fondness for such subjects which won for him the name of Angelico. A critic writes of him that "his heart involuntarily summoned up and contemplated the concourse of divine figures. Glittering staircases of jasper and amethyst rose above each other up to the throne on which sat celestial beings. Golden aureoles hung about their brows; red, azure, and green robes, fringed, bordered, and striped with gold, flashed like glory. All was light; it was the outburst of mystic illumination."

Another eloquent writer, A. G. Radcliffe, says of Angelico's work: "His coloring was clear, pure, and tender beyond the power of words to describe; and the expression of his faces so innocently radiant, so exalted and so heavenly, that a glance at their beauty is like a glimpse into another world. . . . He failed in delineating the real and the actual. His drawing is often faulty and his proportions incorrect. He could depict repose, but not action."

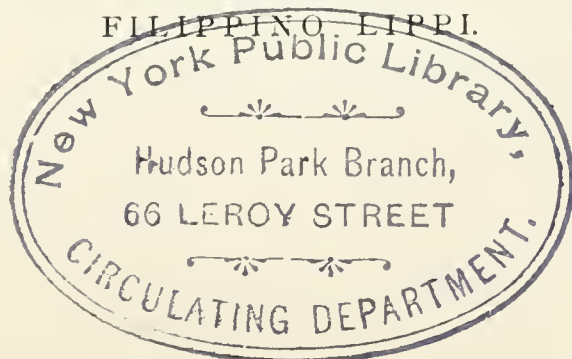
The Angel with Tambourine is taken from a tabernacle in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, the city in which this gifted monk lived and worked nearly all his life. He loved to picture his beautiful angels making heavenly music, with harps, violins, and other instruments. There is a story, not, however, well authenticated, that Fra Angelico was found dead before one of his just completed pictures.

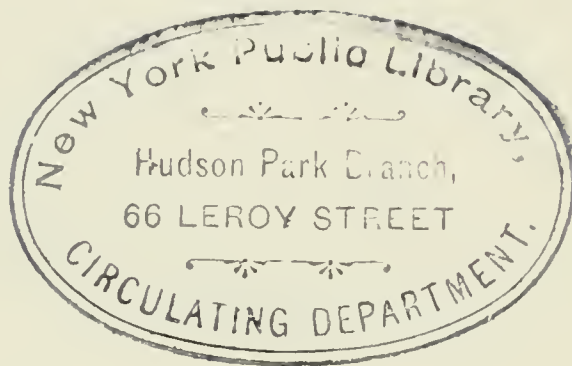
FRA BARTOLOMMEO

Baccio Della Porta, otherwise known as Fra Bartolommeo, another famous Florentine painter of the Renaissance, was born in 1475 and died in 1517. Like Fra Angelico he was a member of a religious order, and he devoted himself entirely to painting pictures upon sacred



PRAYING ANGEL FROM THE VISION OF ST. BERNARD,
FILIPPINO LIPPI.





subjects. The Descent from the Cross, in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, is one of his greatest pictures, painted in the year of his death, when his powers were fully matured. Unlike Fra Angelico he understood anatomy, and the figures of this great work are grandly executed; but even more remarkable is the lovely coloring which first strikes the eye on sight of the picture. Bartolommeo was a close friend of Raphael, and each of these renowned masters owed something to the influence of the other in the cultivation of his art.

FILIPPINO LIPPI

Another distinguished old master and contemporary of Bartolommeo was Filippino Lippi, who was born in 1457(?) and died in 1504. He was the son of the great painter, Fra Filippo Lippi, and so, like Raphael, he had the advantage of early and competent instruction in his art. The Vision of St. Bernard was painted when the artist was twenty-two years old. Our reproduction shows only a detail of the picture, a Praying Angel, gazing with devotion upon a celestial vision. This is one of Lippi's finest conceptions, and is in the Church of the Badia, Florence.

PALMA IL VECCHIO

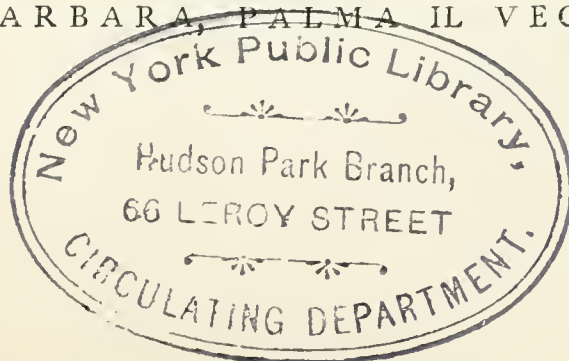
Jacopo Palma, or Palma il Vecchio, was a Venetian artist, who was born in 1480 and died in 1528. His works display all the rich coloring for which the Venetian school of painting was renowned. The most famous of his pictures is the St. Barbara, which we reproduce. It is the central panel of an altar-piece in a Venetian church. The figure is very noble, and has been described as "one of the finest in the whole realms of art."

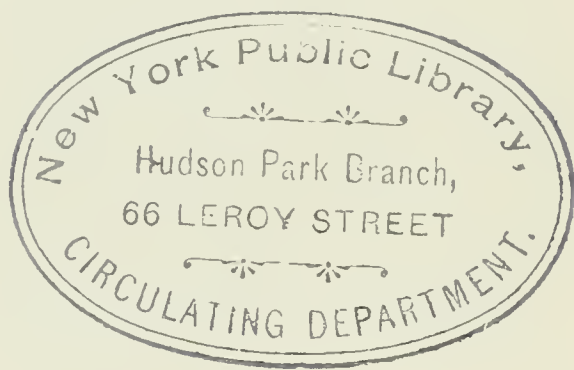
THE RENAISSANCE

It will be noticed that a wonderful group of painters lived and worked between the years 1400 and 1600. This is the period assigned to the Italian Renaissance, a word which signifies re-birth. It covers the great period when Italian genius soared to its prime in science, art, and intellectual progress generally. In the fifteenth century, Italian scholars and students began an enthusiastic study of Greek letters and arts and of all the classic remains. Old manuscripts, sculptures, coins, and other memorials of classic civilization were eagerly sought and carefully preserved and studied. The ancient philosophies were examined and penetrating investigation was undertaken in all branches of science. The exploration of the unknown regions of the world became the ambition of daring spirits. Columbus discovered the New World, navigators put forth upon every sea, and a vigorous expansion of human energy, knowledge, and ideas took place which shook the old order of things to its foundation. In this revival of the human mind art began to blaze with strange glory, inspired by religion, by the study of nature, and by Greek models, long despised, but now ardently followed. About the end of the sixteenth century, the Renaissance had run its course and a period of artistic decadence ensued, but not before the spirits of the old masters had bloomed in a thousand lovely pictures which have served ever since as supreme models for the painters of the world. A few of the most notable of their works have been reproduced in this book. The history of the period and its painting has been freely chronicled by eloquent writers; here it is merely intended to introduce the reader to the threshold of the subject, which possesses an interesting and copious literature of its own.



ST. BARBARA, PALMA IL VECCHIO





V

GIORGIONE

The portrait of a Knight of Malta is by Giorgio Barbarelli, who was known as Giorgione on account of his commanding stature. He was a contemporary of Titian, and, like him, belonged to the Venetian school, which was chiefly remarkable for the richness and luxuriousness of its coloring. In Venice, Giorgione and Titian executed numerous fresco paintings on the outer walls of Venetian buildings, but the moist sea air has long since destroyed these exposed masterpieces. Giorgione was born in 1477 or 1478, and died in the year 1510, while his great rival, Titian, lived to the patriarchal span of ninety-nine years. It is remarkable that both artists died of the plague.

The portrait of the distinguished and intellectual Knight of Malta stands as a fine example of Giorgione's skill in this department of art, and is curiously well described in the lines written by the French poet, Verlaine, on the portrait of Cæsar Borgia : —

“Black eyes, black hair, black velvet's sombre gloom
Contrasts, amid the evening's golden bloom,
With the rich, heavy pallor of the face.”

The Knights of Malta were a semi-religious order founded for the defense of the Holy Land against the infidels. There were several divisions of the Order; the Knights were all of noble birth and were first known as the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In the course of years the headquarters of the Order was transferred from the east to Malta, whence the Knights derive their more modern name. In Europe this knightly Order did good service for civilization, particularly in keeping in check

the ruthless Barbary corsairs, whose galleys ravaged the islands and cities of the Mediterranean for centuries, capturing Christian men and women for the Moorish slave market and preying on the commerce of the rich Venetian and Genoese merchants. Paintings by Giorgione are extremely rare, and they are consequently highly prized. It is generally admitted that in this artist "all the best qualities of Venetian art found their highest pitch of perfection. To this perfection is added a touch of aristocratic reticence and refinement which even in Venetian art has scarcely had its parallel."

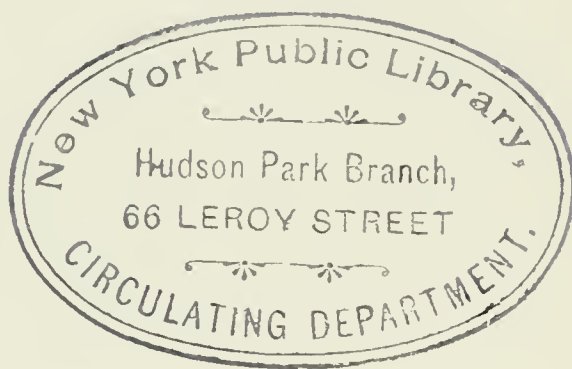
GUIDO RENI

Aurora was painted by Guido Reni as a fresco in a Roman palace, and it is a very renowned masterpiece. The artist, commonly known as Guido, was born at Bologna, in 1575. It was at first intended that he should be a musician, but he soon abandoned music for another sphere of art in which he was to obtain great celebrity. Like most artists of his time he devoted himself mainly to painting religious subjects; and his work, unlike that of other less fortunate but equally gifted artists, usually commanded a high price. In later life his paintings fell off in merit, when the artist became the victim of extravagance and worked rapidly and carelessly. Guido was a man of so much personal beauty that one of his teachers took him as a model for an angel in several pictures. Although he had abandoned music as a profession, he remained passionately fond of it to the end, and we have a pretty story that when he was dying, at the age of sixty-seven, his friends engaged musicians to play in the hall outside his bedroom door. The music consoled the dying artist, who exclaimed with tears, "What then must be the melodies of Paradise!"



AURORA, GUIDO RENI.





In the Aurora fresco the Dawn is shown in the form of a beautiful woman flying in front of the chariot of Apollo, who is surrounded by figures representing the Hours.

Charlotte Eaton, the author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," states that no engraving can "convey the soft harmony of the tints, the living touches, the brilliant form . . . in the matchless original. It is embodied poetry. Above the heads of the heavenly coursers hovers the morning star, in the form of a youthful cherub bearing his flaming torch. Nothing is more admirable in this beautiful composition than the motion given to the whole. The smooth and rapid step of the circling Hours as they tread on the fleecy clouds; the fiery steeds; the whirring wheels of the car; the torch of Lucifer, blown back by the velocity of his advance; and the form of Aurora, borne through the ambient air, until you almost fear she will float from your sight, all realize the illusion. You seem admitted to the world of fancy and revel in its brightest creations."

Guido is most widely known by his famous picture, *Ecce Homo*, made familiar to the world by numberless and varied reproductions.

CORREGGIO

This artist, one of Italy's greatest painters, derived the name by which he is most popularly known from the town of Correggio, where he was born in 1494. His proper name was Antonio Allegri. He painted numbers of beautiful pictures on religious and classical subjects, which were so much esteemed that it is related that the great Venetian artist, Titian, standing before one of Correggio's masterpieces, declared, "Were I not Titian I should desire to be Correggio." The painter's father was a merchant in

fairly comfortable circumstances, according to some biographers ; but another account of his life tells us that Correggio lived in drudgery and poverty and died under very distressing circumstances. It is certain that he was miserably paid for his great works. His most famous work, *Holy Night*, which is now considered priceless, brought him a sum less than fifty dollars in our money. The remuneration of the artist in those days was sometimes curious. For one of Correggio's pictures a lady offered him about a hundred dollars, a supply of provisions for six months, two loads of wood, several measures of wheat, and a fat pig. Correggio died in 1534 at the age of forty. It is admitted that in the sweetness and beauty of his compositions Raphael alone can successfully compare with him. In depicting the innocence and grace of childhood he was particularly happy. *Holy Night* hangs in the Dresden Gallery. In this picture the treatment of the light is remarkable. It emanates from the face of the Child and lights up the group around. This wonderful and novel stroke of art with its effects of mystic light forms the chief feature of this remarkable painting, which, in the estimation of the educated tastes of the world, takes its place among the small group of pictures recognized as the greatest masterpieces of all time.

RAPHAEL

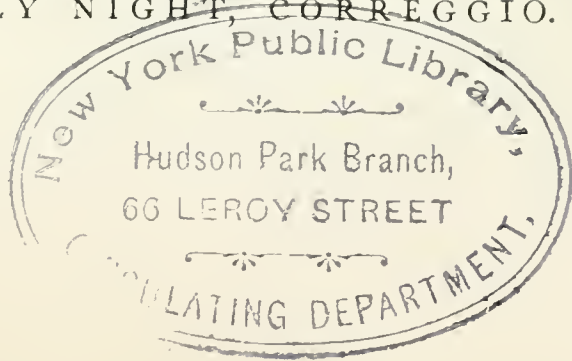
Raphael Sanzio was an artist great enough to rank with Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci at the head of the illustrious company of the old masters. He died young, at the age of thirty-seven, but he accomplished so much that it is a question whether a longer life could have given him greater fame.

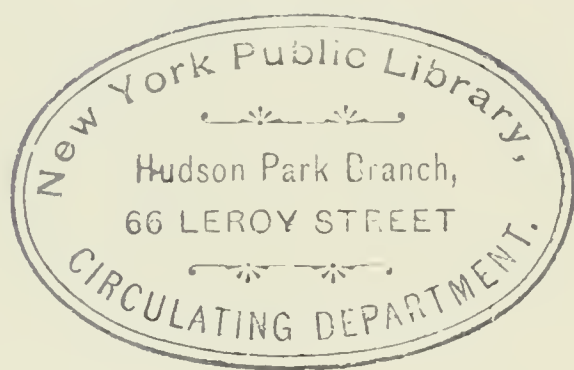
Raphael was one of Fortune's favorites. Gifted with



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HOLY NIGHT, CORREGGIO.





beauty, genius, and a sunny disposition, he won all the pleasure which assured fame and boundless popular admiration could afford him.

He was born in 1483, in Urbino, in Italy. His father was an artist, and carefully guided the youthful talents of his son — talents displayed almost from infancy. He became famous in early life, and at twenty-one he was widely renowned. At the age of twenty-five he was summoned to Rome to decorate the Vatican, and while he was engaged there, his mighty contemporary, Michael Angelo, was employed in the same building, painting his great fresco on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which Raphael himself afterwards assisted to adorn.

In all departments of his art Raphael was supreme ; in religious and mythological subjects, as well as in portraits, his work is perfect. Like Michael Angelo he was an architect, a sculptor, and a poet, as well as a painter. His productiveness, considering the comparatively short span of his life, was amazing, and specimens of his skill are numerous. His most famous Madonna, The Sistine Madonna, hangs in the Dresden Gallery. Of the picture a German critic writes: —

“Who does not know this wondrous figure, which, veiled by magnificent drapery, floats in the clouds like a heavenly apparition surrounded by a glory of angel heads. . . . It is as if Raphael had wished to combine in this incomparable creation his deepest thoughts, his most sublime ideas, and his most perfect beauty, that it might be named the highest production of all religious art.”

Born on Good Friday, 1483, Raphael died on Good Friday, 1520, universally loved as well as honored. At his burial a contemporary biographer records, “No eye was tearless.” Thus closed one of the rarest and most beautiful lives of which there is any record.

KENILWORTH CASTLE

“ They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.”
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

KENILWORTH CASTLE is one of the noted Norman fabrics of England around which the currents of history foam and eddy, as a stream in its course surges about some great island rock which splits its channel.

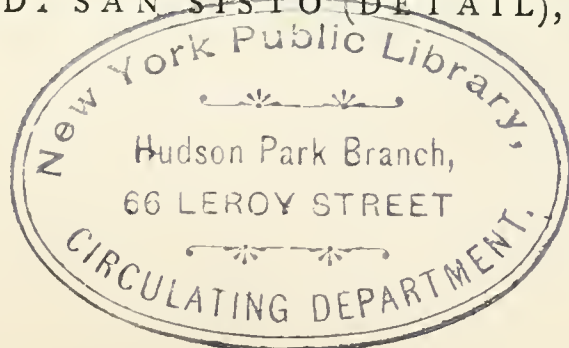
Perhaps, in spite of its importance as the theatre of imposing events, it would not now be so famous had not Sir Walter Scott made it the scene of one of his great historic romances. The wizard touch of his genius brought out the color and splendor, the strength and tragedy of the old castle ; and in “ Kenilworth,” as in many another magical book, he made the dry bones of the old chronicles live and clothed them with flesh and blood, and recalled the flash of vanished eyes and brought back the red to lips and cheeks long dust. So in the pages of historical romance, if literal accuracy is sometimes sacrificed for effect, yet the dead past lives again with a vigor and reality not to be found in the pages of the orthodox historian.

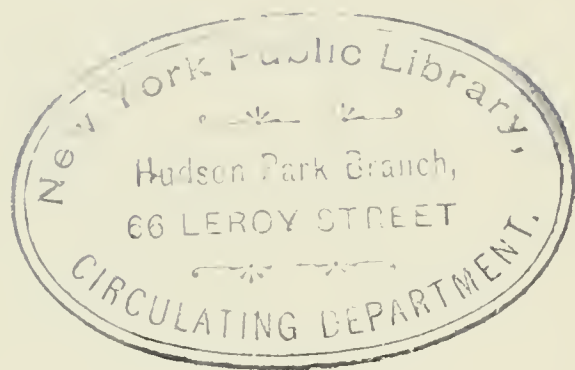
One of the foremost authorities on the history of the old English castles, which have an imposing literature of their own, states that Scott’s romance of “ Kenilworth ” “ has probably brought more pilgrims to the town and neighborhood — pilgrims of the highest rank — than ever resorted to its ancient shrine, more knights and dames than ever figured in its tilts or tournaments.”

The site of Kenilworth was bestowed by Henry I upon



MADONNA DI SAN SISTO (DETAIL), RAPHAEL.





a Norman named Geoffrey de Clinton, who was his Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer. This Clinton erected the first keep, about whose rugged battlements strife and storm soon gathered. In the year 1172 Kenilworth Castle was garrisoned by Henry II against the insurrection of his son Henry, who, with the assistance of Louis VII, King of France, and several powerful Barons raised the standard of revolt against the authority of his royal father. Later the castle passed from the Clintons into the hands of the Crown and was held for the King by successive sheriffs. In the year 1243, Henry III made Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, governor of the castle ; but favors of the Crown were impotent to quench the soaring ambition of this great Baron. Simon de Montfort led the insurrection against Henry III, concerning Magna Charta, and met his death at the battle of Evesham. The castle was given to the Earl of Lancaster, the second son of the King ; and on the latter's death passed to his son and heir, who joined the baronial party against the favorites of Edward II, and was ultimately beheaded. It passed on to the ownership of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, from whom it descended to Henry, Earl of Bolingbroke, who, as Henry IV, again made Kenilworth Castle one of the direct possessions of the Crown. It thus came to be in Elizabeth's hands when she desired to mark, by a present of astounding magnificence, the services of her favorite, Robert Dudley, to whom she presented Kenilworth Castle, at the same time making him Earl of Leicester. The state and splendor of Kenilworth reached their zenith under this favorite of fortune, who vastly added to the mass of the buildings, and altered the form and appearance of the castle. Among other improvements he built a tower at each end of the tilt-yard, so that the ladies

might have an opportunity of witnessing the chivalrous diversions of the tourney. He also greatly enlarged the parks, the chase, and the splendid lake, which together covered an area of twenty miles of country. All these improvements are said to have cost about three hundred thousand dollars, a very great sum in those days. To the sumptuous castle of Lord Leicester, in 1575, came Queen Elizabeth as the guest of her favorite; and there he entertained the Queen during seventeen days, at great cost and with much magnificence.

It is abundantly clear that Lord Leicester expected to become the husband of Queen Elizabeth, and no doubt her marked preference for him did much to flatter this soaring ambition. Elizabeth declared "that Leicester was the most virtuous and perfect man that she knew," but said she would never marry him. She frequently declared to Cecil that "she would never give her hand to a subject." Whatever Leicester's hopes may have been, they were doomed to disappointment. Over the name of this brilliant nobleman will always rest a dark shadow of suspicion that, in order to liberate himself from the wife who stood in the way of his ambition, he contrived to bring about her murder. The circumstances surrounding the tragic death of his wife, Amy Robsart, will probably never now be made known, but Sir Walter Scott and other writers have succeeded in branding Leicester and his tools as the authors of the hapless lady's death. Sir Walter thus describes Kenilworth as it stood in the days of Leicester: —

"The outer walls of this splendid and gigantic structure inclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a garden with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest formed the large base court,

or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious inclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there emblazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away. . . . The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west side, adorned and defended by a lake, partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden. . . . Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. Of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry where beauty dealt the prize which valor won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp, and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was."

The downfall of Kenilworth dates from the days of the Commonwealth. Cromwell divided its lands among his rude followers, who ruined the castle, drained the great lake, demolished the beautiful woods of the king, destroyed the parks and the chase, and apportioned the land among themselves as farms. In the year 1716, Dr. Richard Howard, Bishop of Worcester, visited Kenilworth, even then an ivy-clasped, owl-haunted ruin, and has left us a record of the impressions produced by a contemplation of the faded splendor of the royal old Warwickshire castle.

“Here then,” he says, “is the last state of that celebrated castle, in which the most splendid scenes of Elizabeth’s most splendid reign were performed ; like the great and magnificent cities of Babylon and Jerusalem, its goodliness is turned into ruin, and the beauty of it is changed into desolation. The flapping banner, rich with embroidered blazonings, and the gorgeous cloths of tissue and tapestry, which once covered the chambers, have all been rent from their places, and instead of them there are the ivy, and the long grass, the rush, the dock, and the ‘ hyssop that springeth out of the wall.’ For the minstrel’s music there are now the shrieks of the owl ; and for the court and presence of royalty, there are now silence and mournful solitude. One would have felt proud of the fall of Kenilworth had the walls been razed to the ground in battle ; but to think that it was first dilapidated by the lawless hands of our own ancestors, and then left to the most cruel decay ; it is like viewing a dear friend perishing . . . and the feelings thus excited are the finest though the most distressing which the heart can endure.”

To-day the condition of Kenilworth Castle is even more suggestive of the pathos of ruin. Like the gold-brocaded gown of some long-dead queen, it is slowly mouldering into dust.

HOLYROOD PALACE

“ The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story.”
TENNYSON.

HOLYROOD is a nest of traditions. Its very foundation is associated with a wondrous legend. Upon the anniversary of the finding of the holy cross in Jerusalem, a day held sacred in Christian countries, King David I of Scotland was induced by the young nobles of his court to go hunting in the shaggy forests which then clothed the country up to Edinburgh itself. The king in the ardor of the chase distanced the rest of the hunters in pursuit of a hart. Brought to bay, the hart fiercely overthrew the king's horse, and was about to pierce the king himself when, from the leveled antlers, there fell into David's hands the Cross, or “ Black rood ” of Scotland. The hart fled at sight of the Cross, and the king was warned in a vision to build an abbey in memory of the event.

The “ Black rood,” a royal heirloom, was brought to Scotland in the year 1070, by St. Margaret. After having been carefully cherished for a long time, it fell into English hands at the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346.

King David began the building of the Abbey of Holyrood in 1128. In later years, James IV and James V of Scotland added a royal palace to the structure, and for many centuries this continued to be the home of the kings of Scotland. Here were the apartments where dwelt Queen Mary with her four Marys, famous in song and

story; and here in "dark and gloomy Holyrood," she endeavored to create in the gray mistiness of Scotland something of the atmosphere of sunny and chivalric France by summoning to her aid the lays of Chastelard and the lute of Rizzio. Here the hapless Italian courtier and musician was slain by his enemies almost at the side of the Queen, the most beautiful woman of her time, and the most interesting of the fated Stuarts. When Mary left Holyrood her path to the dungeon and the scaffold was marked by blood and tears.

Holyrood was several times raided by the English, but, in Mary's time, both the early Norman buildings of King David and the Gothic additions made by later kings were well preserved. During the Protectorate, when the soldiers of Cromwell were billeted in the ancient edifice, a fire destroyed much of it. The present palace dates from the Restoration, and it is stated on the authority of Professor Masson that it bears little resemblance to the palace in which Mary took up her abode in 1561. "Altogether," he states, "what with the buildings themselves, what with the courts and gardens, and what with the natural grandeur of the site — a level of deep and wooded park, between the Calton heights and crags on the one hand and the towering shoulders of Salisbury Crags on the other — Holyrood in 1561 must have seemed even to an eye the most satiated with palatial splendor abroad, a sufficiently impressive dwelling-place to be the metropolitan home of Scottish royalty."

The portion called Queen Mary's apartments is still the object of chief interest in the eyes of visitors to Holyrood. A curious circumstance is that Holyrood was a sanctuary for debtors until 1820, when imprisonment for debt was abolished. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort fre-

quently visited Holyrood, and since her death the royal building has undergone complete renovation.

Probably the most important event which the Castle witnessed was the conclusion of the tremendous ride of Sir Robert Cary, from Whitehall to Holyrood, after Elizabeth's death, when Sir Robert staggered into the presence of James VI, and announced his accession as King of England, thus anticipating the proclamation of the English Council,—“That the high and mighty prince, James VI, King of Scotland, is now, by the death of our late Sovereign, Queen of England, of famous memory, become also our only lawful and rightful liege lord, James I, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.” This event ended a long and wasteful strife and rivalry, and began a union strong as that of two bars of steel welded into one. But it sadly diminished the importance of ancient Holyrood.

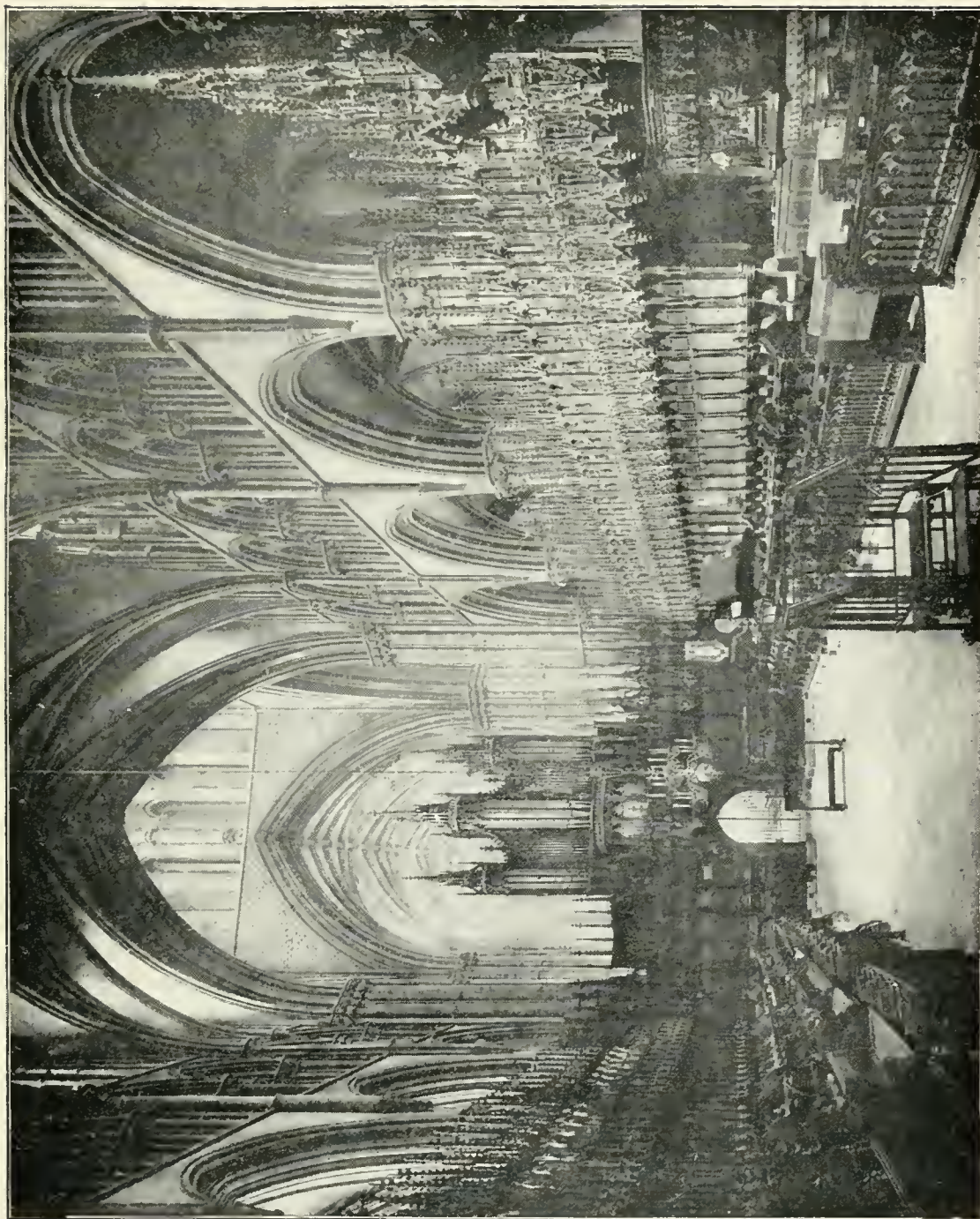
A GROUP OF GREAT CHURCHES

I

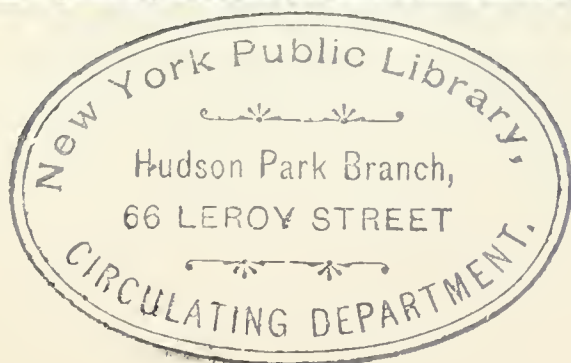
“ No ; all is hushed and still as death. ’T is dreadful !
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes.”

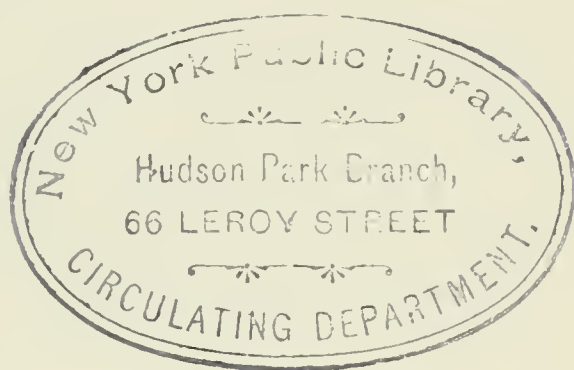
CONGREVE’S *Mourning Bride*.

IN all ages the greatest architectural monuments have been raised above the altars at which men worship. The grandest surviving ruins on the Nile are the remains of temples raised by the enthusiasm of religion to the service of the strange Egyptian gods. The best monuments of Greek taste and genius were in like manner erected to Athene, Jupiter, and the august family of gods revered by the Greeks. In old Asiatic cities, in the tangled forests of Central America, and by the shores of Andean lakes, the ruins remain of temples erected to the worship of forgotten gods ; and when the new faith came, all that was strongest and best among Christian peoples concentrated itself upon the erection and adornment of the temples lifted to the service of Christianity. It is faith which preserves temples as well as builds them. The worship of the old gods being overthrown, the sanctuaries no longer appealed for protection to men who worshiped



CHOIR OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.





at other altars, so that the temples of Egypt and Greece are ruins—the beautiful and impressive witnesses of vanished faiths. But the monuments of Christianity, although they are in some cases hoary with antiquity, are preserved in their integrity, because the faith which reared them in their youthful glory still guards them through all the changes of time and tide.

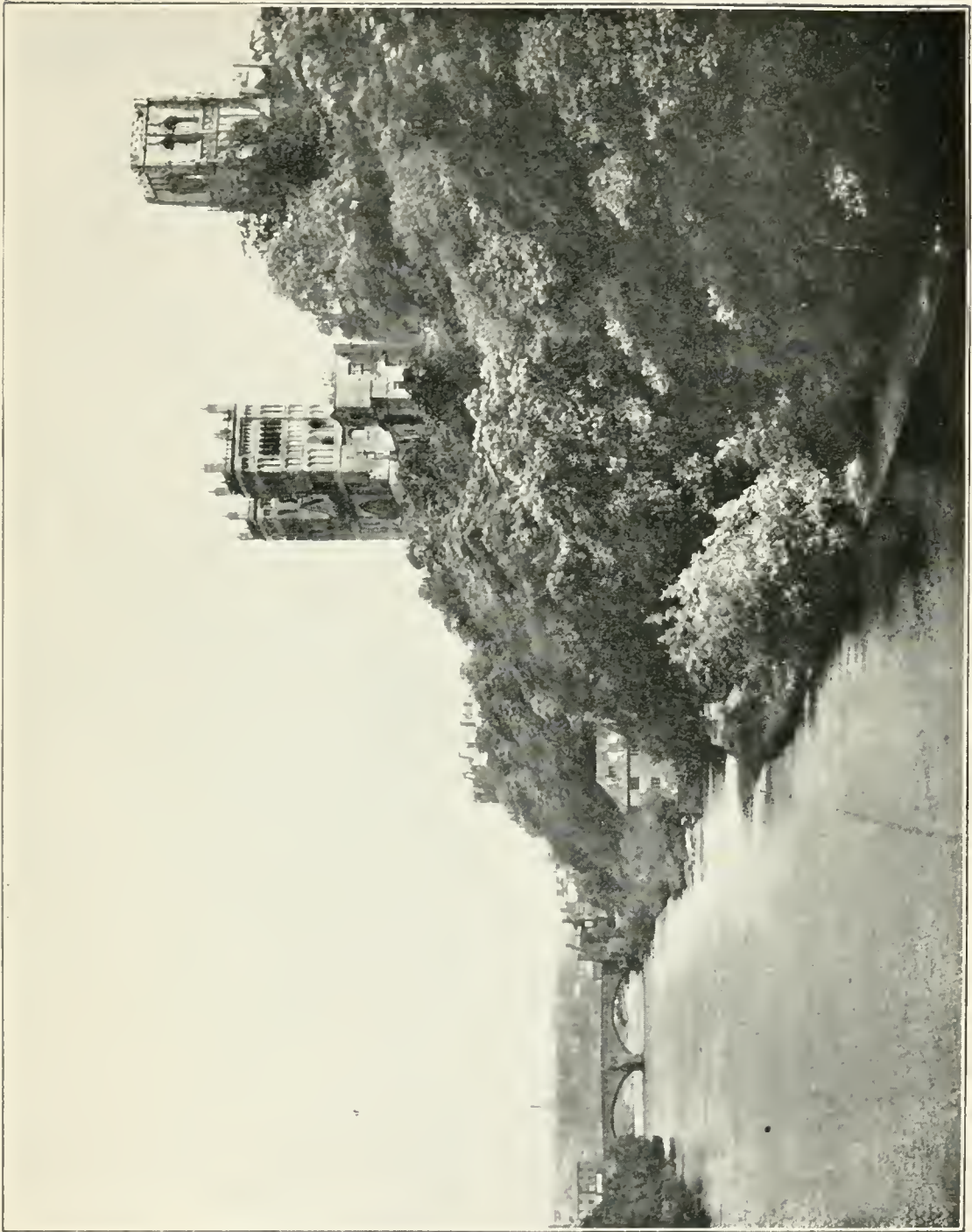
LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

Lincoln Cathedral is a church of ample dimensions, in length 482 feet, and width 80 feet, the central tower lifting itself 300 feet into the air. Two other towers are 180 feet high, and to these were formerly added spires to an additional height of 101 feet. In the great central tower, which is 50 feet square, hangs one of the famous bells of the world, “Tom of Lincoln,” weighing 5 tons 8 cwt. This great bell was cast in the year 1610, and was re-cast in 1834. Concerning the choir of Lincoln Cathedral a great battle of the architects has long been waged, the point at dispute being whether or not the famous choir of the church of St. Hugh is “the earliest piece of pure Gothic work in the world.” This “Angels’ choir” is the chief glory of Lincoln Cathedral, “in the pure outline of its pointed arches, in the glorious symmetry of the receding vistas, and in the exquisite beauty of its architectural decorations, among which are conspicuous the angel heads which give the choir its name.” The old church stalls in the choir are celebrated for their lovely carving. The oldest portion of the cathedral dates from 1086.

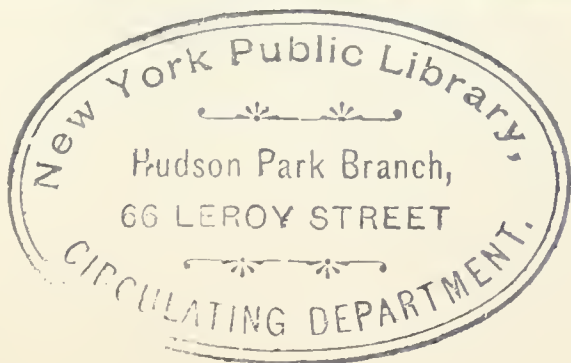
It is difficult to define Gothic architecture in anything like simple terms. The poetical theory which derives it directly from a forest aisle, with its straight tree trunks and overarching roof of foliage, is not supported by the his-

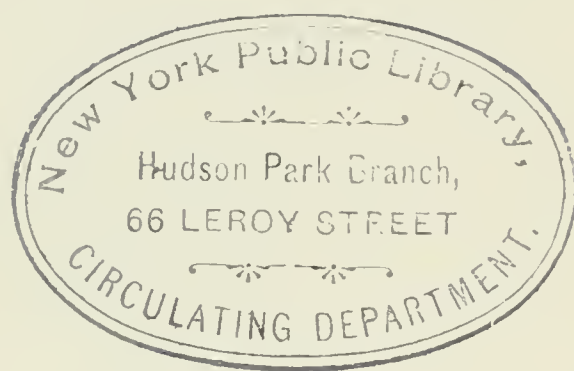
tory of the evolution of this order of architecture. At the same time, architectural taste was doubtless guided and enriched by the contemplation of the effects produced by nature in the forest, with straight pillars and arching branches. Ruskin says that Gothic architecture “arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block by the monk’s enthusiasm and the soldier’s force ; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall as might bury the anchoret in darkness and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer woods at their fairest, and of the dead field-flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom forever, beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.”

Elsewhere he writes: “All the loveliest Gothic architecture in the world is based on the group of lines composed of the pointed arch and the gable ;” and for a simple definition of the controlling factors in the three great orders of architecture the same writer’s words cannot be surpassed. “The principal distinctions between existing styles of architecture depend on their method of roofing any space, as a window or door, for instance, or a space between pillars ; that is to say, that the character of Greek architecture and all that is derived from it depends on its roofing spaces with a single stone laid from side to side ; the character of Roman architecture and of all derived from it depends upon its roofing spaces with round arches,



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.





and the character of Gothic architecture depends upon its roofing spaces with pointed arches or gables.”

Gothic cathedrals followed the plan of the Latin cross, with a nave flanked by parallel aisles, and a transept representing the arms of the cross. The nave, with its attendant aisles, generally ran east and west; the transept north and south. The portion of the nave above the transept is called the “choir,” and is commonly rich with decoration. The aisles are separated from the naves by arcades. Above these arcades runs the gallery known as the triforium; and still higher are the windows which light the clerestory, or upper portion of the church. The windows are high and arched, and filled with rich stained glass. Above the portals are rich windows. The principal entrance is at the western end, and there are smaller entrances, north and south, at the extremities of the transept, or arm of the cross. Towers with pinnacles and spires surmount the roof, sometimes to a great elevation.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

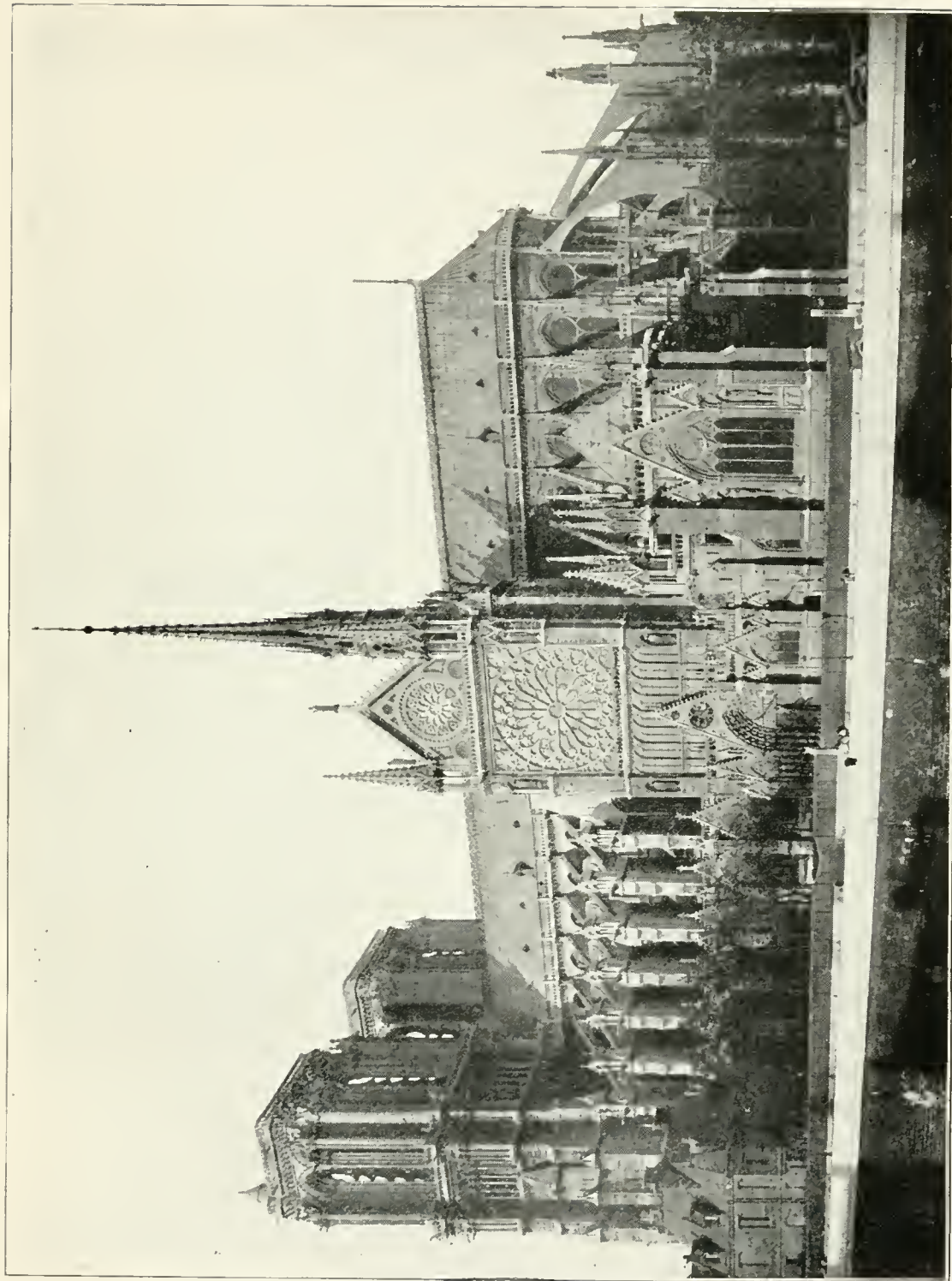
The history of the great gray church of St. Cuthbert, the Cathedral of Durham, carries us back to the dawn of Christianity in England. The old church stands on the hilltop, strong and stern like some impregnable Norman keep, folded around by memories and associations very remote from the activities and energies displayed by the modern Durham. The city is in the heart of the “black country,” the north of England, the country of coal and iron, black with the dust of great coal mines and the smoke vomited forth by countless chimneys. Here with coal and iron is wrought the fabric of modern England’s greatness; from this region her steamships ploughing every sea, and her giant locomotives rushing over the

land, derive their being and their power. The old church on the hill belongs to the quiet atmosphere of another world.

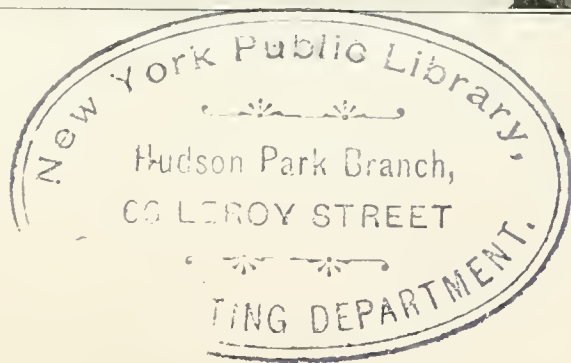
Driven by the victorious Danes from the island of Lindisfarne, the founders of the cathedral came to the site of Durham, after long and weary wanderings through the deep forests and across the rough hills and vales of the savage north country, bearing with them the relics of their patron, Saint Cuthbert. According to the old legend the spot upon which they built their first church was indicated by a miracle. This earliest church, dating from the tenth century, was built of wood, but a very few years afterwards was replaced by one of stone. On the site of this church, after the Norman conquest, the present cathedral was erected upon a bold rocky hill, washed on three sides by the river Wear. William de Carilef, a Norman bishop, who had shared in the rebellion against William Rufus, was the founder of the new church, which received additions up to the year 1500. Its length is 507 feet, and its width 200 feet; the central tower is 214 feet high, and the western tower 138 feet high. In the church are the tombs of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede.

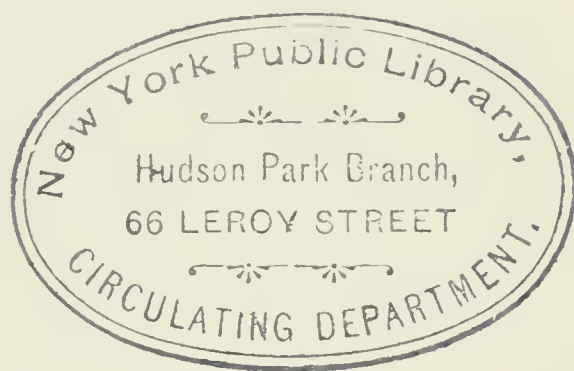
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

Christchurch Cathedral at Canterbury is one of the chief glories of English ecclesiastical architecture. It is a very ancient fane. In the year 600 A. D., St. Augustine, the Bishop of Canterbury, consecrated the chapel of Queen Bertha under the name of Christchurch. In 740 A. D., Cuthbert added a church to the pile, and subsequent additions by other great builders combined to make the present magnificent fabric. Fire, the foe of so many of the ancient monuments, destroyed the choir in 1174,



NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.





and it was rebuilt by the skill of a number of French and English artificers. The length of the cathedral is 545 feet and the width 156 feet; the great central tower is 234 feet high. The old church had a stormy history during the Reformation and the Commonwealth, when some of its most interesting monuments were destroyed. The monuments of Henry IV and the Black Prince, however, still remain.

The interest of visitors chiefly centres about the martial churchman, Thomas à Becket, who met his death in Canterbury Cathedral. Although the splendid shrine formerly erected to his memory has gone, there still stands the "Doorway of Martyrdom," through which Thomas and his trembling monks fled into the cathedral for sanctuary, pursued by the ferocious partisans of Henry II. According to old fashion there should have been safety within the sanctuary, but the death of Thomas had been determined upon by the emissaries of the King and within the sanctuary itself the defiant archbishop was savagely slain. The incident is one of the most dramatic in English history; and while it preserves the name of Thomas à Becket in green remembrance, the old tragedy lends, and will always lend, to the gray and solemn cathedral human interest beyond that which attaches to it as a venerable and splendid monument to the faith of Christian England.

II

NOTRE DAME

The church of Notre Dame, in Paris, stands upon the site of an ancient temple of Jupiter, and when the first church was in course of construction, the workmen unearthed the image of a strange horned god. In the sixth

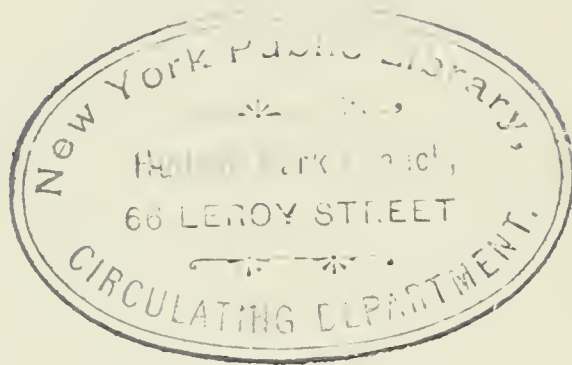
century two churches were standing on this apparently desirable site. In the twelfth century the foundations of the present structure were laid, and the new church was dedicated in the year 1185, but additions were made for two centuries. The profuse ornamentation of some other French cathedrals is missing, but the church of Notre Dame is a majestic temple of the early Gothic style, and is remarkable for the grim and grotesque gargoyles carved on its exterior projections. Its length is 430 feet by 170 feet wide; the height of the tower is 223 feet. The fiery storm of the French Revolution did not leave the great church of Paris unscathed. The statues of the old kings of France in the gallery of the façade were destroyed, and in 1793, according to a decree of the Revolution, it became known as the Temple of Reason. The pride of Frenchmen in this beautiful edifice was once again aroused by the famous romance of Victor Hugo dealing with Notre Dame, and steps were taken to repair the ravages which revolution and neglect had made in the noble cathedral.

AMIENS CATHEDRAL

The cathedral of Amiens is the largest ecclesiastical edifice in France. This church was begun in the year 1220 and finished in 1288, although from time to time some additions were made. It is held to be one of the very finest Gothic churches in Europe. Its length is 470 feet, and the greatest width 213 feet. The main front has three very lofty porches. The sculptures decorating the openings are profuse. There is an amazing multitude of statues representing sacred and celestial subjects. The roof of the cathedral is unusually high and the arches supporting it depend upon 127 fine and slender columns. The central spire is 360 feet in height. Profuse decorations also char-



AMIENS CATHEDRAL
New York Public Library,
Madison Park Branch,
65 LEROY STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.



acterize the interior of the church, and a number of chapels give a great air of spaciousness. Walter Pater pronounces it "the greatest and purest of Gothic churches." It was Ruskin's favorite architectural study.

ST. MARK'S

St. Mark's of Venice was built in the ninth century. After injury by fire it was rebuilt in the tenth century. It is on the plan of a Greek cross with low cupolas and domes and is celebrated as the most impressive example of the Byzantine order of architecture in existence, and as the most splendid architectural color scheme. Its length is 250 feet and its breadth 170 feet. The west front has five great porches opening on the Square of St. Mark's. The interior is full of rich and beautiful detail in silver, enamels, and precious stones, while columns of alabaster and jeweled walls, played upon by colored light, produce most charming and original effects. The impression made by the sight of this noble building has been described by Ruskin in a singularly lovely passage, in which he grows eloquent concerning the effect produced by thronging pillars and white domes looking, under the colored light, like a collection of treasures wrought from opal and mother-of-pearl; by the sculptures, alabasters, rich and elegant mosaics; the beauty of the vari-colored stone — jasper, dark green serpentine, porphyry; the capitals of the splendid columns festooned with sculptured foliage; the figures of angels and saints, and the Greek horses with their breasts of blazing gold; and the famous St. Mark's lion on its starry field of blue. The shining spires, sumptuously moulded white arches, a bewildering profusion of beauties of shape and color, gold, blue, and stainless white, provoke the enthusiastic critic to a verbal ecstasy of unsurpassed eloquence.

Other writers take a soberer view of the great Venetian church than is depicted in the raptures of Ruskin, but even the least reverent freely acknowledge the uncommon beauty of St. Mark's.

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

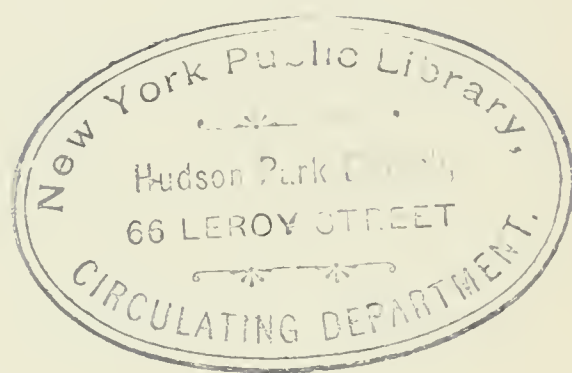
The greatest Christian place of worship for size and splendor is St. Peter's, at Rome. According to some accounts it occupies the site of an old basilica erected in 327 A. D., by Constantine. The present church was begun in 1450. It took three centuries in building, and among the mighty architects associated with its construction were Raphael and Michael Angelo. The exterior view is disappointing, because the proportions of the giant dome, the special work of Michael Angelo, are concealed.

In the main front are five great porches leading to a covered portico supported by gigantic marble columns. The great portico is 500 feet long, covering the whole front of the church, and is thronged with pillars, mosaics, and bas-reliefs. "On entering the church," says one writer, "the first glance you have of the interior of St. Peter's does not produce the effect of a more deliberate and protracted survey. I was at first disappointed in not receiving those impressions of vastness and grandeur which I supposed that the merest glance at the interior of this immense temple would produce. But as I slowly walked up its long nave, empaneled with the rarest and richest marble, and adorned with the finest sculpture; as I here and there caught, through the lofty arches opening from the nave into the aisles, views of chapels, and tombs, and altars of surpassing splendor; and especially as I looked up to the gilded roof, and saw around me on every side mosaic ceiling and pictures, I felt if there was not vastness



ST. PETER'S AND VATICAN, ROME.





in St. Peter's, there was a degree of splendor and magnificence that I had scarcely conceived as belonging to any earthly temple."

There are "columns which it took an age to polish and rear, marbles and gems which the wealth of a kingdom could not purchase, walls covered with the most exquisite pictures of the Italian masters, shrines sparkling with jewels and wreathed with the smoke of incense, colossal statues of monks and saints, tombs of popes and exiled kings and queens."

The vastness of St. Peter's is best stated in figures. The nave is 614 feet long and more than 100 feet wide, and is separated from the aisles by magnificent pillars 83 feet high. The proportions of the mighty dome of Michael Angelo seem astonishing. Its diameter is 139 feet, and it rests upon four great columns 166 feet in height. The brass ball beneath the cross of St. Peter's appears about twice the size of a man's head, when seen from the ground. Actually twenty men can stand upright within this great ball, which glitters 480 feet above the pavement. Many writers have described St. Peter's with enthusiasm, and although here and there we meet with a note of disappointment at one feature or another, it is by general accord the greatest and most splendid fabric built to the service of religion in any age.

Beside St. Peter's stands the Vatican, the palace of the Roman pontiffs. It is a vast structure, or cluster of buildings which, with its garden, is some miles in circumference ; it contains thousands of apartments, the result of the building activity of many centuries. Among its more splendid apartments are the Sistine and Pauline chapels and the galleries of Raphael, which are enriched by some of the most striking works of the great masters and their pupils

and disciples. Behind the altar in the Sistine Chapel is Michael Angelo's fresco representing the Last Judgment, a creation of terrific power. But the treasures of the Vatican are indeed innumerable, comprising frescoes, ancient mosaics, glorious bronze gates, columns of polished porphyry, Grecian marbles, including many classic sculptures of immortal fame. Egyptian granites, Oriental alabaster, and an astonishing profusion of paintings by the finest masters. The Vatican Library, now accessible to the students of the world, is one of the most valuable literary repositories of all time.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

Space will not permit of any lengthy description of Cologne Cathedral, called by Pugin "The Queen and Flower of Gothic Churches." In the old fortress city of Cologne on the storied Rhine there are numerous magnificent buildings, but the cathedral is its chief glory. The present building was begun long ago, in the year 1248, and proceeded with, in the leisurely spirit of an age in which builders did indeed seem to build for posterity, up to the time of the Reformation. The construction of the building then ceased, and, what seems worse, the completed portion, the work of three laborious centuries, was allowed to fall into decay. But German interest in the fate of this grand, uncompleted monument was revived early in the last century, numerous organizations were promoted to procure the funds necessary for its completion, and many other centres of Europe coöperated in the movement. Building on the original plan was steadily pursued until, in the year 1880, in the presence of the Emperor of Germany and an illustrious company of royalties, the great towers were declared completed, in the

midst of national rejoicing. These mighty towers soar gracefully to the height of 512 feet. The cathedral is 443 feet long and 200 feet wide; the roof is just over 200 feet high. The size and glory of this cathedral make it an object of world-wide interest.

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TWO SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PAINTERS

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

ANTHONY VAN DYCK was a friend and pupil of Rubens, and among the painters of the Flemish school he ranks next to this master. Although he painted a number of sacred subjects, which are now very highly prized, he is known to fame chiefly as a painter of portraits, to which branch of his art he was earnestly advised by Rubens to devote himself. Van Dyck was born in 1599, and received a good education, his father being a prosperous merchant. He appears to have had a restless disposition, and wandered about Europe for some time before he finally settled in England at the invitation of Charles I, who treated him with great generosity. The king gave him a suite of apartments, and installed him as the court painter. He received, in addition, a pension of two hundred pounds a year and a knighthood. He was a man of refined and polished manners, and so fitted in well with the modish society of the English court in the days of Charles I. Van Dyck has preserved for us in striking portraiture the figure of the luckless Stuart king who befriended him, as well as that of his queen, Henrietta Maria. The picture of the children of Charles I makes a very charming group; the little figures of the princes and princess are very quaint and old-fashioned.

Van Dyck died at the comparatively early age of forty-two years, in 1641, which was a year of great trouble for his royal patron. Van Dyck is credited with nine hun-

dred and seventy-one paintings. He was preëminently a painter of royalty and aristocracy, and painted portraits of members of the royal houses of France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Austria, and England, and a host of family portraits from his brush are scattered through the ancestral homes of the English nobility. His influence on English portrait painters was very great, particularly upon Gainsborough, who was fascinated by Van Dyck's work. There is in all his portraits a peculiar air of distinction. His men, women, and children are all aristocrats. The costume of his day favored artistic treatment. Everybody is familiar with the rich falling collar with its point lace, the deep velvets and silks of the garments, the picturesque cavalier hats with their ostrich feathers, the bewitching curls of the women, and the pointed beards of the men. The same type of long and slender hand is shown in all his portraits. Although Van Dyck was such a tremendous worker, and had numerous rich patrons, he never amassed wealth. His habits were extravagant, as became the painter of the court of Charles I, and it is recorded, also, that he spent large sums of money in researches in the study of alchemy, and in pursuit of the philosopher's stone. On his death, "the Cavalier Painter," as he was sometimes called in life, was interred with much honor in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE MELON EATERS

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo was a famous Spanish artist, born in 1618, in Seville. His family was a lowly one — his father being a mechanic — and the young Murillo's early days were passed in poverty and struggle. When quite young his talent for painting became manifest, and for a time a relative who had artistic skill undertook his early instruction. When this relative left the city of

Seville, Murillo was thrown upon his own devices. He sought his subjects in common places, in the streets and in the markets, where he found ragged but vivid life. It was in the market-place of Seville that he found the two urchins who are painted as the Melon Eaters. Ruskin roundly abuses this picture, on the ground that the subject is an unpleasant one ; but although the lads are ragged, there is plenty of human nature in the scene, and the unalloyed delight of the boys in the luscious melon has made the picture a celebrated example of its kind.

Later on, by painting little pictures on squares of canvas which he sold to captains sailing over seas to the New World dominions of the Spanish king, Murillo saved enough money to visit Madrid. Here he met Velasquez, who saw his genius, and treated him very kindly, giving him shelter in his own home and carefully directing his studies. Murillo married a wealthy lady, and his after circumstances were very comfortable. The range of his power was remarkable. One critic says of him : " He could paint the sacred fervor of the devotee or the ecstasy of the monkish enthusiast, as well as the raggedness of the mendicants, or the abject sufferings of Job." He is chiefly renowned for his treatment of religious subjects, which are gloriously painted, and two of which are *The Figure of Christ* and *The Holy Family*. It was while engaged on one of his pictures that he fell from a high scaffolding and met his death, in 1682, in the city of Seville, where in youth he had sketched the companions of his early poverty, and which in later years he enriched with the treasures of his astonishing genius.

THE TAJ MAHAL

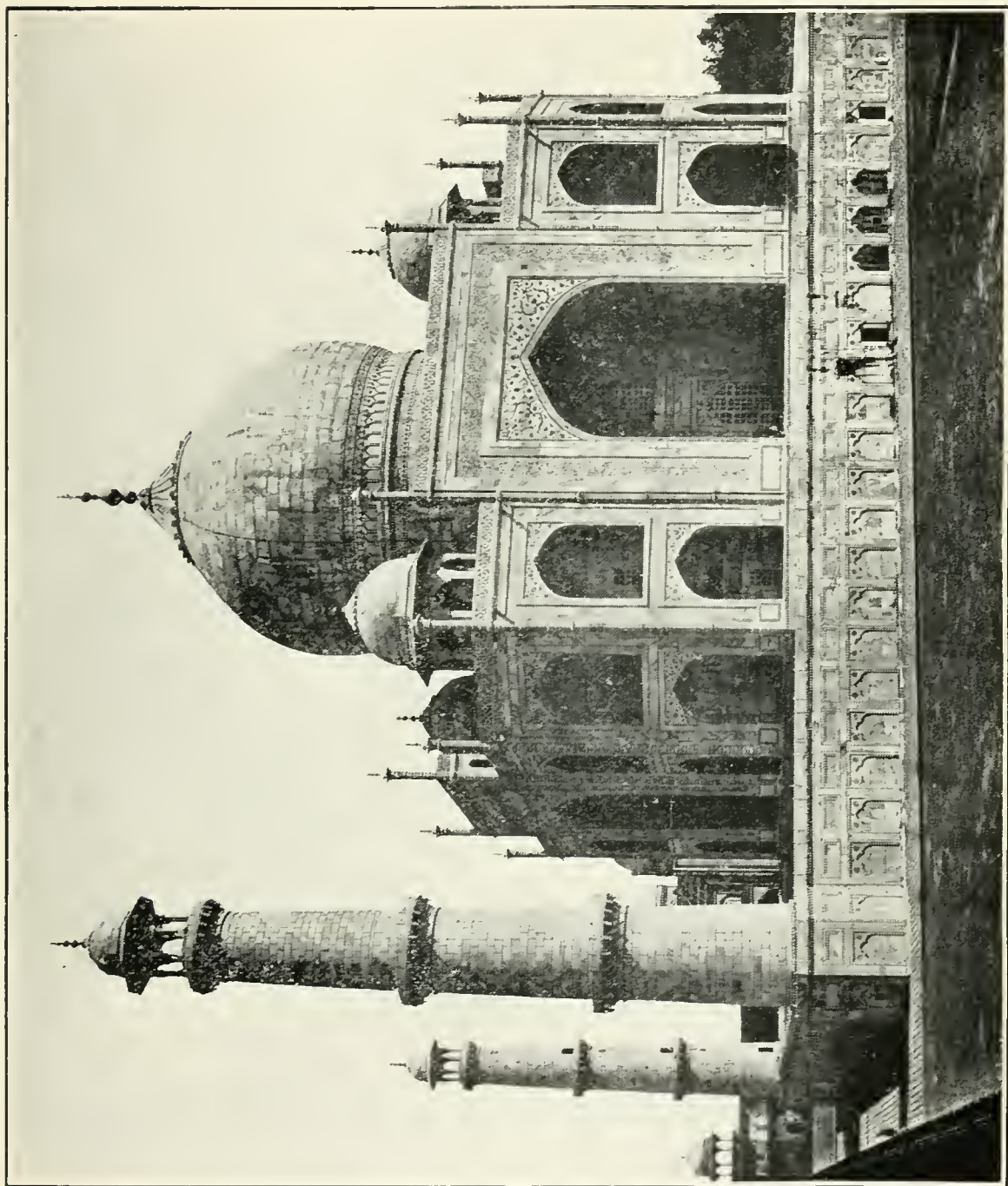
“In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.”

COLERIDGE.

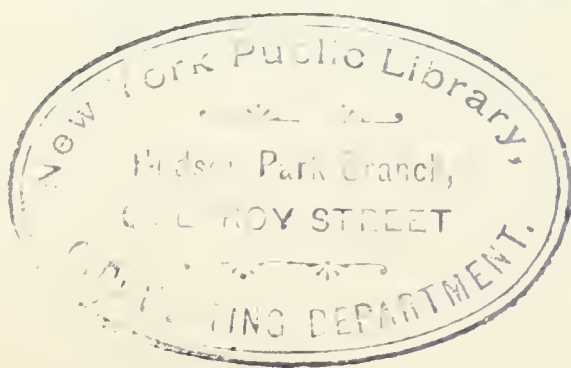
THE famous Taj Mahal is a white marble mausoleum erected by the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, as a tomb for his wife, the Princess Arjamund. The Taj, which stands about a mile to the east of Agra, occupied twenty thousand men in building during twenty-two years. The Mogul emperors of Hindustan were magnificent and imposing potentates, who reveled in realizing the extravagant dreams of Oriental imagination. These sovereigns were descended from Tamerlane, the Asiatic conqueror of the fourteenth century. The first of the Moguls, Sultan Babar of Khokand, in Central Asia, made a series of expeditions into India, eventually establishing himself as sovereign of Northern India, with the title of Emperor of Hindustan. About twenty-five years afterwards his work was consolidated by Akbar the Great, who firmly founded the great Mogul dynasty which reigned for two centuries. The builder of the Taj came to the throne of the Moguls in the year 1628 and died about 1665. Upon his accession his first deed was the murder of all the descendants of Tamerlane, or Timour, leaving himself the sole representative of the line. His reign was stormy and his throne was constantly menaced by intrigue and treachery. Like most of the mighty potentates of his day he made many wars. Apart from his military exploits and domestic tyranny he is noted for three magnificent works. He founded

the modern city of Delhi ; he built the Peacock Throne, and he raised the snowy dome of the Taj. The Mogul emperor had the same absolute command of labor as the old Egyptian kings ; “ his word was red law,” and he had fabulous wealth as well as nearly limitless labor at his command. The famous throne of the Moguls, made by Shah Jehan, was wrought in solid gold and priceless gems, in the shape of a peacock, and it is valued at \$25,000,000. From this regal seat Shah Jehan issued the unalterable decrees prompted by his cruelty or his greed for glory. When the cherished wife of the Shah died, in the year 1629, he decided to erect over her dust a monument worthy of her memory and his magnificence ; and he succeeded : the Taj Mahal is the grandest tomb on earth. Later in life Shah Jehan’s son, Aurangzeb, imprisoned him in a fort on the bank of the river, and from the wall of this fort the dethroned tyrant could gaze upon the palace-tomb which he had raised to the memory of his wife. Opposite the Taj are still to be seen traces of the foundation upon which Shah Jehan intended to erect a tomb for himself which should surpass even the Taj in glory. The two magnificent structures were to be connected by a silver bridge — a conception truly Oriental in its luxury, and not unworthy of a place among the enchanted fabrics of the “ Arabian Nights.”

The wealth with which the Moguls surrounded themselves is revealed by the magnitude of the loot which Nadir Shah carried with him to Persia, after the sack of Delhi. We are told that this treasure amounted to \$60,000,000 in plate, jewels, and money, not estimating the value of the famous Peacock Throne, which was also taken to Persia, and is the chief glory of the treasure chamber of the present Shah. After Nadir Shah’s victory the power of



TAJ MAHAL.



the Moguls declined, till in 1827 the Great Mogul became a pensioner of the British. When the Indian Mutiny broke out, an endeavor was made to revive the dynasty, and Bahadur was crowned Emperor of Hindustan at Delhi. For his complicity in the Mutiny he was punished by banishment and imprisonment; and so ended the dazzling dynasty of the Moguls.

It is fairly well established that directing the Oriental craftsmen engaged in building the Taj were a Frenchman and several Italians; but there is nothing European in the building, either in conception or construction. It is said that Shah Jehan refused to pay his workmen, and that this great building is the result in large part of the labor of his plundered artisans; but, if so, this in no way affected the grace and grandeur of their work.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who confessed himself spellbound by the beauty of this "tender elegy in marble," in his "India Revisited" writes as follows:—

"The plinth of the Taj is over one hundred yards each way, and it lifts its golden pinnacle two hundred and forty-four feet into the sky. From a distance this lovely and ærial dome sits therefore above the horizon like a rounded cloud. And having paced about it, and having saturated the mind with its extreme and irresistible loveliness, you enter reverently the burial place of the princess Arjamund, to find the inner walls of the monument as much a marvel of subtle shadow and chastened light, decked with delicate jewelry, as the exterior was noble and simple. On the pure surface of this Hall of Death, and upon the columns, panels, and trellis work of the marble screens surrounding the tomb, are patiently inlaid, with all sorts of graceful and elaborate embellishments, flowers, leaves, berries, scrolls, and sentences—in jasper, coral, blood-

stone, lapis-lazuli, nacre, onyx, turquoise, sardonyx, and even precious gems."

Criticising the Taj, Fergusson, the Scotch writer on architecture, declares that the jewel decoration of the Indian monument, "though of course not to be compared with the intellectual beauty of Greek ornament, . . . stands first among the purely decorative forms of architectural design." The gem inlays "form the most beautiful and precious style of ornament ever adopted in architecture."

In his interesting work on the Indian monuments, "Tomb and Temple in India," Mr. Alfred Deakin makes the following reflections upon Shah Jehan's work: —

"The kingly confidence in the future life and its fortunes, thus portrayed, is as truly Oriental as is the sumptuousness of its manifestation. But it is quite foreign to the average Caucasian, whose sleepless energies are concentrated upon the practical conquest of the earth instead of upon superb memorials to those who have left it; and it is equally foreign to the Christian, who shrinks from a personal tribute which comes so near idolatry. His creed, based upon resurrection, but solemnized by an abiding sense of sin, of human frailty, separation from the divine, and spiritual peril, renders his ecclesiastical and sepulchral architecture gloomy, even among its grandeurs. An heroic sadness has soared in Milan Cathedral, in Notre Dame, and Westminster Abbey, to types of exalted aspiration, in which the fear of death has been trodden under foot; but, nevertheless, the prevailing symbols of the tomb, in them as in all European countries, are almost invariably sombre, breathing at best a passionate desolation or a troubled trust. To minds familiar with such lugubrious imagery,

the Taj must be pagan — in all except its solitude. Its purpose would scarcely have been guessed by them if it had stood without a history. For it is bright and beautiful amidst brightness and beauty, soars skywards with calm assurance, and proclaims its happy faith without humility or apprehension. It may be matched with the most glorious elegies, with the rich but sober dignity of ‘*Lycidas*,’ or the passionate resignation of ‘*In Memoriam*,’ though it is with the triumphant transports of ‘*Adonais*’ that it is most closely allied. What renders it to all religious amidst its pomp, and royal in spite of its history, is the imperial affection and unconquerable tenderness of the monarch who reared it above the grave of the mother of his eight children.”

. In poetry as well as in prose Sir Edwin Arnold sounded the praises of the lovely Taj. His well-known poem “*With Sa’di in the Garden*,” a few lines from which conclude this article, has its scene in the romantic grounds of the Indian palace-tomb : —

“ A passion, and a worship, and a faith
Writ fast in alabaster, so that Earth
Hath nothing anywhere of mortal toil
So fine-wrought, so consummate, so supreme —
So beyond praise, Love’s loveliest monument —
As what in Agra, upon Jumna’s bank,
Shah Jahan builded for his Lady’s grave.”

MRS. SIDDONS, BY LAWRENCE

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE was born in the year 1769. His father had been an actor, but failed in his profession and became an innkeeper. Thomas Lawrence was born in his father's hostelry, the White Lion, at Bristol. After some years, the elder Lawrence left Bristol, and took another inn on the high road between London and Bath — a highway along which all fashionable London moved in that day.

Lawrence could paint a good portrait when he was no more than five or six years of age, and before he had received any instruction. He was, indeed, never educated, artistically or otherwise, but owed everything to his natural genius. When his father failed in business, the support of the whole family devolved upon the boy painter, who was the youngest of sixteen children. He set up his studio in Bath, at the age of ten years, and all the fashionable world immediately rushed to be painted by the young genius, who, in addition to his other gifts, was endowed with uncommon personal beauty. His success in Bath was repeated at Oxford, where it became the fashion to be portrayed by the boy genius ; and similar triumphs awaited him when he went to London. In a picturesque sketch of his life, a recent writer says that in London "Success came with the same extraordinary rapidity and universality. This child of the tap-room, by sheer force of beauty, artistic genius, a strangely fine presence, and manners which would have done credit to the child of a castle or a

duke, became the chief favorite of society from the very first, and the darling and intimate of royalty. Old George III took such a fancy to the handsome and exquisitely mannered youth that he asked the Royal Academy to make him an Associate when he was twenty-one, three years before the time appointed by the statutes ; and when they had to refuse to do this, the Academicians found out an escape from the statutes by appointing the boy as ‘ supplementary ’ Associate. By twenty-five Lawrence was a full-blown Royal Academician, and already everybody in the great world was waiting to be immortalized by his pencil. He was still but a youth when the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds enabled the king to choose him as the portrait painter of the court. This led to other, and even higher missions. The great Powers of Europe were assembled in congress at Aix-la-Chapelle to deal with the heritage of Napoleon, after the great Emperor’s first fall. Lawrence was sent specially by the Prince Regent to make portraits of all the mighty delegates who had met together to carve out afresh the map of Europe.”

In the illustrious company which there patronized Lawrence were the emperors of Russia and of Austria, and the king of Prussia, and the English artist’s attractive personality immediately made him a favorite with those monarchs. He was indeed one of fortune’s favorites. He earned very large sums of money, and was able to charge as much as six hundred pounds for a portrait ; but he had the fatal failing of unlimited extravagance. “ As an artist he was distinguished by facile grace, agreeable color, and sweet but not animated expression. His beautiful women are more renowned than his men.” His most famous portrait is that of Mrs. Siddons, who figures in Reynolds’s splendid picture as the Tragic Muse. Sarah Siddons

was a great actress and a woman of unusual beauty. She began her dramatic career in a small traveling company, but in after years she made a fortune, and brought the world to her feet by unrivaled acting on the stage of London.

Lawrence was knighted by George IV. He never married, and died in London in 1830.

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

IN England the latter half of the eighteenth century was intellectually very brilliant. Many of the most notable names in English literary and political history belong to that period, and, perhaps, the most famous, if not the greatest of those names is that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose portrait was painted by his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most renowned of English portrait painters.

Reynolds was born in the little town of Plympton, in Devonshire, where his father was the master of the local grammar school. It was first intended that Joshua should become a physician, but the lad's predilection for art very soon determined his proper occupation in life. He was apprenticed to a portrait painter of the day, named Hudson, and worked under this master, whose talent was not very marked, for two years. Early in life he was able to make a visit to Italy, and there carefully studied the paintings of the old masters. In Rome, while painting in one of the galleries, he contracted a severe cold, which resulted in lifelong deafness, and entailed the constant use of an ear trumpet. On his return to England he settled in London and immediately began a successful career.

"In narrating the life of Reynolds," writes one of his biographers, "we have to record no long series of struggles for fame, no instances of neglect, no want of encouragement." He was born in 1723, and in the year 1755 it is on record that he had one hundred and twenty sitters for portraits. Three years later the number rose to one hun-

dred and fifty. As his fame became assured he charged for a full-length portrait one hundred guineas, and thirty guineas for a bust. It will, therefore, be apparent that he earned an income, which, even in these days, would be considered large. He painted everybody of importance in England, from royalty downwards. Posterity must always be grateful to Sir Joshua Reynolds because he has fixed for us, with the skill of a master, the faces of so many of his eminent contemporaries. We care very little what the great lords or ladies of the day looked like, but the magnificent portraits of writers whose works delight us by their genius are a priceless inheritance. Reynolds depicted Goldsmith, Johnson, Garrick, Fox, Edmund Burke, Gibbon the historian, and many other famous men and women. His portraits of children are notably lovely. The Royal Academy was founded during his lifetime, and Reynolds became its first president, and, in addition, received a knighthood. He founded a more famous, but shorter-lived institution, the Turk's Head Club, of which Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, and other distinguished men were members. Among these literary giants Reynolds could well hold his own, for his literary tastes were remarkable, and he wrote with grace and distinction, while, as a conversationalist he was distinguished, even in the charmed circle of the Turk's Head Club, where we know brilliant epigram and wit and the display of erudition were the aim of the most polished group of talkers in an age when conversation was deliberately counted among the fine arts. In that illustrious company the placid and courtly Sir Joshua easily held his place as one of the chief figures. His personal qualities of courtesy, kindness, and humanity made him deeply loved by his friends. In his life there was nothing ignoble. His celebrated friend, Edmund

Burke, immediately after Sir Joshua's death in 1792, said of him : " In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation ; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. . . . The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow." His friend Goldsmith wrote in a poem called " Retaliation " the following lines : —

" Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind;
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.
 Still born to improve us in every part —
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

Of Dr. Johnson, the noted lexicographer, a great deal has been written. Hardly any subject is more attractive to Englishmen of letters. Boswell's life of Johnson is, by common consent, the most interesting biography in the English language. Although Dr. Johnson dominated the intellectual life of London for a quarter of a century, his ponderous rhetoric is not now admired as it was in his own day. He was far from being the greatest literary genius of his own century, but he certainly was its greatest personality. Eccentric, slovenly, overbearing in manner and dictatorial in speech, there is withal something pathetic associated with this powerful but whimsical figure. Through the squalid poverty of his early life, and the hard drudgery of his work as a literary hack, when, in company with his friend, the poet Richard Savage, he wandered

about the streets of London, for want of a night's lodging, he preserved his native simplicity and kindness of heart ; and in the great portrait of Reynolds he appears just the kind of man we expect the hero of Boswell's life to be.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was born in East Anglia, in a country of magnificent scenery, made up of undulating hills and valleys, lakes and broads, and deep rushing rivers. "Emerald and white, azure and gold, are the prevailing colors of its coast line, washed by the North Sea's foam and broken by sand dunes, chalk, and red and yellow sand cliffs. Nowhere has nature been more lavish with color than in this picturesque region, within the shadow of whose old gray churches, crowning its wooded uplands or nestling in its valleys, sleep generations of men who played their parts in some of the most eventful scenes in the national drama. Hither in the sixth century came the tribes that gave to England her name. Here, centuries later, settled the great migrations of Flemings, who laid the foundations of England's textile industries; and here, too, at the most memorable and stormiest period in the Island story was formed that famous Eastern Counties Association which fostered the Puritan revolution and raised for Cromwell the flower of that army of stalwarts 'whose back no enemy ever saw.' " In these words, Mr. A. E. Fletcher describes the birthplace of Gainsborough, who was thus English of the English, like Constable, the great landscape painter, who was born in the same county.

The date of Gainsborough's birth has not been preserved, but it is recorded that he was christened in 1727, which was probably the year of his birth. At an early age

he manifested undeniable artistic skill. His father, who followed the somewhat sombre occupation of "shroud and crape merchant," endeavored to give his gifted son the advantages of an artistic training in London; for both Gainsborough's father and mother fondly believed in their son's brilliant abilities. After a very short course of training, all he ever had, Gainsborough established a studio in London; but patrons were shy, and the young artist, still under twenty years of age, returned to his native town to follow his profession. About this period he married, and a few years afterwards he removed to Bath, then a centre of aristocracy and wealth, and, above all, of fashion. It was in

"The teacup times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn."

Bath in its glory was a gay place, and the time was a gay one, when men, as well as women, wore silks and velvets and diamond shoe-buckles and priceless lace, and when the gold-headed cane, the costly gold and jeweled snuff-box, the small sword, and the powdered wig were indispensable articles of attire. Bathing and promenading, dancing and duels, gambling, and other pastimes of a frivolous and luxurious society, wit as sharp as their swords, gallantry as fantastic as their garb, characterized the life and manners of the artificial beaux and fine ladies who clustered at this historic watering-place. Here Gainsborough won his laurels as a portrait painter. At first his charge for half-length portraits was only eight guineas. Shortly afterwards the demand upon his brush enabled him to raise the fees to eighty guineas. Concerning his place in the great art of portrait painting in England a recent writer, already quoted, has the following very keen and thoughtful criticism: "The inner life of man and

its passionate reflex in the human face have called forth the efforts of the greatest artists in portrait painting for generations before Reynolds and Gainsborough were born. Yet no one pretends that he loves the faces by the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish masters as he loves those by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Is not a little of the reason for this that Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands have a past that does not appeal to us with such personal closeness as Hanoverian England? There is, of course, one other consideration. Unless the 'human face divine,' as portrayed in art, is a mere empty phrase, it is generally felt that the divinity of looks has been better expressed by the modern than by the mediæval painters . . . ; the moderns think rather of the glory of the simplest human countenance; as a consequence there is something in the British masters which we seek in vain among the great Italians."

Gainsborough's landscapes, and his pictures of peasants and peasant-life are full of power and charm, and prove that he would have won enduring fame had he never painted a single portrait. Doubtless the best known of Gainsborough's portraits is that of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. It has been widely copied, so that everybody knows the beautiful Duchess, with the contented childish face, and thick clustering curls crowned by the wide Gainsborough hat, with its drooping plumes. The story of the picture and its recovery is an interesting one. One night in the year 1876, the painting was cut from its frame as it hung in Agnew's gallery, in London. The story runs that the thief stole the picture in order to obtain money, with which to accomplish the release of a comrade who was awaiting trial in a French prison. The canvas was undoubtedly held in the hope that the owners would pay a large sum for its ransom. This they were

quite prepared to do; but they very properly declined to give an assurance that the guilty party would escape prosecution. After ten years the stolen picture was conveyed to America, and the trunk in which it was concealed was traced to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. It is stated that the thief returned to Europe and was arrested in Constantinople on a charge of forgery, but escaped from prison. He was never recaptured, and it was not until twenty-six years had elapsed that the portrait was discovered in America, and there handed back to its owner. Since its recovery doubts have been thrown upon its genuineness, some critics alleging that the recovered picture is not the original, but a copy. The owners are, however, satisfied that they have regained the lost original.

Gainsborough's life was quiet and happy. He drew his last breath, as he drew his first, in English air. He never breathed any other air during his life. "He was his own teacher, and owed little to schools. Reynolds and Romney both studied in Italy, but Gainsborough was never out of England. Like Raphael and Shakespeare and Hogarth, he never traveled." He died in 1788.

Gainsborough portrayed George III eight times, William Pitt seven times, and Garrick, the famous actor, five times. Among the numerous other eminent subjects of his brush were Dr. Johnson, Laurence Sterne, Richardson, Burke, Benjamin Franklin, Canning, Sheridan, Clive, Sir William Blackstone the great lawyer, Mrs. Siddons, who was also painted by Reynolds and Lawrence, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In portrait painting Van Dyck was Gainsborough's ideal.

Sir Joshua Reynolds said of Gainsborough's work, "It is difficult to determine whether his portraits were most

admirable for exact truth and resemblance, or his landscapes for portrait-like representation of nature." This was generous praise when it is remembered that for a long time keen rivalry characterized the relations of the two artists, although in the end there came a gracious reconciliation.

Gainsborough, with all fashionable and intellectual London, went to witness the great State trial of Warren Hastings, in Westminster Hall, and, sitting with his back to an open window, he received a chill which led to fatal consequences. On his deathbed he desired to be at peace with all men, and Sir Joshua was sent for. When he reached the dying man's bedside Gainsborough whispered to his brother painter in faint, last tones, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the party."

ANIMAL PAINTERS

THE artistic instinct — the desire to reproduce what is around him in the way of scenery or natural objects — appears to have been with man from nearly the beginning. In the débris of caves in which primitive man took refuge are frequently found rude examples of his dawning artistic skill. There, in the wild beginning of the world, after the chase was over, with the dense woods brooding outside, tenanted by the forms of animals long since passed away — after his rude meal of bear or deer flesh, the cave man sat by his fire patiently carving on an elephant's ivory tusk the outline of the mammoth, the cave bear, or the reindeer, thus endeavoring to satisfy the yearning within to express an infant artistic sense. We find these rude carvings in the hoarded rubbish of the old caves of Europe, and they teach us that, as far back as evidence goes, man was something of the artist.

The Australian aborigine is little removed from the state of savagery which was the condition of the European cave man, but even he has his artistic longings ; and, here and there, on some flat rock by the water, we find a rudely drawn figure, a shark, a man, or a bird. In northern Australia Sir George Grey found a cave with colored figures drawn on the walls ; and from such rude beginnings of art, down through long ages of storm and struggle, man cultivated his taste for beauty until the carving on the mammoth's tusk became the sculptures on the Parthenon, and the strange ochre-colored figure on the cave wall



A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE
SOCIETY, LANDSEER.

grew to the flashing glory of a master picture of the Renaissance. But the most direct heirs to the art of the cave man are the artists who like him concerned themselves with depicting animal life, such as Rosa Bonheur, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Constant Troyon.

Our illustration shows *The Horse Fair*, Rosa Bonheur's most famous picture. Rosa Bonheur is celebrated as the greatest woman painter of animals. This eminent Frenchwoman was born in 1822. Her father was a drawing master and, consequently, Rosa had the very best opportunities for learning her art from her earliest years. The study of animals greatly attracted her, and she spent much time in observing them in their natural surroundings. When she went to Paris she not only studied at the Louvre, but her own studio is described as a real Noah's Ark, thronged with birds, hens, ducks, sheep, and dogs. Every day, we are told, her two brothers drove the animals to pasture down six flights of stairs, from the lofty flat where Rosa had her studio. At the age of nineteen she began to exhibit her pictures. In her desire to master the problem of accurately depicting animals she used to go to the abattoirs to study; and in order to escape the inquisitive regard of the workmen, who wondered at the presence of a girl in such a place, she took to wearing masculine attire — jacket and trousers. For her services to art the Emperor Napoleon conferred upon her the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which up to that time had only been given to women for some striking deed of bravery or charity. Rosa Bonheur became very celebrated before she died in 1899. Her animals are perfectly modeled and her landscapes very faithful. *The Horse Fair* was offered by her to her native town of Bordeaux at a very low price, but the offer was declined. Rosa Bonheur painted this

picture three times — that is, made two copies of the original, and London, New York, and Paris each possesses *The Horse Fair*. It is a picture of world-wide celebrity, remarkable chiefly for its grand and spirited figures of the group of great horses decked for the fair.

A very famous English animal painter was Sir Edwin Landseer. Two of his pictures, *A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society*, and *Shoeing the Bay Mare*, appear in our volume. Landseer was born in 1802 and died in 1873. Like Rosa Bonheur he had the advantage of home instruction, for his father was a skilled engraver. Young Landseer found many models for his studies in the fields about London, to which he loved to resort with his sketch book when he was only five years old. At the age of twelve he could paint very well in oil and water color, and before he was twenty he had produced several well-known pictures. At the age of twenty-four he was made Associate of the Royal Academy. About this time Landseer visited Scotland, and made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, for whose *Waverley Novels* he afterwards designed illustrations. In Scotland he found opportunities to study the deer in their Highland haunts, and this study enabled him to execute the series of splendid pictures of deer life made familiar to us through the fine engravings executed chiefly by his brother Thomas. As a delineator of the life of hair, horns, and feathers he has been declared unsurpassed. *The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society* is a magnificent Newfoundland dog which has saved human life. *Shoeing the Bay Mare* is a faithful representation of an everyday incident, the scene being most natural. But dogs were Landseer's first love in art, and, much as he delighted in the royal stag, whose history he has told in so many great



THE HORSE FAIR, ROSA BONHEUR.

pictures, it is evident that he preferred to paint dog life. He delighted to invest his dogs with human sentiment, and the humor and character he thus introduced into his pictures have helped to make them highly popular. Landseer was a sculptor as well as a painter, and he designed the noble lions at the base of the monument of Nelson in Trafalgar Square. He taught etching to Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert, and on his death was publicly buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Constant Troyon was a celebrated French painter of animal life. He was born in 1810 and died in 1865. As a youth he worked as a designer in a porcelain factory, but, like Landseer, when a child, he spent his spare time studying animals in the field, watching their movements when feeding and at rest, their manner of walking, the look in their large quiet eyes, the play of light on their silken coats. He loved to paint them in their setting as part of the landscape. *The Return to the Farm* is one of his most noted paintings. Troyon was particularly fond of painting oxen, and he liked to set them in a quiet, sober atmosphere. In this picture we see a group of farm animals returning home at evening when the sun is setting. The thick masses of trees, the shadowed ponds where the cattle drink, the dappled sides of the marching herd, present a spectacle familiar in countries where farm life is carried on, and a similar sight may be seen every day of the year in some of our own rural districts. The fidelity with which the familiar scene is pictured makes the greatness of this painting. The school of landscape painters to which Troyon belonged aimed, above everything, at truthful pictures of Nature.

SOME FAMOUS LANDSCAPES

RUSKIN charges us, in an eloquent passage, with indifference to the beauties of Nature, to the glories of the earth and sky by day and night, and to the beautiful and wonderful gallery of pictures painted for our contemplation and delight by the hand of the Master. The reproach is well deserved. It is only too true that most of us go through life coldly indifferent to the sublime truth that Nature moves on her path of order and on her mission of usefulness to the accompaniment of immortal beauty. The sun rises to shed light and heat upon the earth, and so to nourish all vegetable and animal life; but the very dawn of the day is a miracle of lavish glory, a surpassing revelation of lovely green and golden light, growing rosy until the whole east is aflame, and the sun springs over the trembling horizon. The long day is a march of gold and blue — the sunlight raining down on every earthly thing, the great dome of blue overhead at times rendered more exquisite from hour to hour by the changing shapes of snow-white clouds. And at the end of the day when the king of the sky goes down, he summons to the ceremony all his majesty and wealth of color. Day by day this miracle is wrought. The day which began in beauty and lived in beauty, ends in the greatest glory of all. The moon and stars and planets make night glorious with velvet dusk and lustrous silver, and in all ages the contemplation of those far-off worlds has inspired some of the deepest thoughts of poet and philosopher. Storm and cloud have



SHOEING THE BAY MARE, LANDSEER.

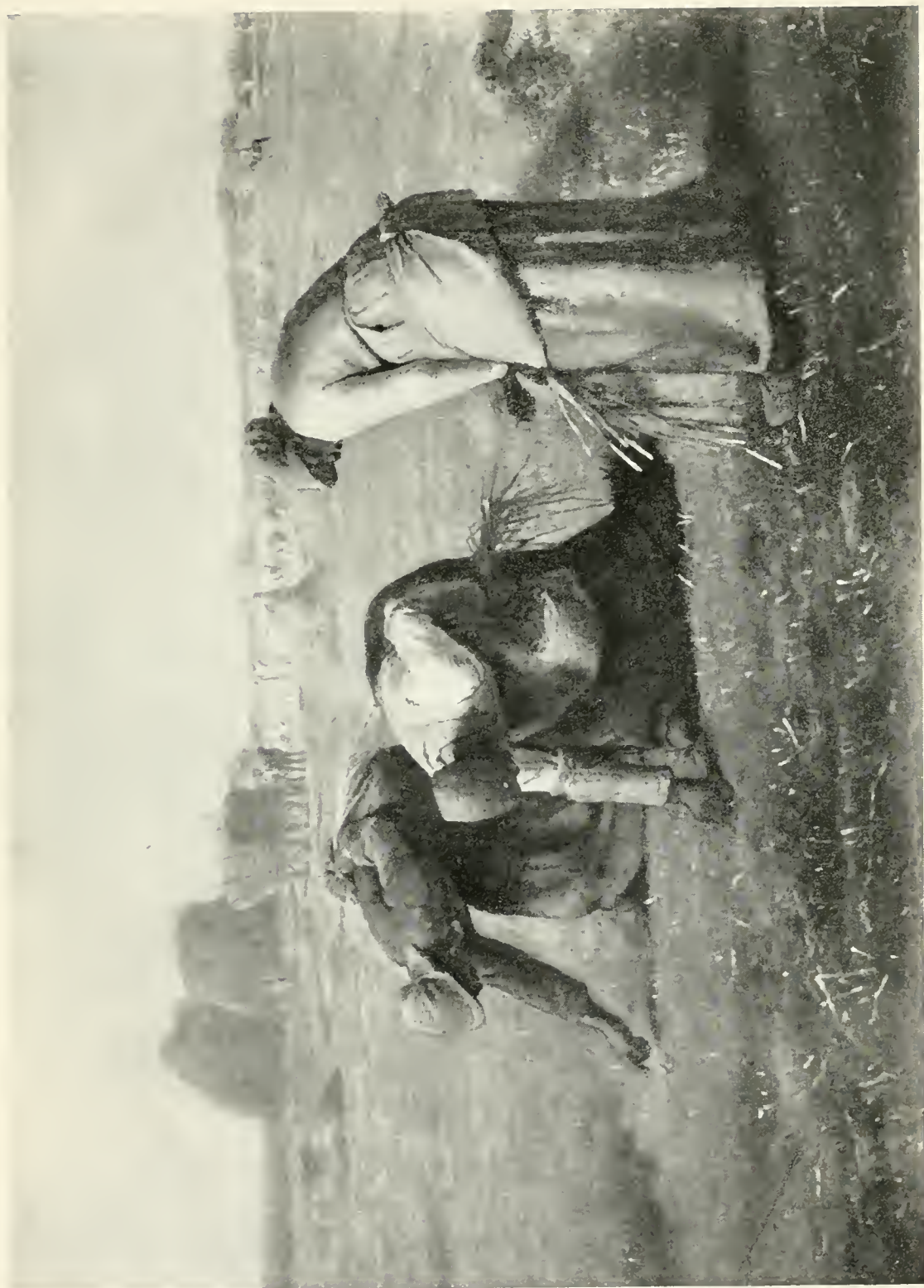
their own beauty, and beauty lives in the grasses, trees, and flowers about us ; while the broad and lovely ocean in its myriad moods charms us with its varied aspects of calmness or might. Such loveliness as this is our daily bread, not given sparingly, but lavished with a generosity beyond all measure, so that we have come to accept it as we do the air we breathe, and hardly lift our eyes in homage to glories indescribable by pen or pencil. But the soul of the landscape painter is impressed by these spectacles of nature in a measure denied to the ordinary observer, and by virtue of his genius he becomes their interpreter, and his art preserves for us lovely visions which otherwise might pass unnoticed. He helps us to understand Nature.

One of the greatest painters of peasants in landscape was Jean François Millet, who was born in France in the year 1814. The son of a peasant, he was reared among just such scenes of rural France as he afterwards loved to paint. His early years were spent on a farm, and here he tried to draw the homely scenes about him, moved by that mysterious genius which marked him out from his fellow peasant boys. Here and there it often happens that some member of a family, perhaps cradled under the humble roof of a poor laborer, is picked out for distinction, and thenceforth his mission is to accomplish some great work in the service of humanity and for the improvement of the world. So, instead of becoming a farm laborer, Millet became a great painter. Early in life he went to Paris and began serious study. Delighting as he did in scenes full of the utmost peace, he was forced on two occasions to flee from war, disturbed once by the Revolution of 1848, and moved on again, years after, by the guns of the Prussians. His work was not immediately successful, and when he returned from Paris to his native Normandy he supported

himself by painting signboards ; but on his second visit to Paris, after many disappointments, a measure of success came to him.

Millet knew his sphere and devoted himself to painting scenes of rustic life. It was his habit to walk the countryside, alone, or with some chosen friend, noting effects of light and color, shape and shadow. His pictures are not remarkable for brilliant coloring, but the treatment of light and atmosphere is very successful. This "Norman peasant," as he liked to call himself, never became wealthy, and sold for a modest sum pictures which afterwards grew enormously in value. The *Angelus* is one of his most famous pictures. It shows two peasants stopping their work in the field for a moment of prayer, in obedience to the sound of a bell from the church whose spire is seen in the distance. This picture was sold by Millet for about six hundred dollars. It changed hands a few years ago for over one hundred thousand dollars. The *Gleaners* is another famous painting by Millet, illustrating a phase of field life in France where poor peasants, after the harvesters have passed, search the stubble for the grain that has been missed. The scene is full of pathos, and when the picture was exhibited it provoked a stormy discussion upon the condition of the French peasantry. It was such scenes in the life of his own people that Millet best loved to depict. His habits were solitary, and visitors to the artist's bungalow at Barbison were few. His poverty and struggles did not sour him, but they left him indifferent to all but his family circle and the art he so passionately loved. He died in 1875, not knowing the full value his paintings were destined to assume in the estimation of the world.

Another great landscape painter of France was Jean Baptiste Corot, two of whose subjects, the pictures known



THE GLEANERS, MILLET.

as *Morning* or *The Dance of the Nymphs*, and *Sunset*, we reproduce. Corot, like Millet and other great painters, was a member of a poor family. His father was a hairdresser, like Turner's, and in early life he was apprenticed to a draper, but in his inmost heart he resolved to become an artist, and he found a way to accomplish his desires. His father was able to make him a small allowance in the beginning, but very shortly his own work made him independent. Landscapes were his favorite subjects, and he sought them assiduously in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau.

Corot had a severe fight for recognition at the outset, but in the end he won assured fame, and honors and wealth rained upon him; but, although he made much money, it is stated that he was lavish in his generosity and gave freely to less fortunate friends. He delighted in landscapes of a delicate and tender description. Harsh, grand, and rugged scenery did not appeal to him. He preferred to paint the willow rather than the oak, the misty morning and the shadowed evening in preference to the strong noon-tide glare. A light haze is generally present in his pictures, which so softens the landscapes that they have been called "painted music." In the picture of *Morning*, we are shown an open space on the border of a wood, with the sun dispelling the morning mists and a band of nymphs gleefully dancing over the grass. The soft lights and shadows, which were Corot's delight, are very perceptible in this picture. The same characteristics appear in the companion picture *Sunset* — the same light of misty silver and softly-moulded foliage. Corot dearly loved these landscapes. "After one of my excursions," he said, "I invite Nature to come and spend a few days with me . . . pencil in hand I hear the birds singing, the trees rustling

in the wind; I see the running brooks and the streams charged with a thousand reflections of sky and earth—nay, the very sun rises and sets in my studio.” Corot was born in 1796 and died in 1875. He has been described as “the greatest poet and the tenderest soul of the nineteenth century.” He loved to paint in the open air, and the beauty of the scenes on which his eyes feasted through life was with him to the end. When he was dying he said, “Look how beautiful it is! I have never seen such lovely landscapes.” So, the artist’s beautiful life closed harmoniously in some lovely vision.

On the Banks of the River is a landscape by Henri Lerolle, a modern French painter. His favorite studies are wide landscapes with a few figures, and he is renowned for his effects of evening light. In this picture, with its wide river and naked trees, there is a sense of desolation, but the two women and the baby in the foreground give a touch of keen human interest to the scene.

Spring, by Anton Mauve, is another exquisitely simple landscape, showing a flock of sheep feeding their way homeward in a quiet evening. This artist is considered the most eminent Dutch painter of the last century. In modern landscape painting, particularly among the Dutch and French schools, truth to Nature is the main pursuit of the artists. There are no sensational effects, the color is low toned, and the lights subdued. In one of his poems, Longfellow tells us, “That is best which lieth nearest.” The philosophy embodied in this line would appear to be the guiding principle of these modern French and Dutch artists.

A Dutch painter of the seventeenth century was Meyndert Hobbema, who painted The Avenue, Middelharnis. He also was a painter of quiet woodland scenes, shadowed



ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER, LEROLLE.

pools of water, and romantic streams with their quaint old-world mills. In the picture reproduced we are struck by the long vista of the Avenue and the strong light from the sky. Hobbema was fond of bright sunny coloring, but his pictures, which now bring up to twenty thousand dollars each, were not valued by his contemporaries. English critics were first to recognize their excellence, and in consequence the best now belong to British collections. Poor Hobbema was one of that large group of unhappy geniuses who obtain no honor in their own generation, but whose efforts are warmly appreciated after death. Neglected, if not actually despised, it is sad to read that the disappointed artist died in abject poverty, at Amsterdam, in 1709, at the age of thirty-one.

THE CORNFIELD

THE painter of *The Cornfield*, John Constable, was the founder of the modern style of English landscape painting. He was born in Suffolk, in 1776, and was the son of a miller. For a time he worked in the mill himself, but destiny had marked him out, not to grind corn, but to depict, with magical skill, the fields in which the corn of England grew, with many another scene of rural life. He cared little for book-learning, but his predisposition towards painting was early manifest. A local amateur gave him his first lessons, and, subsequently, at the age of twenty-four, he became a student at the Royal Academy. His first efforts were portraits and historical subjects, but he soon tired of models and of the imagined pageants of history. Nature was calling him back to the fields of his boyhood, and he definitely took up landscape painting as his special province. But from the critics of his time he received very little encouragement. "The Londoners," he wrote, "with all their ingenuity as artists, know nothing of the feelings of a country life, the essence of landscape." Nevertheless, Constable painted on, calmly confident that his works would meet with the approval of posterity. Although he was long misunderstood in England, his genius was enthusiastically recognized in France, where his influence founded a school of landscape painting. His treatment of light and air was new and strange to the critics of his own time. He loved to paint England as a green England, steeped in dew and mists and rain, the



THE CORNFIELD, CONSTABLE.

fields and trees in summer time with the full splendor of noontide light raining down upon them. "He was a genuine painter of English cultivated scenery, of cornfields, and of farmsteads, and of the haunts of rustic humanity. His scenes teem with human associations. He paints canals, barges, windmills, locks. . . . He has told us how he loved the sound of water escaping from mill-dams; willows; old moss-covered planks and brickwork; slimy posts—how with him painting was but another name for feeling." The Cornfield is one of his most characteristic works, both as to subject and treatment. It represents a field of ripe corn between two groups of trees, and, in the distance, a village church towering over the clustering cottages of the peasants, all under a sky of silver clouds. It is such a simple scene as met his gaze thousands of times about his old Suffolk home, but, to the eye of the painter, its familiarity could not obscure its loveliness. It is the mission of the painter and of the poet to perceive and interpret the beauty which resides in such familiar scenes, as Constable has done in *The Cornfield*, and as Goldsmith did for us in his pathetic poem on "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." Constable's life was just as serene as one of his own green and pleasant landscapes. He was happy in his domestic circle, his circumstances were fairly affluent, and he passed his days in the study and interpretation of Nature, in the exercise of an art which he loved, and of which he was a supreme master. He died rather suddenly in 1837. After his death a number of admirers purchased his great picture, *The Cornfield*, and presented it to the nation. It hangs in the National Gallery, London.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, born 1775, died 1851, was the son of a London barber. He, too, might have been a barber, but, "Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine;" born to the purple of genius, Turner became the prince of English landscape painters.

This is one of the great water pieces for which Turner is renowned. The subject, apart from its treatment, strangely stirs the blood of all who inherit the traditions of the British race. The Fighting Téméraire, captured from the French at the battle of the Nile, was next to Nelson's ship, The Victory, in the line of battle at Trafalgar. When the Admiral's ship drew the enemy's fire, the Téméraire endeavored to pass the flagship so as to receive the attack herself, but was peremptorily ordered back by Lord Nelson. In order to check her speed in obedience to this command, the Téméraire was forced to sacrifice some of her sailing gear, and as she fell back into her place the enemy fired into her broad bows, the Téméraire receiving the assault without response; but a glorious revenge awaited the gallant ship and her patient and heroic crew. When the fight was over she rolled on those historic waters with a captive French 74-gun ship on either side, her trophies in the famed sea fight of that triumphant day.

The picture shows the old warship, in a lovely sunset, on her way to her last anchorage, condemned as unsea-

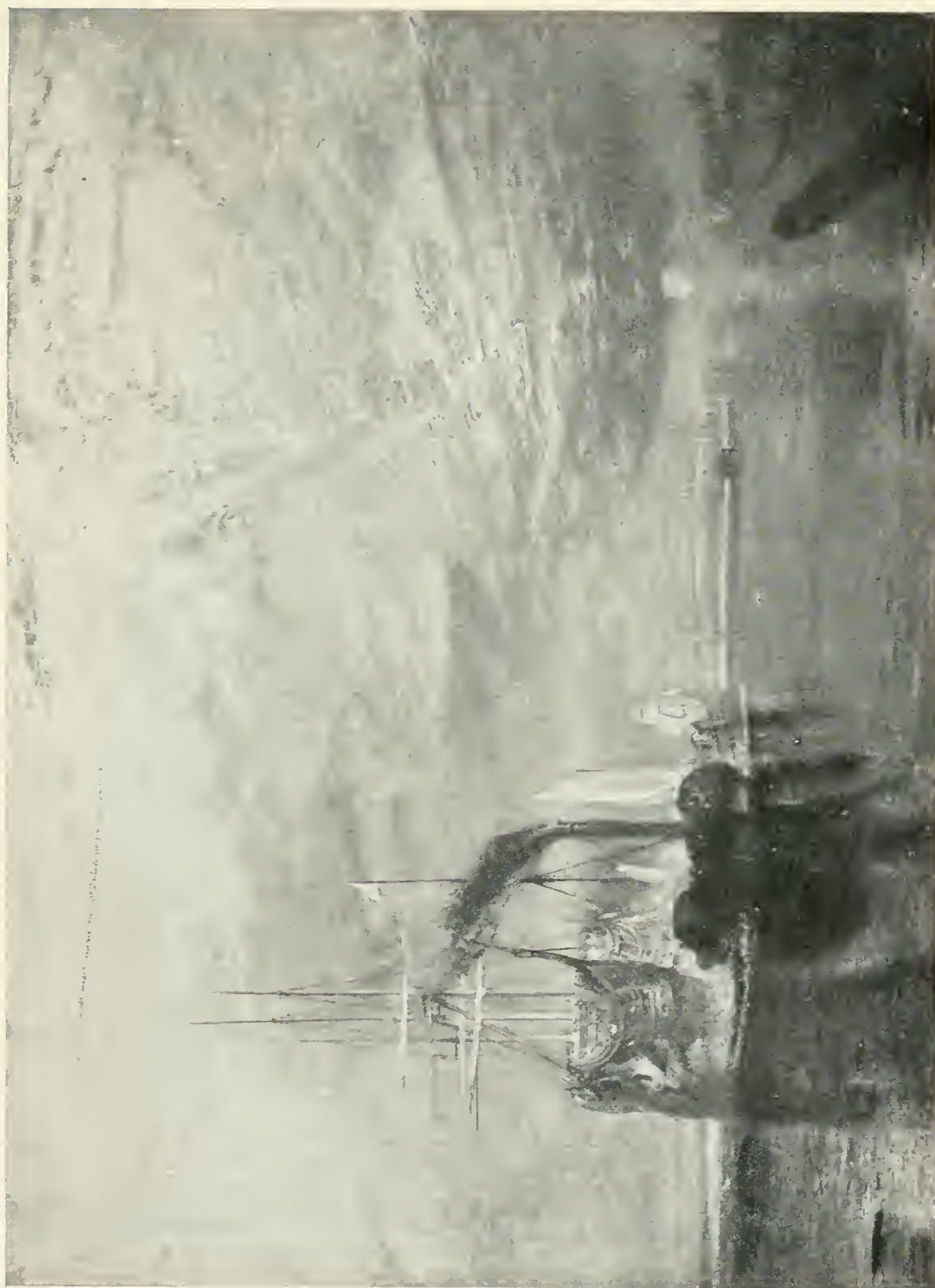
worthy by the navy surveyors, but resplendent with traditions of deathless glory. The significance of the sea and its ships was not lost upon Turner, to whose genius and patriotism this battered old sea warden of the English irresistibly appealed.

Describing this picture, Ruskin writes : —

“ Of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin ; but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. . . . And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory — prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death — surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle — that broad bow that struck the surf aside . . . those triple ports whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England — those sides that were wet with the long runlets of English life-blood, like press planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam — those pale masts that stayed themselves against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped . . . Surely for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts — some quiet space amidst the lapse of English waters. . . . Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, when the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveler may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green

on its rugged wood ; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night dew lies deep in the warrents of the wood of the old *Téméraire*."

We, of another generation, can read additional meaning into this great picture. It is not merely the end of a famous warship, but it typifies the passing of the greatest sea epoch that the world has witnessed — the age of the ship of oak. Evelyn records that the somewhat worthless reign of the second Charles was marked by one worthy incident. The dwindling of the English oak created alarm, and a widespread replantation of oaks was carried out in England ; and it is stated that the oaks so planted in that frivolous age provided the wood for Nelson's fighting ships, like the *Victory*, and other historic men-of-war. The need for such national prescience no longer exists. The machine of iron has superseded the ship of oak. This is true of ships of trade as well as ships of war. Here and there in some quiet harbor nook the old wooden ship dozes to decay. Once the breezes blew and the birds sang in the trees from which their masts were fashioned in the odorous forests of Norway or Oregon, and their planks were English oak ; but the worm bores and the barnacle clings where the bee buzzed and the robin nested ; and we wonder whether the old trader has any memory of the clamor of the gale, or the buffet of the great green sea with its curling crest of foam, of night and loneliness, rushing down "the roaring forties," or whipped by the icy winds of the Horn ; or whether the decaying hulk of the wooden warship recalls the fiercer wind of shot and shell that thrilled through the fibres of the riven timbers of fighting ships like the old *Téméraire*.



FIGHTING TEMERAIRE, TURNER.

PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

THIS portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted from life in the year 1830, by Sir John Watson Gordon, R. A., hangs in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771 and died at Abbotsford in 1832. The portrait was, consequently, painted two years before his death. It shows clearly the prominent physical characteristics of the great novelist, the long upper lip and the large mouth, the massive and heavy face, and the towering, nearly conical forehead, which was Scott's special feature. It was in this curiously shaped casket that the jewels of Scott's fancy were fashioned, those martial, wild lays of Scottish battle and romance, and the series of immortal novels which have held the world under a spell since they were published.

Sir Walter Scott was one of twelve children, none of the others being remarkable for mental power. It was intended that he should adopt the legal profession, and, in his youth, he was apprenticed to the law. In his studies he astonished his companions by his prodigious memory and powers of sustained industry. Although his favorite reading was military history, mediæval legend, border songs and romance, he, nevertheless, became a sound lawyer. It is natural to find that this painter of heroic character was himself a lover of adventure, and was keenly devoted to athletic sports. From law he passed rapidly to literature. Descended from an old Border family, he first tried his hand on ballads concerning border life, and then

swung into the long narrative poems of Scottish history and legend, like "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion." But he found the true field of his genius in the historical romance — a form of fiction which he created. He was forty-three years of age when "Waverley," his first novel, was published. It immediately attracted great attention. Thenceforth his mental activity was prodigious, and he created in rapid succession the most fascinating historical romances in the literature of any language. During his life it is estimated that from his literary work he received the sum of one hundred and forty thousand pounds. He had the natural ambition to found a great family, and he built the splendid mansion known as Abbotsford, and, in the hope of making a large fortune rapidly, joined a firm of publishers. This enterprise ended in disaster, and the firm failed for one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds. Scott, who was a man of great pride, determined to clear off this immense debt himself, although his partners were equally liable, and in the course of a few years with the help of his tireless pen did actually discharge half the liability. After his death the sale of the copyright of his works cleared off the remainder. "If I live and retain my health," said he, after the crash, "no man shall lose a penny by me."

His great literary labors overstrained his mental power, and so Sir Walter broke down. He was ordered away to summer lands, and the British government generously placed a warship at his disposal, in which he voyaged to the Mediterranean. But the end was at hand. He returned to Abbotsford to die, at the age of sixty-one. His genius filled the world with magic. "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Quentin Durward," "The Talisman," and his other books form a part, not merely of the recreation, but



RETURN TO THE FARM, TROYON.

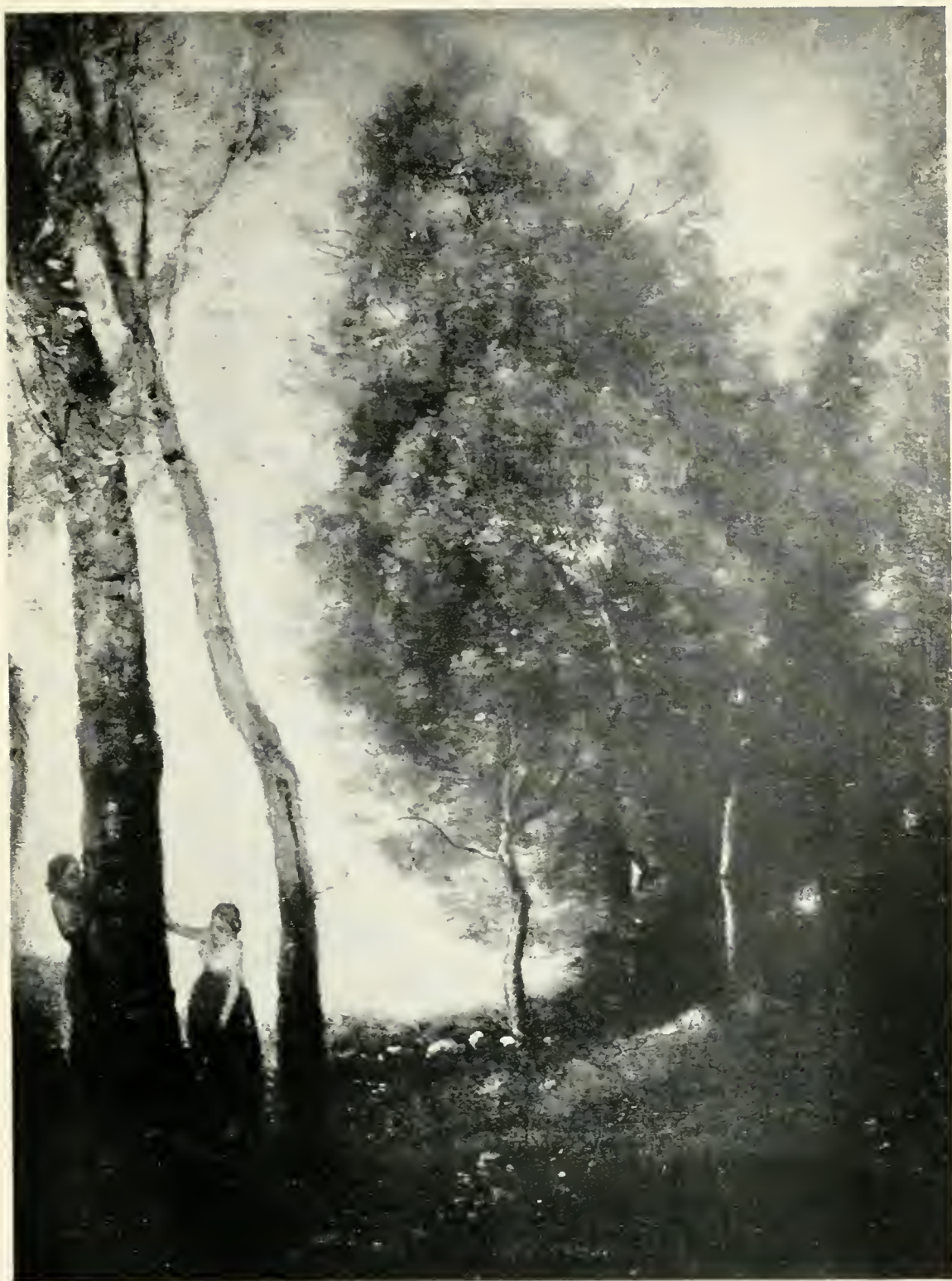
For description see page 121.

also of the education of the English-speaking people. He was the greatest literary artist in the making of historical pictures since Shakespeare, and he taught the historian to make the dry bones of the past live again, and to recall with all their color and life and light the personages and pageants of ages long gone by. It has been claimed that Macaulay derived his picturesque method of writing history from a study of Scott; and many less notable lights of literature lit their torches at the same fire, both historians, and the writers of those historical novels which, to-day, overflow the literary markets.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS

ALEXANDER NASMYTH'S painting of Robert Burns is considered the best existing portrait of the great Scottish poet, but, according to Sir Walter Scott, the various portraits of Burns unduly refine a face which, in the original, was somewhat coarse. This may readily be admitted, since it has always been the practice of portrait painters to idealize their subjects, and to pass over without emphasis characteristics which are disagreeable, sometimes to please their sitters, sometimes to please themselves. It is particularly the function of the court painter to idealize his illustrious subjects. Elizabeth of England in her youth may have been handsome, but could scarcely have been as beautiful as that portrait of her which Raleigh carried with him to South America, at sight of which the king of the Golden City, the mythical El Dorado, is stated to have swooned in admiration. Such, at least, was the winning story told by the courtly Raleigh to the delighted queen, on his return from the Orinoco. But Nasmyth could have had no such reason for idealizing Burns; and, if he did so, it must have been due to an artistic perception, which enabled him to see in the face of the poet a refinement hidden from the ordinary observer.

This portrait shows a bright and eminently masculine face, and those who love the poetry of Burns must feel a debt of gratitude to the artist who has handed down to posterity the features of the great singer. Concerning Robert Burns much has been written; for every page he



SUNSET, COROT.

For description see page 125.

wrote, volumes have been written about him, and this fact bears emphatic witness to the great position he holds in literature, showing how he has impressed humanity as singer and teacher. Of his life there is not much to be told. It is included among the "short and simple annals of the poor," to use the poet Gray's affecting phrase. He was born in Ayrshire, in 1759, and died in 1796. His father was a nursery gardener and farmer, always extremely poor. Robert worked on the farm, learned surveying, worked at flax dressing, became a gauger in the Excise Department, and, between times, read books and wrote verses. Disappointed in a love affair, he ventured to publish a small volume of poems, in the hope of obtaining sufficient money from the sale of the book to enable him to emigrate to Jamaica. Of his poetic abilities at that time he had no very exalted opinion himself. In his preface to his first volume he wrote : —

"To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toils and fatigues of a laborious life ; to transcribe the various feelings — the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears — in his own breast ; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetic mind — these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he has found Poetry to be its own reward. . . . To the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor, unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the remotest pretensions."

This is written like a true poet, but it shows that Burns vastly underrated himself. He is the greatest English lyric poet, because he took human nature for his theme, and sang its pain and passion in words of fire. The cente-

nary of his birth, and also of his death, was celebrated in many countries with great enthusiasm, and a quite recent testimony to the place he occupies in the hearts of his countrymen are the noble statues erected to his memory in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Bendigo — cities in a land a world's width away from that misty and rugged northern country which Burns has made melodious forever. His place in literature has been fixed high among the teachers of the world by his great fellow Scot, Thomas Carlyle. Proud as Scotland is of her gifted and unfortunate son, he does not belong to Scotland only. He belongs to the world, or rather, his world is the heart of man, under whatever sky it beats. In the words of Emerson: "The memory of Burns — every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and solace of mankind."

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON

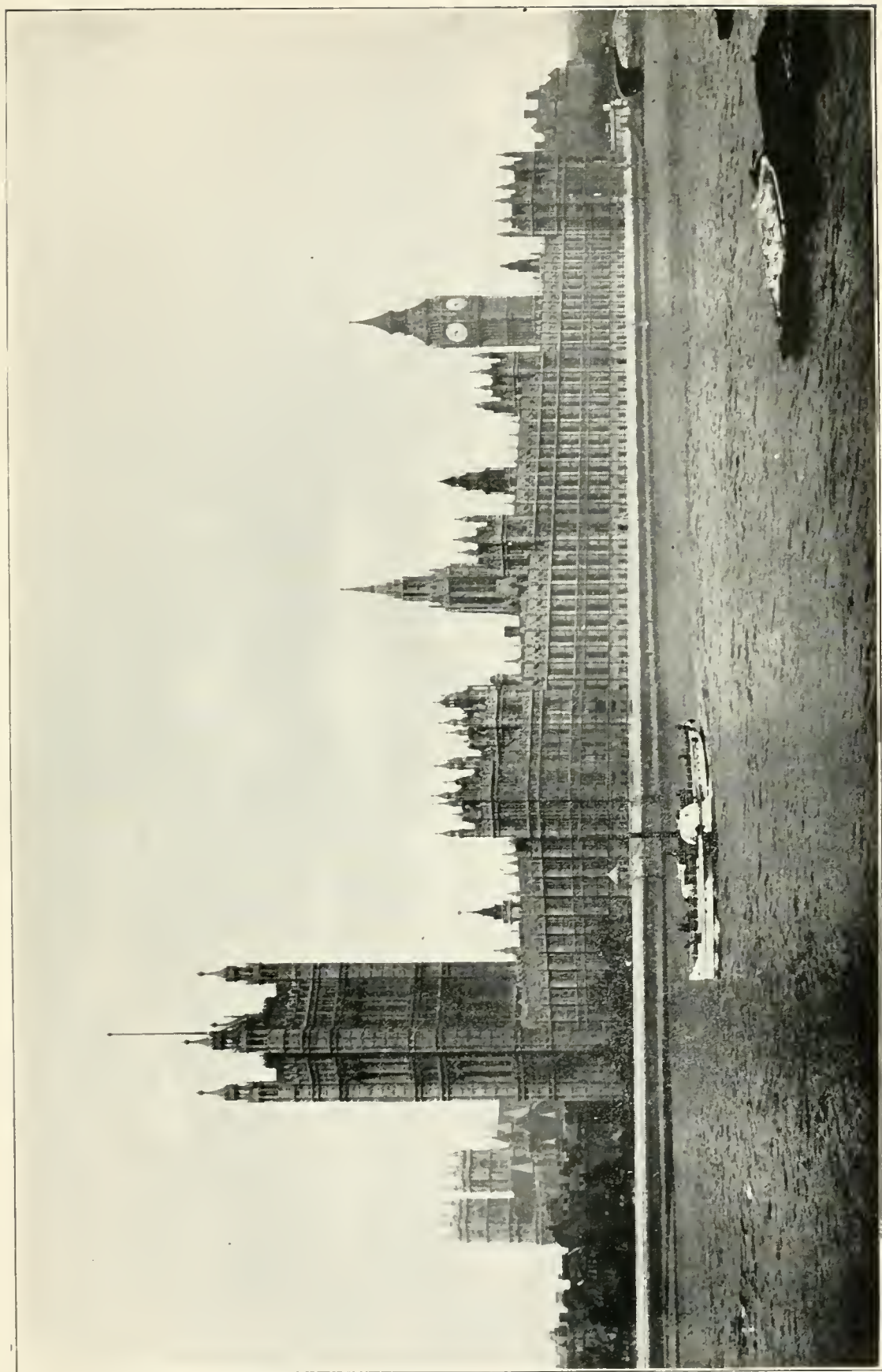
IN this magnificent pile of buildings, on the banks of the historic river Thames, is transacted the business of the Parliament of Great Britain. It is not the building in which the great events concerning English parliaments and kings, set down in the history of England, took place. It occupies, however, the identical site at Westminster — a hallowed place in English thoughts. In very early times there was a monastery at Westminster as well as a royal palace. Even before the days of Edward the Confessor we find it described as “the seat of kings.” Edward reconstructed the ecclesiastical buildings and, according to various authorities, erected the palace there. William the Conqueror made it the place of his kingly administration, and it was the seat of government in England from very remote times. Subsequent monarchs made it the meeting place of national councils of the great men of the realm, and various important ecclesiastical synods were held therein, before the parliamentary history of England properly began.

The place where kings held their court, and so many events of national moment occurred, was a building of great splendor, adorned with much magnificence, and representing, without consideration of cost, the highest achievements of successive generations of sculptors, painters, and goldsmiths. The early parliaments, called by royal warrant, made the Great Hall their place of deliberation. It saw many marvelous pictures in the history of England. It

was in this hall that King Charles the First was tried by the High Court of Justice and condemned to death as “a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy.” It was here Cromwell violently dissolved the Long Parliament with an armed force, and here the seven years’ trial of Warren Hastings took place. He was impeached by the House of Commons for “high crimes and misdemeanors,” and the prosecution was distinguished by the splendid speeches delivered by Burke and Sheridan, under circumstances described by Lord Macaulay in passages of magnificent power and picturesqueness.

On the night of October 16th, in the year 1834, the Houses of Parliament took fire, and all London turned out to witness the splendid but costly conflagration of the historic pile, consecrated by so much that England held in honor and reverence. Among the spectators was one Charles Barry, the architect, who was afterwards charged with the construction of the new Houses of Parliament. Barry’s design was selected from among 97 sets sent in by competing architects, and in 1840 the work of construction was begun. The terms laid down for the competition specified that the style of architecture was to be either Elizabethan or Gothic. Barry chose Gothic; and although Gothic architecture is unsuited for civic buildings, succeeded in presenting the nation with a noble monument, of which it has been written:—

“The Palace of Westminster stands alone and matchless in Europe among the architectural monuments of this busy age. From the border of the Thames, from St. James’ Park or Waterloo Place, from Piccadilly or the bridge across the Serpentine, the spectacle of that great square tower, of the central needle, stamps the whole buildings as the massive conception of a master mind.”



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

In his "History of Architecture," Fergusson, not a very friendly critic of Barry's methods, sums up, that "it is perhaps the most successful attempt to apply mediæval architecture to modern civic purposes which has yet been carried out." Still another authority declares that, "It must be readily acknowledged that the architect had in his mind, and steadily carried out, the idea of combining the whole into one grand mass, and the variously designed steeples and towers, culminating in the one grand tower at the royal entrance, form the whole into one of the grandest buildings of the age."

The dimensions of the building are colossal. It covers about eight acres of ground. The river front, that shown in the illustration, is 940 feet long, and the greatest width is 340 feet, excluding Westminster Hall. The Victoria Tower is 325 feet high to the top of the pinnacles, the clock tower is 314 feet high, and the central octagon tower, 266 feet. The rooms number more than one thousand, with residences for various parliamentary officers, including the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Librarians of the Lords and Commons, a total population of about two hundred persons.

It was not completed until the year 1852, and the difficulties which beset the architect, Sir Charles Barry, were many and very formidable. He has been severely criticised for destroying the remains of the old chapel of the Edwards, but he claimed that this act was unavoidable. The Great Hall, however, which the fire had spared, was happily embodied in his design, and now forms one of the chief features of the present Palace of Westminster. It must ever remain an object of keenest interest; for within its august space has been enacted all that was most ceremonial, courtly, and impressive in the stirring chronicles of the English people.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHEN John Keats died, in a youth full of splendid promise, Shelley was moved to write his "Adonais," that beautiful elegiac poem in which the poet surmises that, among the silver stars, there is an abiding-place for those who are described in a stately phrase as "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." If, on this earth, there is a place set apart for the inheritors of fulfilled renown, it is surely Westminster Abbey; for it is the last resting-place of many of those who for many centuries have been most loved and honored in English history. The great Napoleon taunted the English with being a nation of shopkeepers, but the yeomanry gathered from her farms and fields humbled his haughty crest at Waterloo. Since the Emperor uttered his scornful gibe the taunt has been repeated many times, not by foreigners only, but by Englishmen themselves. We are frequently told that the British race is becoming more and more addicted to the pursuit of material wealth, and that trade and commerce are too extensively followed. The last of the great poets of England, Alfred Tennyson, writing seventy years ago, complained in a bitter line that

"Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

An examination into the truth of such aspersions is by no means the province of this article, but it may be well to point out that much of the imperial greatness of England is due to the business genius of Englishmen. But for her traders the area over which the English flag flies



DANCE OF THE NYMPHS, COROT.

For description see page 125.

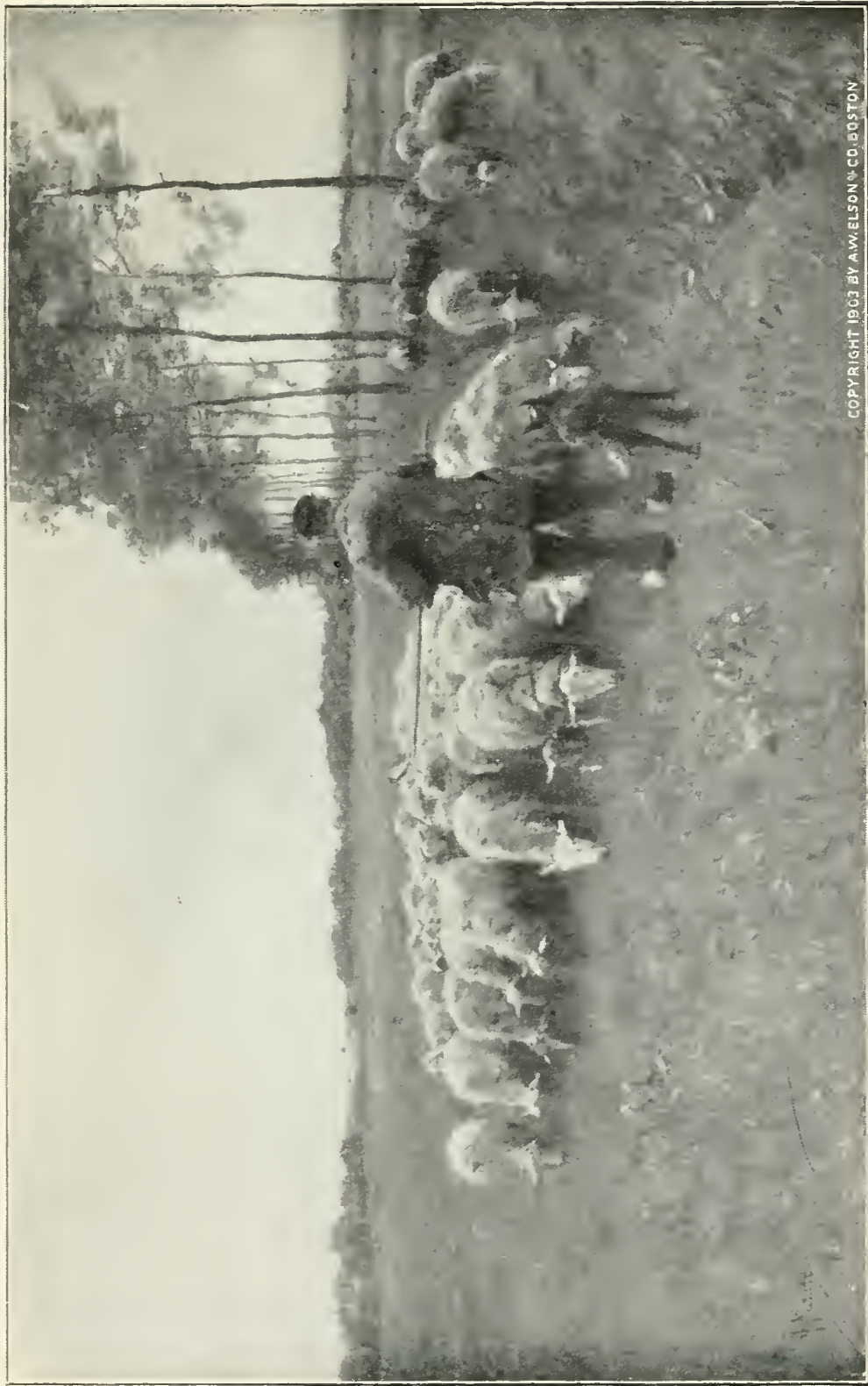
to-day would be a much more shrunken territory ; and so the genius for trading must not be despised, for it is one of the chief factors of national greatness. The world still appreciates high ideals, while noble deeds and great spirits have lost none of their power to interest, captivate, and even enthrall the world ; and some doors yet remain which do not open to "golden keys." One of these is the door of Westminster Abbey. There no trader comes because of his successful trading alone. To obtain the honor of sepulchre within the Abbey, it is not enough for a man to amass a million of money in coal and iron, or fly his house-flag over a fleet of trading ships. Burial in the Abbey is reserved for the poets, philanthropists, scientists, statesmen, philosophers, warriors, and kings and queens of England. Not all of those buried in the Abbey are now held in honor or in popular remembrance ; some private persons, and some who were actually unworthy, obtained a place in the historic pile ; but of most of those buried there it can undoubtedly be said that in their own days they commanded popular or national esteem, or, at least, held high position. Ideals of conduct change, and have changed, and the verdict of history upon the character of great men frequently reverses the judgment of the time in which such men lived ; and, doubtless, among those interred in the Abbey there are some unworthy, some despised, some forgotten ; but, on the whole, the graves and monuments there hold and commemorate the men and women who helped to make England, and who shine out most conspicuously in her splendid story. A place in the Abbey may be regarded as a national reward for national service ; and so, among all the historic buildings of England, there is none in which Englishmen take so great a pride as in that great Abbey, cobwebbed with the traditions

of a thousand years of stirring and splendid national life.

The beginnings of Westminster Abbey are lost in mist. It is claimed by some chroniclers that, like Notre Dame, it occupies the site of a heathen temple, but Dean Stanley doubts the story of this old temple of Apollo. It is, however, fairly well authenticated that on Thorney Isle, in the Thames, on a site now covered by the Abbey, a church was erected about the year 616. Near this spot, some centuries after, Edward the Confessor had a royal palace; and this king chose Thorney Isle as the site of a church erected in honor of St. Peter, because, as a chronicler of Edward's time wrote, it was "near unto the famous and wealthy city of London, and also had a pleasant situation among fruitful fields lying round about it, with the principal river running hard by, bringing in from all parts of the world great variety of wares and merchandise of all sorts to the city adjoining."

The Confessor built his church in the latter half of the eleventh century, and as it was erected in honor of the chief apostle, it was known as "The Collegiate Church of St. Peter;" and this is still the official designation of Westminster Abbey. Much water has flowed down the Thames since Edward's time, and many things have changed. The church is no longer "hard by" London, but in its very heart. The "fruitful fields" are covered with the dwelling-places of London's millions; but the principal river still runs on, bringing in from all parts of the world great variety of wares and merchandise of all sorts to the city adjoining, although the Confessor has been dust for nearly a thousand years.

In the latter half of the thirteenth century the church was reconstructed by Henry III; other kings continued the



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SPRING, MAUVE.

For description see page 126.

work, but the nave was not completed until far into the fifteenth century. Henry VIII added the beautiful chapel of Henry VII; the two west towers were erected in the years 1722 and 1740, and restorations have been made, as occasion demanded, down to 1890. The Abbey was fortunate because it enjoyed the special protection of the kings of England, and was heavily endowed; funds were thus always available for its preservation. The Abbey is universally recognized as one of the most imposing structures of early English ecclesiastical architecture; and its dimensions are impressive, the length 423 feet, the width nearly 72 feet across the nave and aisles, and, across the transept, 203 feet. The nave, 101 feet high, is the loftiest in England, and the towers rise 225 feet. The interior is thronged with monuments, and however much these may interfere with a full revelation to the eye of the beautiful architectural detail, the finely cut stones and painted windows, the tombs and monuments of Westminster Abbey are, after all, its chief attraction — its associations are more priceless than its architecture.

The chapel of Henry VII is one of the chief glories of the Abbey, and its beauty captivated Washington Irving, who expressed himself “astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrustated with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.”

It is impossible to enter into any detail concerning the monuments in the Abbey. These may be found described

very fully in Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey." Since William the Conqueror, the kings of England have been crowned in the antique coronation chair, under which may be seen the Coronation Stone, said to have been used by Jacob as a pillow, and in after years, according to some old chronicles, brought successively to Spain, Ireland, and Scotland. There it rested in the Abbey of Scone, whence Edward I carried it to Westminster, where it has since remained — an object of the highest interest to those attracted by the traditions of kingship. As the monarchs of England began their sovereign career in the Abbey, there, likewise, that career ended, so to speak, under its slabs of stone. Concerning the part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings, Washington Irving writes: "I wandered among what were once chapels, but which are now occupied with the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name ; or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies ; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion ; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together ; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle ; prelates with crosiers and mitres ; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone."

The same writer goes on to say: "There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect



THE AVENUE, MIDDELHARNIS, HOBBEA.

For description see page 126.

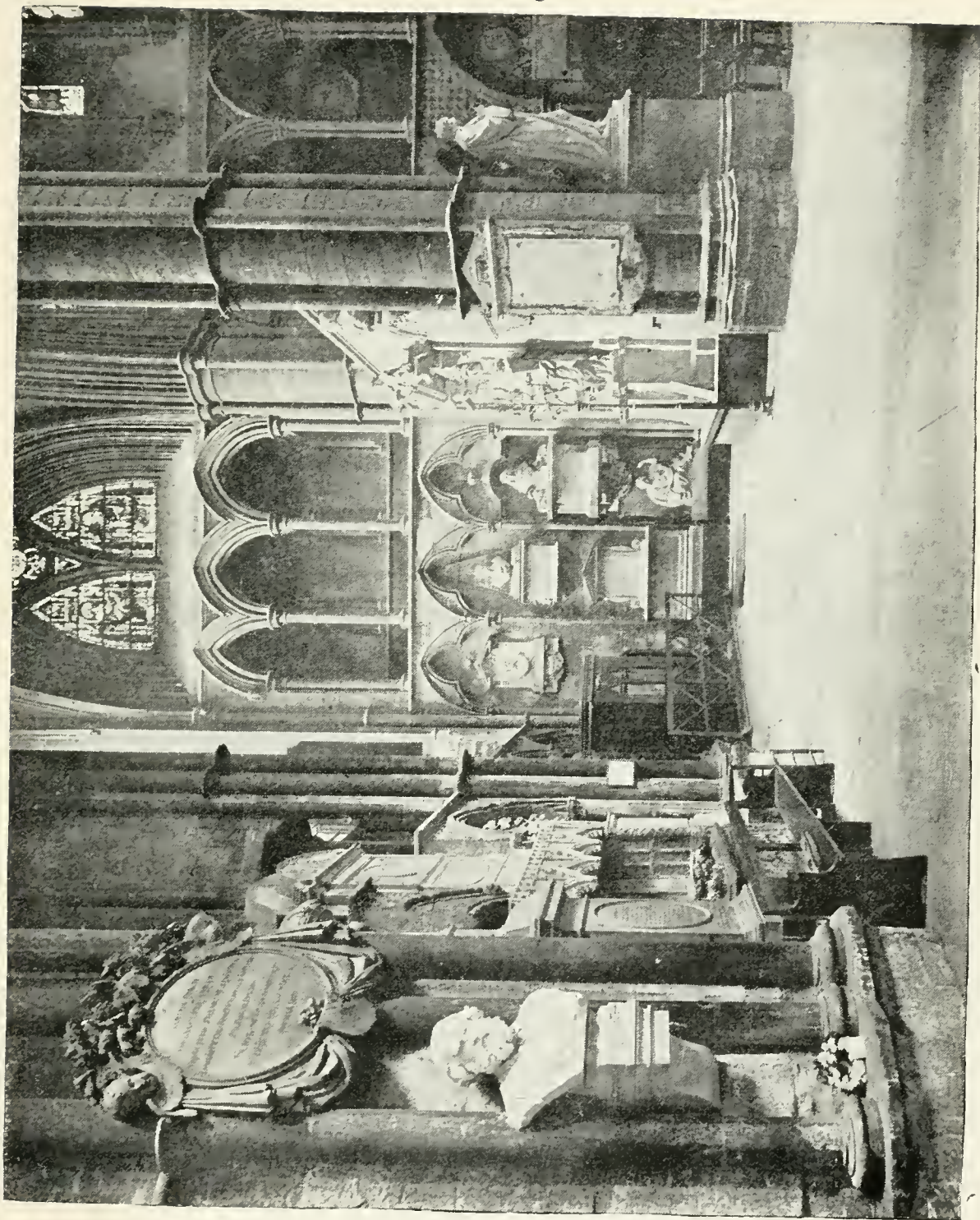
infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms of a noble house that ‘all the brothers were brave and all the sisters virtuous.’ ”

So long is the period covered by the life of the Abbey, and so intimately were the personages buried therein connected with the fortunes of their country, that the solemn minster and its monuments may be described as the history of England told in stone. Discussing its intimate connection with the national life of the English people, Stanley, its historian and Dean, writes: “In this respect Westminster Abbey stands alone amongst the buildings of the world. There are, it may be, some which surpass it in beauty or grandeur; there are others certainly which surpass it in depth and sublimity of association; but there is none which has been entwined by so many continuous threads with the history of a whole nation.”

From the crowded centres of interest in the Abbey we have selected one detail — The Poets’ Corner, sacred to the singers of the English language, from Geoffrey Chaucer downwards. The illustration shows a bust of the poet Longfellow. It was very natural that this particular spot should have greatly attracted Washington Irving. “I passed some time,” he writes, “in Poets’ Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes

for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories ; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions ; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure ; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself ; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyment, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown ; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory ; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language."

In the Poets' Corner Addison and Macaulay are buried — two men who greatly revered the Abbey, and profoundly understood the national significance and the incomparable sentiment of the place, so finely described by Macaulay as "that Temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried." Addison's statue stands in Poets' Corner ; Macaulay lies at its feet. In the "Spectator" Addison has told us, "When I am in a



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey ; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead."

Addison's method of "amusing" himself did not apparently result in very pronounced cheerfulness ; for he proceeds: "When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little factions, competitions, and debates of mankind." The same sober if not melancholy mood was induced in Washington Irving by the contemplation of the Abbey memorials ; but this mood is not unusual when the literary temperament is brought under the influence of such surroundings. The Abbey is, however, well equipped to inspire quite other moods : —

"Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge
to Time and to Fate"

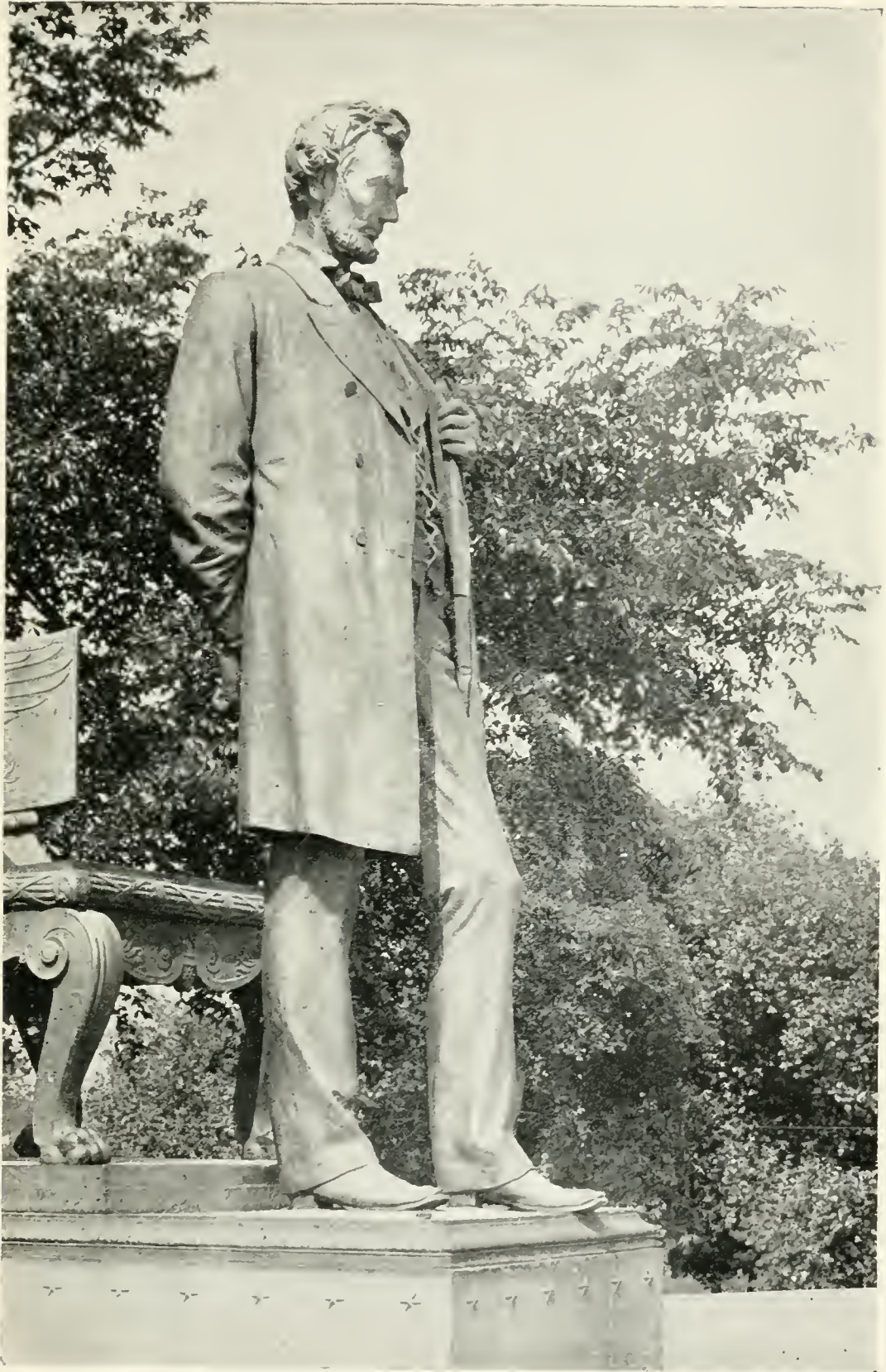
is a constant presence in the old church ; and the prospect of a place therein is, perhaps, answerable amongst Englishmen for much glittering, gallant, and splendid work of mind and hand. And so long as Westminster Abbey stands, it will remain, not merely a magnificent memorial to the illustrious dead, but a matchless inspiration to the living to so shape their conduct in life as to merit the reward of their country's esteem, even though in the end that reward itself may be denied them.

STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE statue of Abraham Lincoln, the work of Augustus St. Gaudens, a modern American sculptor, stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. When we observe the ungraceful modern dress, we can perceive the difficulty under which the modern sculptor labors compared with the Greek. Lincoln himself was not a graceful figure. He was a very tall man, six feet four inches in height, and raw-boned, — a typical backwoodsman. In spite of these drawbacks, this portrait statue of Lincoln has a great deal of simple, if rugged dignity, such as belonged to the man himself.

Now, after the lapse of more than a generation, Lincoln appears to be taking his place as the greatest of the American Presidents. After devoting his talents to the study and practice of law, he entered politics, and Destiny called him to the presidential chair at a time when the fate of the American Union was to be put to the test. When he took office the great controversy between the North and the South concerning the question of slavery took place — a controversy which was to end in one of the fiercest wars known to history — a war all the more lamentable and vicious because it was a fratricidal struggle between people of the same tongue and the same race. The history of this war must be read elsewhere.

But Lincoln did much to save the country. In his statue he looks as, perhaps, he appeared on the battlefield of Gettysburg when he delivered his famous oration — a speech which easily takes its place among the oratorical



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

masterpieces of all time. The occasion was the dedication of the cemetery in which the soldiers who fell at Gettysburg were buried : —

“Fourscore and seven years ago,” said Lincoln, “our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the great battlefield of that war, we have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember, what we say here, but it cannot ever forget what they did here. It is for us the living rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus so far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us ; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

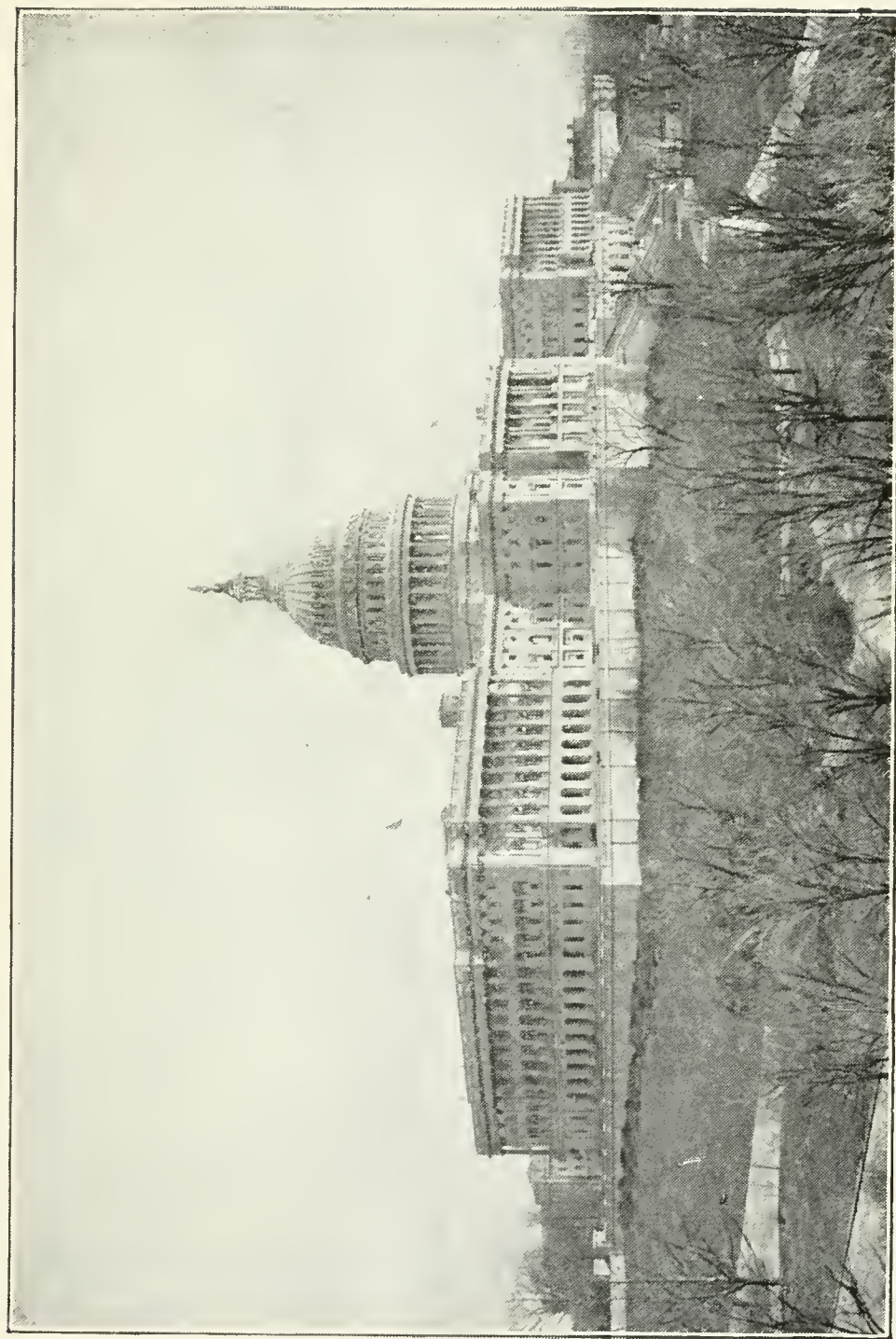
When his work was accomplished it was his fate, like so many other rulers of the people, to be struck down by an assassin. When he died, Stanton, one of the group of statesmen gathered about his couch, remarked prophetically : “Now he belongs to the ages.”

THE CAPITOL

THE Capitol at Washington is the great building in which the political affairs of the American Republic are transacted, and is the chief glory of "The City of Magnificent Distances." It stretches along a hill for seven hundred and fifty-one feet; the dome is two hundred and eighty-eight feet high; the wings are of white marble; the centre building is of sandstone. The style of architecture is regularly classic, and the Capitol is one of the most impressive buildings of modern times.

The Senate and House of Representatives each occupy a wing of the Capitol. The galleries connected with these rooms each seat about twelve hundred persons. Underneath the dome is the central rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter and eighty feet high, containing some elaborate frescoes and several valuable historical paintings by John Trumbull and other artists.

The corner-stone was laid by Washington September 18, 1793, and the north wing was ready for the first sitting of Congress November, 1800. The south wing was completed in 1808. The interior of both wings was burned by the British in 1814, and reconstruction was begun the following year. The foundation of the main building was laid in 1818, and the whole was completed in 1827. An extension was soon found to be necessary, and the corner-stone of the addition was laid July 4, 1851, by President Fillmore, an address being delivered by Daniel Webster. The addition was finished in 1867, and since then the building has undergone little change.



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

SIR GALAHAD

IN the life of every nation there is an epoch in which authentic history and legend are confused, a space through which giants, heroes, enchantresses wander, doing good or evil things according to their nature and, in any case, providing material for the imagination and the art of the poet, the artist, and the romancer.

Such an age was that of King Arthur. Through the rosy mist of romance we may see the heroic figure of the king and his knights of the Round Table going forth upon adventurous enterprises "in faery lands forlorn," riding to the aid of damsels in deepest distress, dealing sore blows in many a fiercely fought tournament, dashing down in irresistible strength upon "the heathen lords of the White Horse," or faring abroad through the mighty dark woods, or by the shores of lonely lakes in search of "the questing beast." To the knight who rode out in his bright armor it was an age when every cave had its dragon, every castle whose towers pierced the distant sky line had its ogre or magician.

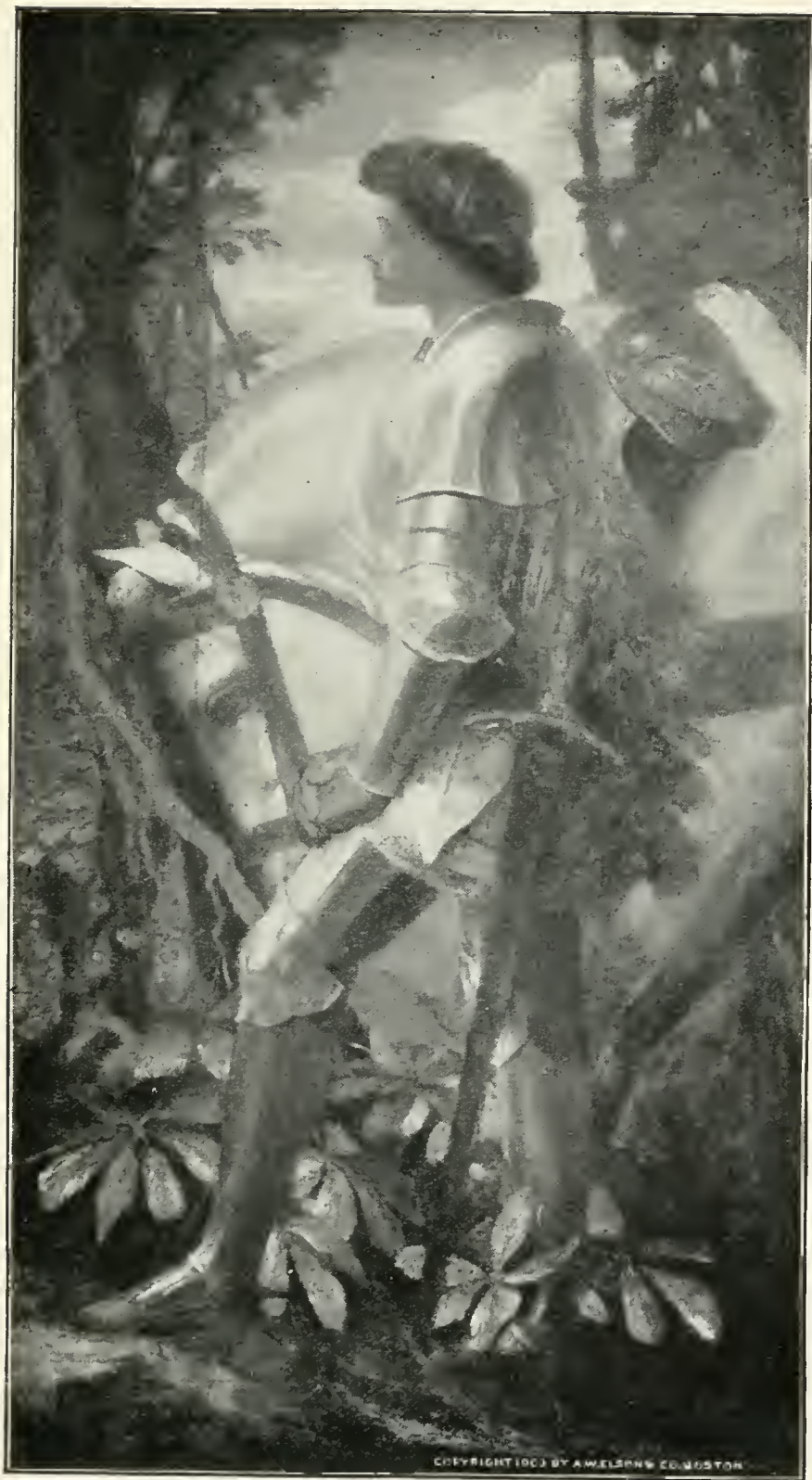
Even to the boy and girl of our day it seems difficult to realize that there was a time when grown men and women seriously believed in the marvels set down in the fascinating books of Sir Thomas Malory, who has preserved in literary form for all time the enchanting story of the loves and combats of King Arthur and his Knights; but even in our age of iron and electricity, this story casts a spell over us, because although the adventures were impossible, the knights and ladies engaged in them were real men and

women, with just the weakness and failings and strength of men and women to-day; and because, underlying the whole story, there is much spiritual beauty and religious enthusiasm. The age of chivalry was essentially a Christian age.

Among all the Knights of the Round Table the most poetic is Sir Galahad, the subject of this picture. The painter is George Frederick Watts, whose works are extremely popular in America as well as in England, where he was born in 1817, and died in 1904. Watts painted many beautiful portraits, but his fame rests mainly upon his pictures, which are highly poetic and generally allegoric. The artist was strongly attracted by the story of Sir Galahad, and the quest for the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail (San Grael), according to some legends, was the cup brought to Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathea, and said to have been used by our Saviour in dispensing the wine at the Last Supper. The Holy Grail appeared under mysterious circumstances to King Arthur and all the Knights of the Round Table, but suddenly disappeared. Thereupon the whole company of knights vowed they would go in search of the mystic vessel. Only three succeeded in the search, Sir Bors, Sir Percivale, and Sir Galahad. Of these knights, so privileged, only Sir Galahad touched it; but soon after he died and was borne up into heaven by angels.

Sir Galahad succeeded in his quest because he was the purest of the knights, unstained by any of the sins of which most of the Round Table brotherhood had their share. The artist attempts to depict this conception of Sir Galahad. Although clad in the customary armor of chivalry, there is something in the slender form and spiritual face of the young knight which suggests that his mission



SIR GALAHAD, G. F. WATTS.

is not so much mortal as spiritual ; and, indeed, what the painter intends to express is what Tennyson endeavors to convey in "The Idylls of the King:" —

"And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armor, Galahad.
'God make thee good as thou art beautiful,'
Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight; and none
In so young youth was ever made a knight till Galahad . . ."

There was a holy maid in the legend who had seen the Holy Grail herself, and when Galahad was about to set forth upon his quest she gave him a wondrous belt. The description is also from Tennyson: —

"But she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away
Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet ;
And out of this she plaited, broad and long,
A strong sword-belt; and wove with silver thread
A crimson grail within a silver beam;
And saw the bright boy knight, and bound it on him . . ."

The meaning of legend, picture, poem, Tennyson epitomizes in four lines which are well worth remembering. They are from the poem entitled "Sir Galahad:" —

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

THE following key explains the symbols which are used in the vocabulary to indicate the pronunciation of the words. It is based upon the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary, from which work also most of the definitions are taken.

| | | |
|---|-------|------------|
| ā | as in | āle. |
| ă | " | chă-ot'ic. |
| â | " | câre. |
| ǎ | " | ǎm. |
| ä | " | fä'ther. |
| à | " | àsk. |
| a | " | fi'nal. |
| ä | " | äll. |
| ē | " | ēve. |
| ê | " | ê-vent'. |
| ě | " | ěnd. |
| ě | " | fěrn. |
| e | " | re'cent. |
| ī | " | īce. |
| î | " | î-de'a. |
| ï | " | ïll. |
| ō | " | ōld. |
| ô | " | ô-bey'. |
| ô | " | ôrb. |
| ǒ | " | ǒdd. |
| ū | " | ūse. |
| û | " | û-nite'. |
| ü | " | rüde. |
| ü | " | füll. |
| ű | " | űp. |

| | | |
|----|---|--------|
| û | " | ûrn. |
| ÿ | " | pit'ÿ. |
| ōō | " | fōōd. |
| ōō | " | fōōt. |
| ou | " | out. |
| oi | " | oil. |
| th | " | thin. |
| th | " | then. |

n (like ng) represents n before a k or hard g sound, as in bank, linger.

N indicating simply the nasal tone of preceding vowel: as in *ensemble* (än'sän'b'l).

' (for voice glide), as in *pardon* (pâr'd'n).

G and K, small capitals, represent the sound of German *ch*, or one similar to it. It is a guttural sound, somewhat like a strongly aspirated *h*, and should be learned from an oral instructor.

The principal accent is indicated thus (') and the secondary accent (") at the end of syllable.

VOCABULARY AND NOTES

Abu Simbel (ä'boō sīm'běl), a place on the west bank of the Nile in Nubia. The site of two remarkable rock-cut temples constructed by Rameses II.

Acropolis (ä-kröp'ō-līs).

Addison (äd'dī-sūn), Joseph, English poet and essayist, 1672-1719.

Adonais (äd'ō-nā'īs).

Æschylus (ēs'kī-lūs), Greek tragic poet, B. C. 525-456.

Agra (ä'grā), a division of the North West Provinces, India. The capital city bears the same name.

Alcamenes (äl-kām'ē-nēz), an Athenian sculptor said to have been a pupil of Phidias.

Alcibiades (äl'sī-bī'ā-dēz), famous Athenian politician and general, B. C. 450-404.

Alpheus (äl-fē'ūs), modern name, Rousaphia (rōō-fē'ā), river, 75 miles long, flows into the Ionian Sea. Widely celebrated in Greek poetry.

Amazon (äm'ā-zōn).

Amiens (*Fr.* ä'mē-än'; *Eng.* äm'-i-ēnz), manufacturing town on the Somme River, France.

Ammon (äm'mōn), an Egyptian deity, first the local god of Thebes, later the national deity.

Anchorite (än'kō-rēt) or **Anchorite** (-rīt), one who renounces the world and secludes himself, usually for religious reasons.

Andean (än-dē'an), pertaining to the Andes.

Angelico, Fra Giovanni (än-jël'ē-kō, frä jō-vän'nē). *See* Fiesole, da.

Antigonus (än-tīg'ō-nūs), general of Alexander the Great, B. C. 382-301.

Antioch (än'tī-ōk), the ancient capital of Syria on the Orontes River.

Aphrodite (äf'rō-dī'tē), the Greek goddess of love, corresponding to the Venus of the Romans.

Archaic (är-kā'ik), of, or characterized by, antiquity or archaism; antiquated.

Architrave (är'kī-trāv), the lower division of an entablature, or that part which rests immediately on the column.

Argive (är'jīv), a native of Argos, a city of Ancient Greece. In Homer, the name is applied to all the Greeks.

Artemis (är'tē-mīs) (*Latin* Diana), a Greek goddess, daughter of Zeus.

Assuan (äs-swän'), a town in Upper Egypt, on right bank of Nile. In ancient times it was known as Syene (sī-ē'nē).

Augsburg (ouks'bōorg), city in Bavaria.

Augustine, St. (sānt a'gūs-tīn, or a'gūs'tīn), apostle of the English, ?-604.

Augustus Cæsar (a'gūs'tūs), first Roman Emperor (B. C. 27-A. D. 14), B. C. 63-A. D. 14.

Aurora (a-rō'rā), the Roman personification of the dawn of day; the Goddess of the Morning. The poets represented her as rising out

of the ocean in a chariot, with rosy fingers dropping gentle dew.

Baccio della Porta (bät'chò däl'lä pör'tä), *Fra Bartolommeo di San Marco*. Italian painter, 1475-1517.

Bartolommeo (bär''tö-löm-mä'ö), *Fra*. See Baccio della Porta.

Basel (bäz'el) or **Basle** (bäl); *French*, **Bâle** (bäl), manufacturing city in Switzerland.

Basilica (bä-zil'ĩ-kä), (a) A building used by the Romans as a place of public meeting, with court rooms, etc., attached.

(b) A church building of the earlier centuries of Christianity, the plan of which was taken from the basilica of the Romans.

Bas-relief (bä''rè-lēf'), sculpture, the figures of which project less than half of their true proportions.

Bede (bēd), *The Venerable*, English monk and ecclesiastical historian, 673-735.

Belvedere (bēl'vè-dēr; *Italian pron.*, bēl''vā-dā'rā), a part of the Sculpture Gallery in the Vatican, Rome.

Blackstone (blāk'stön), Sir William, English jurist, 1723-1780.

Bologna (bò-lön'yä), a city, Italy, capital of province of the same name.

Bonheur (bò'nēr'), Rosa Marie Rosalie, called *Rosa*. French painter of animals, 1822-1899.

Bordeaux (bôr'dō'), city and port on Garonne River, France.

Boswell (bōz'wēl), James, Scotch biographer of Dr. Johnson, 1740-1795.

Brutus (brō'tūs), Marcus Junius, Roman politician; one of Cæsar's assassins, B. C. 85-42.

Byzantine (bĩ-zăn'tin), of or pertain-

ing to Byzantium. *Arch.* A style of architecture developed in the Byzantine empire. Its leading forms are the round arch, the dome, the pillar, the circle, and the cross. The capitals of the pillars are of endless variety, and full of invention.

Cæsar (sē'zēr), Caius Julius, Roman general and dictator, B. C. 100-44.

Callicrates (käl-lĩc'rà-tēz), Greek architect of the fifth century B. C., who, with Ictinus, built the Parthenon at Athens.

Campanile (kám''pā-nē'lā), a bell tower, especially one built separate from a church.

Canning (kăn'nĩng), George, English statesman, 1770-1827.

Canova (ká-nō'vá), Italian sculptor, 1757-1822.

Canterbury (kăn'tēr-bēr''ĩ), city in County Kent, England.

Capitol (kăp'ĩ-töl), (a) the temple of Jupiter, at Rome.

(b) the edifice at Washington, occupied by the Congress of the United States.

Carlyle (kär'lĩl'), Thomas, British essayist and historian, 1795-1881.

Carrara (kär-rä'rà), a city of North Italy, celebrated for the magnificent white marble quarried from the hills surrounding it.

Carthage (kär'thāj), ancient capital of country of Carthage, North Africa.

Caryatid (kär''ĩ-ăt'ĩd), a draped female figure supporting an entablature, in the place of a column or pilaster.

Catiline (kăt'ĩ-lĩn), Lucius Sergius, Roman conspirator, B. C. 108?-62.

Caxton (kăks'tũn), William, earliest English printer, 1422?-1491.

Cella (sěl'lá), the part inclosed within the walls of an ancient temple, as distinguished from the open porticoes.

Chalcedony (kāl-sěd'ô-nŷ, or kāl'sě-dô-nŷ), a translucent variety of quartz having usually a whitish color and a lustre nearly like wax.

Charles V, emperor of Germany (1519-1556) and king of Spain as Charles I (1516-1556), 1500-1558.

Chastelard (shá''tlär'), Pierre de Boscosel, 1540-1563, a French poet of the Court of Francis II, who accompanied Mary Stuart to Scotland.

Chaucer (chə'sēr), Geoffrey, father of English poetry, 1340?-1400.

Choir (kwir), the chancel of a church; that part of the church appropriated to the singers; the singers themselves, collectively.

Cicero (sis'ēr-ô), Marcus Tullius, Roman orator, B. C. 106-43.

Cleopatra (klē''ô-pā'trá), queen of Egypt, B. C. 69-30.

Clive (kliv), Robert, Baron Clive of Plassey. British general and statesman, 1725-1774.

Congreve (kōŋ'grēv), William, English dramatist, 1670-1729.

Conquistadores (kōŋ-kēs'tā-thō-rās); *English Conquistadors* (kōŋ-kwīs'tā-dōrz), literally conquerors. Name applied to the leaders in the Spanish Conquest of Mexico and Peru, in the sixteenth century.

Constantine I (kōn'stan-tin), *The Great*, emperor of Rome (323-337), 272-337.

Corot (kōrô), Jean Baptiste Camille, French landscape painter, 1796-1875.

Correggio, da (dä kōr-rěd'jō), Antonio Allegri, Italian painter, 1494-1534.

Cuirass (kwē-rās'), a piece of defensive armor covering the body from the neck to the girdle.

Cupola (kū'pō-là), a roof having a rounded form, hemispherical or nearly so; also a ceiling having the same form.

Cuthbert (kūth'bért), Saint, English monk. Bishop of Lindisfarne, ?-687.

Dacian (dā'shan), a native of ancient Dacia, a Roman province between the Carpathians and the river Danube.

Dardanelles (där''dā-nělz') ancient Hellespontus(hěl'lēs-pōn''tūs), narrow strait, 40 miles long, between Europe and Asiatic Turkey.

Delos (dē'lōs), celebrated island, Cyclades group, Greece.

Demosthenes (dē-mōs'thē-něz), famous Athenian orator, B. C. 384?-322.

De Quincey (dē kwīn'sī, or kwīn'zī), Thomas, English author, 1785-1859.

Doge (dōj), the chief magistrate in the Republics of Venice and Genoa.

Domitian (dō-mīsh'ī-an), Titus Flavius Domitianus Augustus, Roman emperor (81-96 A. D.), 51-96.

Edfu (ěd'fōō'), village on Nile River, Egypt, noted for its ancient ruins.

Edward, The Confessor, king of Anglo-Saxons (1042-1066) ?-1066.

El Dorado (ěl' dō-rā'dō, or rā'dō), a name given by the Spaniards in the 16th century to an imaginary country (or, according to others, a city) in the interior of South America, reputed to abound in gold and precious stones.

Elgin Marbles, the celebrated collection of ancient sculptures brought from Greece by Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin, and acquired from him by the British Museum.

Entablature (ĕn-tăb'lă-tŭr), (*Arch.*) the superstructure which lies horizontally upon the columns.

Ephesus (ĕf'ĕ-sŭs), an ancient city of Asia Minor.

Erechtheum (ĕr''ĕk-thĕ'ŭm).

Erechtheus (ĕ-rĕk'thŭs).

Etruscan (ĕ-trŭs'kan), a native or inhabitant of Etruria.

Euxine (ŭks'in), ancient name of the Black Sea.

Evelyn (ĕv'ĕ-lĭn), John, English Royalist and author, 1620-1706.

Façade (fă''săd', or fă-săd'), the front of a building, especially the principal front, having some architectural pretensions.

Fates, The Three, the three goddesses, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, sometimes called the *Destinies*, or *Parcæ*, who were supposed to determine the course of human life.

Fergusson (fĕr'gŭs-sŭn), James, Scottish writer on Architecture, 1808-1886.

Fergusson (fĕr'gŭs-sŭn), Robert, Scotch poet, 1750-1774.

Fiesole, da (dă fĕ-ă'zô-lă), Giovanni Angelico. *Fra Angelico* or *Beato Angelico*, Italian painter, 1387-1455.

Fontainebleau (fôn''tăn''blô'), a town 35 miles S. E. of Paris, France, situated in the midst of a beautiful forest. Famous for its chateau, or pleasure palace of the kings of France.

Forum (fō'rŭm).

Fox, Charles James, English statesman and orator, 1749-1806.

Franklin (frănk'lin), Benjamin, American philosopher and statesman, 1706-1790.

Fresco (frĕs'kô), a painting on plaster, correctly a painting on freshly spread plaster before it dries.

Frieze (frĕz), that part of the entablature which is between the architrave and cornice, or any ornamental or sculptured band in a building.

Garrick (gă'rĭk), David, English actor, poet, and dramatist, 1717-1779.

Gettysburg (gĕt'tiz-bŭrg), borough Adams County, Penn., United States. A battlefield of 1863.

Gibbon (gĭb'bŭn), Edward, English historian, 1737-1794.

Giocondo, Francesco del (frăn-chĕs'-kô dĕl jô-kôn'dô).

Giorgione da Castelfranco (jôr-jô'nă dă kăs''tĕl-frăn'kô), properly *Giorgio Barbarelli*, Italian painter, 1477?-1510.

Gizeh (gĕ'zĕ), a city near Cairo, Egypt, the capital of a province of same name.

Glastonbury (glăs'tŭn-bĕr-ĭ), town, Somersetshire, England, contains ruins of ancient abbey.

Goldsmith (gôld'smĭth), Oliver, English poet, novelist, and compiler, 1728-1774.

Gordon (gôr'dŭn), Sir John Watson, Scottish portrait painter, 1788-1864.

Gorgon (gôr'gŏn), (*Gr. Myth.*) one of the three fabled sisters, Stheno, Euryale, and Medusa, with snaky hair and of terrific aspect, the sight of whom turned the beholder to stone.

Goths (göths), ancient Teutonic race, who overran and took an important part in subverting the Roman Empire.

Gray, Thomas, English poet, 1716-1771.

Gregorovius (grëg''ô-rô'vî-üs), Ferdinand, German poet and historian, 1821-1891.

Griffin (grif'fin), (*Myth.*) a fabulous monster half lion and half eagle. It is often represented in Grecian and Roman works of art.

Guido Reni (gwë'dô rä'në), Italian painter, 1575-1642.

Hastings (häs'tingz), Warren, English statesman, and governor general of India, 1732-1818.

Hawthorne (hə'thôn), Nathaniel, American author, 1804-1864.

Henrietta Maria (hën''rî-ët'tá mări'á), queen of England, 1609-1669.

Hercules (hër'kü-lëz), a hero in Greek mythology celebrated for his great strength.

Hermes (hër'mëz).

Herodotus (hë-röd'ô-tüs), *Father of History*, Greek historian, B. C. 484?-425?.

Hobbema (hõb'bë-má) Meyndert, or Minderhout, Dutch painter, 1638-1709.

Hogarth (hõ'gärth), William, English painter and engraver, 1697-1764.

Holyrood (hõ'li-rööd, or hõl'î-rööd).

Honorius (hõ-nõ'rî-üs), Flavius, Roman emperor of the West, (395-423), 384-423

Hugh, Saint (hū), Bishop of Lincoln, 1135?-1200.

Hugo (hū'gô), Victor Marie, Viscount, French poet and author, 1802-1885.

Hymettus (hî-mët'tüs), mountain ridge near Athens, Greece; famed for its honey.

Hypostyle (hî'pô-stil), resting upon columns; constructed by means of columns; especially applied to the Great Hall at Karnak.

Ictinus (ik-tî'nüs), Athenian architect of the fifth century B. C. Designer of the Parthenon. See Callicrates.

Irving (ër'vîng), Washington, American author, 1783-1859.

Isis (î'sis), the principal goddess worshiped by the Egyptians.

Jasper (jäs'për), a variety of colored quartz, admitting of a high polish.

Julius II (jül'yüs), pope (1503-1513), 1443-1513.

Karnak (kär'näk), village on right bank of the Nile, Upper Egypt; part of the site of Thebes.

Keats (këts), John, English poet, 1795-1821.

Keble (kë'b'l), John, English divine and poet, 1792-1866.

Kublai-Khan (kōō'blî-kän'). (Also written Kubla), founder of the Mongol dynasty of China, 1214-1294.

Lanciani (län-chä'në), Rodolfo Amedeo, Italian archæologist, 1847-.

Laocoön (lä-ök'ô-ön).

Leonardo da Vinci (lä''ô-när'dô dä vën'chë). See Vinci.

Lepanto (lä-pän'tô), a naval battle fought on Oct. 7, 1571, in which the fleets of Venice, Spain, and the Papal States, under Don Juan of Austria, crushed a powerful Turkish Armada.

- Lerolle** (le-rôl'), Henri, French painter, 1848-.
- Lessing** (lës'sing), Gotthold Ephraim, German author, 1729-1781.
- Lindisfarne** (lîn'dis-färn'), also known as Holy Island — a peninsula (island at high water), County Northumberland, England. Contains ancient castle and remains of abbey founded in A. D. 635.
- Lippi, Filippino** (fē''lēp-pē'nō lēp'-pē), Italian painter, 1457 ?-1504.
- Longfellow** (lōng'fēll'lō), Henry Wadsworth, American poet, 1807-1882.
- Louvre** (lōō'vr'), palace of the, national gallery and museum in Paris, containing the art treasures of France.
- Lysippus** (lī-sīp'pūs), a Greek sculptor of the fourth century B. C.
- Macaulay** (mā-ka'li), Thomas Babington, Baron Macaulay of Rothley. English historian, essayist, poet, and statesman, 1800-1859.
- Magellan** (mā-jēl'lan), Fernando, Portuguese navigator, 1480-1521.
- Mahaffy** (mā-hāf'fi), John Pentland, British divine and author, 1839-.
- Malory** (māl'ō-rī), Sir Thomas, flourished 1470. Author of the "Morte d'Arthur."
- Mars** (märz), (*Roman Myth.*) the god of war and husbandry.
- Matinée** (măt''ī-nā'; *French*, măt''tē'nā'). [French, from *matin*, Morning.] A reception, or a musical or dramatic entertainment, held in the daytime. In Corot's picture it is lightly used to describe a morning frolic of nymphs in the woods.
- Mauve** (mōv), Anton, Dutch landscape and animal painter, 1838-1888.
- Medici de** (dā mēd'ē-chē, or măt'dē-chē), Lorenzo, Prince of Florence, poet, scholar, and patron of art and literature; surnamed "The Magnificent," 1449-1492.
- Melos** (mē'lōs) or **Milo** (mē'lō), Grecian island with ruined city.
- Memnon** (mēm'nōn), a celebrated Egyptian statue near Thebes, said to have the property of emitting a harplike sound at sunrise.
- Menes** (mē'nēz), first historical king of Egypt.
- Metope** (mēt'ō-pē, or mēt'ōp), the space between two triglyphs of the Doric frieze, which, among the ancients, was often adorned with carved work. In the Parthenon, groups of centaurs and heroes, in high relief, occupy the metopes.
- Michael Angelo Buonarroti** (mī'-kēl-ān'jē-lō; *Italian*: (mē''kēl-ān'jālō bwōn-ār-rō'tē), Italian painter and sculptor, 1475-1564.
- Middelharnis** (mīd'dēl-hār'nīs).
- Millet** (mē''lā'), Jean François, French painter, 1814-1875.
- Milman** (mīl'man), Henry Hart, English divine, poet, and historian, 1791-1868.
- Minerva** (mī-nēr'vā), the Goddess of Wisdom, of War, of the Arts and Sciences, of Poetry, and of Spinning and Weaving, — identified with the Grecian Pallas Athene.
- Mona Lisa** (mō'nā lē'zā), Madonna Elizabetta = My Lady Elizabeth.
- Montagu** (mōn'tā-gū or mūn'-), Lady Mary Wortley, English authoress, 1689-1762.
- Morosini** (mō''rō-sē'nē), Francesco, Venetian general, 1618-1694.
- Mosaic** (mō-zā'ik), a surface decoration made by inlaying in patterns small pieces of variously colored glass, stone, or any other material.

Mosque (mösk), a Mohammedan church, or place of religious worship.

Murillo (mū-rīl'lo; *Sp. pron.* mōō-rēl'yō), Bartolomé Esteban, Spanish painter, 1618-1682.

Nadir Shah (nā-dēr' shā), king of Persia (1736-1747), 1688-1747.

Nasmyth (nā'smith), Alexander, Scottish painter, 1758-1840.

Nereid (nē'rē-īd). Pl. Nereids. *Latin*, **Nereides** (nē-rē'ī-dēz), a sea nymph, one of the daughters of Nereus, who were attendants upon Neptune, and were represented as riding on sea horses, sometimes with the human form entire, and sometimes with the tail of a fish.

Nero (nē'rō), Roman emperor, 37-68.

Nerva (nēr'vā), Marcus Cocceius, Roman emperor (96-98), 32-98.

Nicias (nē'sī-ās or nīsh'ī-ās), a famous Athenian statesman and general, died B. C. 413.

Niebuhr (nē'bōor'), Barthold Georg. German historian and philologist, 1776-1831.

Notre Dame (nō'tr' dām), a cathedral in Paris, the most celebrated among its many churches.

Omar Khayyām (ō'mēr khī-yām'). Persian poet, 1017? -1123.

Otricoli (ō-trē'kō-lē), village, Perugia, Italy.

Paeon (pē'an), an ancient Greek hymn in honor of Apollo as a healing deity, and, later, a song addressed to other deities.

Pæonius (pē-ō'nī-ūs), a Greek sculptor of the latter part of the fifth century, B. C.

Pæstum (pēs'tūm); modern, **Pesto** (pās'tō).

Palatine (pāl'ā-tin), The. One of the seven hills of Rome, once occupied by the palace of the Cæsars.

Palma (pāl'mā), Jacopo. *Il Vecchio* (The Elder), Italian painter, 1480-1528.

Papyrus (pā-pī'rūs), the material upon which the Egyptians wrote, formed by cutting the stem of the papyrus plant into thin longitudinal slices, which were gummed together and pressed.

Parian (pā'rī-an), pertaining to Paros, an island in the Ægean Sea, noted for its excellent statuary marble.

Paris (pār'is), in Homer's "Iliad," a son of Priam, king of Troy, whose abduction of Helen, wife of Menelaus, led to the Trojan War.

Parnassus (pār-nās'sūs); modern, **Liakoura** (lyā'kōō-rā), a mountain, Greece, 8065 ft. high. On its southern slope lay Delphi, the seat of the famous oracle.

Parnes (pār'nēz), mountain, Greece, 16 miles north of Athens, 4631 ft. high.

Pater (Pā'tēr), Walter. English writer and critic, 1839-1894.

Pausanias (pā-sā'nī-ās), Greek traveler and geographer, who flourished in the second century A. D.

Pavia (pā-vē'ā), the capital of a province of the same name in Italy, where in 1525 Charles V defeated the forces of France, and captured Francis I. It was from this field of disaster that Francis sent home the famous message, "All is lost save honor."

Pediment (pēd'ī-ment), in classical architecture the triangular space forming the gable of a simple roof.

Pentateuch (pĕn'tá-tūk), the first five books of the Old Testament, collectively.

Pentelic (pĕn-tĕl'ík), pertaining to Mount Pentelicius, near Athens, famous for its fine white marble quarries.

Pericles (pĕr'ĩ-klĕz), Athenian statesman, B. C. 495 ? -429.

Perrot (pă''rô'), Georges. French archæologist who, in conjunction with Chipiez, wrote the valuable "Histoire de l'art dans l'antiquité," 1832-.

Petrie (pĕ'trĕ), William Matthew Flinders, English Egyptologist, 1853-.

Phidias (fid'ĩ-ás), famous Greek sculptor, B. C. 500 ? -432 ?

Philæ (fi'lè).

Phocion (fô'si-ôn or fô'shĩ-ôn), Athenian statesman and general, B. C. 402-317.

Phœbus (fĕ'bŭs), (*Class. Myth.*) Apollo; the sun god.

Phœnician (fĕ-nĩsh'an), a native of Phœnicia (fĕ-nĩsh'ĩ-à), the name used by the Greeks and Romans to designate a strip of territory about 200 miles in length along the Mediterranean coast of Syria.

Pilum (pĩ'lŭm), the heavy javelin of the Roman foot soldier.

Pindar (pĩn'dār), Greek lyric poet, B. C. 522-448.

Pitt, William, English statesman and orator, 1759-1806.

Plato (plā'tô), Greek philosopher, B. C. 429-347.

Pliny (plĩn'ĩ) (or Ca'ius Plin'ius Secun'dus) *The Elder*, Roman naturalist and author. 23-79.

Pliny (plĩn'ĩ) or Cai'us Plin'ius Cæcil'ius Secun'dus) *The Younger*, Latin author and orator, 62 ? -114 ?

Polyclitus (pŏl''ĩ-klĩ'tŭs), Greek sculptor and architect, flourished 430 B. C.

Poseidon (pŏ-sĩ'dŏn), (*Class. Myth.*) the god of the sea, and husband of Amphitrite. He corresponds to the Roman Neptune.

Praxiteles (prăks-ĩt'ĕ-lĕz), Greek sculptor, flourished 340 B. C.

Propylæum (prŏp''ĩ-lĕ'ŭm), pl. **Propylæa** (-ă), (*Anc. Class. Arch.*) a court or vestibule before a building or leading into an inclosure.

Ptolemy II Philadelphus (tŏl'ĕ-mĩ, fil''ă-dĕl'fŭs), king of Egypt (B. C. 285-247), B. C. 309-247.

Pugin (pŭ'jĩn), Augustus Welby Northmore, English architect, 1812-1852.

Python (pĩ'thŏn), (*Greek Myth.*) a serpent slain near Delphi, by Apollo.

Quirinal (kwĩr'ĩ-nal), one of the seven hills of Rome upon which stands the residence of the king of Italy.

Raleigh (ră'lĩ), Sir Walter, English navigator, statesman, and courtier, 1552-1618.

Ramsay (răm'zĩ), Allan, Scottish poet, 1686-1758.

Raphael (răf'ă-ĕl, or ră'fă-ĕl); *Italian*: **Raffaello Sanzio** (răf''fă-ĕl'lŏ sän'zĕ-ŏ); or **Santi** (sän'tĕ), Italian painter, 1483-1520.

Rawlinson (ră'lĩn-sŭn), George, English Orientalist and historian, 1812-1902.

Rayet (ră'yă'), Olivier, French archæologist, 1847-1887.

Recondite (rĕk'ŏn-dĩt, or rĕ-kŏn'dĩt), hidden from the mental or intellectual view; secret; abstract; profound; searching.

- Renaissance** (*Eng.* rē-nās'sans; *French*, re-nā''sāns'), the transitional movement in Europe, marked by the revival of classical learning and art in Italy, in the fifteenth century, and the similar revival following in other countries.
- Renan** (re-nāN'; *Anglicized*, rē-nān'), Joseph Ernest. French Orientalist, author, and critic, 1823-1892.
- Retiarius** (rē''shī-ā'rī-ūs).
- Rhodes** (rōdz), capital of an island of the same name in the Mediterranean Sea.
- Richardson** (rīch'ērd-sūn), Samuel, English novelist, 1689-1761.
- Rizzio** (rēt'sē-ō), or **Riccio** (rēt'chō), David, Italian musician. Favorite of Mary Stuart, 1540?-1566.
- Rogers** (rōj'ērz), Samuel, English poet, 1763-1855.
- Ruskin** (rūs'kin), John, English author and writer on art, especially painting, 1819-1900.
- Sais** (sā'īs), a city of ancient Egypt, on a branch of the Nile.
- Salamis** (sāl'ā-mīs, or **Kouloure** (kōō'lōō-rē), an island in the Ægina Gulf, Greece. Famous naval battle, B. C. 480.
- Samothrace** (sām'ō-thrās''); modern name, **Samothraki** (sā-mō-thrā'-kē), Turkish island in the Ægean Sea.
- Sappho** (sāf'fō), Greek lyric poetess, flourished B. C. 600?
- Saturn** (sāt'ūr), (*Rom. Myth.*) one of the elder and principal deities, the son of Coelus and Terra (Heaven and Earth), and the father of Jupiter.
- Satyr** (sā'tēr or sāt'ūr), a woodland deity in classic mythology, represented as part man and part goat.
- Savage** (sāv'āj), Richard, English poet, ?-1743.
- Savant** (sā''vān'), a man of learning.
- Scipio Africanus Major**, (sip'ī-ō), Publius Cornelius, Roman general. Invaded Africa and defeated Hannibal, B. C. 237-183?
- Scone** (skōon), parish, Perth County, Scotland; the ancient kings of Scotland were crowned there on a stone now in Westminster Abbey.
- Secutor** (sē-kū'tōr).
- Serpentine** (sēr'pēn-tīn), a mineral or rock consisting chiefly of the hydrous silicate of magnesia. It is usually of a green color, and some of its varieties are much valued for building purposes.
- Severus** (sē-vē'rūs), Lucius Septimius, Roman Emperor (193-211), 146-211.
- Shah Jehan** (shā je-hān'), the fifth Mogul Emperor of Delhi, ?-1665?
- Shelley** (shēl'li), Percy Bysshe (bish), English poet, 1792-1822.
- Sheridan** (shēr'ī-dan), Richard Brinsley Butler, Irish politician and dramatist, 1751-1816.
- Skopas**, or **Scopas** (skō'pās), Greek sculptor of the 4th century B. C.
- Solon** (sō'lūn), Athenian sage and lawgiver, B. C. 638?-559?
- Sphinx** (sfinks), in Egyptian art, an image of granite or porphyry, having a human head, or the head of a ram or a hawk, upon the wingless body of a lion.
- Stanley** (stān'li), Arthur Penrhyn, *Dean Stanley*, Dean of Westminster. English clergyman and author, 1815-1881.
- Sterne** (stērn), Laurence, English divine, novelist, and humorist, 1713-1768.

Stylobate (stī'lō-bāt), the uninterrupted and continuous flat band, coping, or pavement upon which the bases of a row of columns are supported.

Sunium (sū'nī-ŭm), promontory of Southern Attica, Greece, now known as Cape Colonna (kō-lōn'-nā).

Taj Mahal (täzh mǎ-häl'), *Persian*: "Crown of Marble."

Tamerlane (tām''ēr-lān'), Asiatic conqueror, 1333-1405.

Taylor (tā'lēr), Bayard, American traveler and author, 1825-1878.

Telemachus (tê-lēm'â-kūs), in Homer's "Odyssey," the son of Ulysses and Penelope.

Téméraire (tâ''mǎ''râr').

Tennyson (tên'nī-sŭn), Alfred, Lord, English poet, 1809-1892.

Thebes (thēbz), ancient ruined city, Upper Egypt, on Nile River.

Theodoric (thē-ōd'ō-rīk), *The Great*, King of the Ostrogoths, 454?-526.

Theseus (thē'sūs, or thē'sē-ŭs), the national hero of the Athenians, famous in Greek legend.

Titian (tīsh'an), real name Tiziano Vecellio (têt''sē-ä'nō vǎ-chēl'lē-ō), Venetian painter, 1477-1576.

Titus (tī'tūs), Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, Roman Emperor (79-81), 40-81.

Trajan (trā'jan), Marcus Ulpius Nerva Trajanus, Roman Emperor (98-117), 52 or 53-117.

Trent (trēnt), Council of, Council held at Trent, Tirol, Austria, 1545-1563.

Triforium (tri-fō'rī-ŭm), the gallery, or open space between the vaulting and the roof of the aisles of a church, often forming a rich ar-

cade in the interior of the church, above the nave arches and below the clerestory windows.

Triglyph (tri'glīf), an ornament in the frieze of the Doric order, repeated at equal intervals. Each triglyph consists of a rectangular tablet, slightly projecting, and divided nearly to the top by two parallel and perpendicular gutters or channels, called *glyphs*, into three parts, or spaces, called *femora*. A half channel, or glyph, is also cut upon each of the perpendicular edges of the tablet.

Troy (troi), ancient ruined city in Asia Minor.

Troyon (trwä''yôN'), Constant, French animal and landscape painter, 1813-1865.

Ulysses (ŭ-līs'sēz), King of Ithaca, one of the Greek chieftains in the Trojan war in Homer's "Iliad," famed for his craft, wisdom, and eloquence; and the hero of Homer's "Odyssey," which describes at length his wanderings and adventures for ten years after the fall of Troy, and his final return home.

Van Dyck (vǎn dīk'), Sir Anthony, Flemish portrait painter, 1599-1641.

Velásquez (vǎ-lās'kǎth), or **Velázquez** (vǎ-lāth'kǎth), Diego Rodríguez de Silva, Spanish painter, 1599-1660.

Velletri (vél-lǎ'trê), town, Italy, 21 miles S. E. of Rome.

Verlaine (vâr''lân'), Paul, French poet, 1844-1896.

Vespasian (vēs-pā'zhī-an), Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, Roman Emperor (70-79), 9-79.

Vinci, da (dä vîn'chě, or vên'chě), Leonardo, Italian painter, 1452-1519.

Vulgate (vŭl'găt), an ancient Latin version of the Scriptures, so called from its common use in the Latin Church.

Wordsworth (wûrdz'wûrth), Christopher, Bishop of Lincoln. English divine and scholar, 1807-1885.

Worms (vôrms), Diet of, a coun-

cil held in Worms, a city of Hesse, Germany, in 1521.

Yarely (yâr'lŷ). *Adv.*: In a yare manner (*obsolete*): From *yare*, meaning eager, lively, quick to move.

Zeus (zūs), (*Greek Myth.*) the chief deity of the Greeks and ruler of the upper world. He was identified with Jupiter.

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